GC
929.2
H1998h
2017963

M. L.

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1833 01283 2546

The Memoirs of J. Edwin Hanway

(*Christened Israel Edwin*)

A Wyoming Newspaper Publisher Who Traveled Various Routes and Engaged in Numerous Occupations Before Achieving His Goal In the Place of His Dreams

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

924

78 9493 10

An Autobiography

DOUGLAS ENTERPRISE CO.
DOUGLAS, WYOMING
1 9 4 2

TO MY WIFE AND COMPANION IN LIFE, EFFIE, AND TO MY SON, EARL, AND DAUGHTER, ISABEL, AND THEIR FAMILIES, THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

2017963

Brodhead-1978

THE AUTHOR

Copyright, 1942, by
J. Edwin Hanway

Printed in
The United States of
America
1942

Foreword

These memoirs were written with the idea of leaving my children and their children a record of the Hanways (mainly at the instance and urging of my son, Earl E. Hanway, and my daughter, Isabel Fitzgerald). This manuscript of my biography has been elaborated on considerably beyond the original purpose, in the narration of numerous details and incidents which have been recalled about my life, my experiences and my family.

The work has given me much pleasure and enjoyment as memories of the past three score and ten years have been refreshed, and now in retrospect I can say, truthfully, that those experiences were enjoyed much as an exciting game, though many of them were fraught with anxieties and uncertainties.

I wish to acknowledge with appreciation the encouragement given by my wife in this rather arduous endeavor, and to express my sincere gratitude and thanks for the capable assistance with the manuscript by Mrs. Florence Durkee, Mrs. Maude Knight, Mrs. Sylvester K. Loy, Mr. Richard E. Evans and Mrs. Inez Babb Taylor, together with Mr. Earl Parker, the artist.

Also, I am grateful to the many persons throughout the country bearing the Hanway name, who have so kindly cooperated in furnishing data regarding their respective families.

My thought now is, if in leaving this volume it serves to clarify our "line" to the Hanways of the world today and in the years to come, or if it should offer any interest to our posterity, I shall feel that the effort has not been in vain.

Blessed today with good health and still imbued with the inherent optimism which seems to have marked my inclinations throughout life, I can, even now, visualize the day when there shall be peace in all the world and good-will toward all men.

—J. E. H.

Casper, Wyoming,
April 6, 1942.

In a word, we may gather out of history a policy no less wise than eternal; by the comparison and application of other men's forepassed miseries with our own like errors and ill deservings.

—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

CHAPTER I

The English-French Ancestors of the Hanways and the Gilpins

INTRODUCTION

WHEN FIRST, in fairly recent years, I reflected on the idea of compiling the series of adventures and varied experiences that have marked my rather active life, (which is now more than five years past the allotted three-score years and ten) it was the intention to include what was then known of my ancestry, principally as a permanent record for my son, Earl, and my daughter, Isabel. Their generous estimation of my ability and value has been a source of great inspiration and joy throughout their lives and mine, and it is to their periodic insistence on my preparation of a manuscript covering my career, that I am thoroughly indebted for the ultimate fulfillment of that proposal.

However, by one of those chance circumstances which often alter original intentions, that earlier idea has been expanded to include considerable genealogical material on the HANWAYS and the GILPINS.

The change in plan took place automatically when my eyes first perused the yellow pages of a fascinating biography of one JONAS HANWAY, ESQ., by John Pugh, of London, and published in that city in 1787. My daughter, Isabel, had obtained for me the ancient little brown leather-bound volume with its quaint, old-fashioned type, after she discovered its existence by a catalog listing when

casually browsing through an old book-shop in New Orleans.

The story of Jonas Hanway's career proved to be most amazing, and I was impressed with the versatility of the man, who seems to have been, not only a great traveler for that day—nearly two centuries ago—but also he possessed an unusual facility for describing his observations and experiences, which revealed a social consciousness far in advance of his time. Further details concerning him are given in the next chapter.

After reading the graphic account of Jonas Hanway's eventful life, I became imbued with a keener desire than ever to know more about my own ancestors, and to learn whether by any chance our family might have been connected with the London family and sprung, possibly, from some early-comer to America.

In this ambitious and laborious enterprise, I found a faithful ally in Mrs. Ella Nash Loy, within our own circle of Casper, Wyoming, friends, who undertook the work. A trained and experienced genealogist, Mrs. Loy served for years as State Genealogist for the Daughters of the American Revolution in Wyoming.

We started tracing the ancestral line with the facts which I already knew, i.e., that my grandfather was Benjamin Hanway, who had lived in Bourbon County, Kentucky, and at about the year of my father's birth he had migrated to Decatur County, Indiana, near Greensburg. In the two years that have elapsed since we began tracing the family, so much data has come to light, not only in connection with forbears of the Hanway name, but also of collateral families connected by the marriages, that we have felt much of it should be set forth in a separate chapter, carrying careful indexing of names, to the end that this material may be made of possible use to many a

reader whose lineal descent leads back to one or more of the families mentioned and described within these pages.

The data may be accepted with confidence, as every statement, unless noted otherwise, is supported by documentary evidence—such as census records, Orphans' Court Proceedings and other court records, published genealogies, historical papers and sundry compilations existing for reference, which Mrs. Loy and several other experienced researchers have examined in the state libraries of Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, as well as county records in Bourbon county, Kentucky; Harford county, Maryland; and Chester county, Pennsylvania. This work was accomplished by personal visits of the researchers to the various county seats: Richmond, Virginia; Annapolis, Maryland; and Wilmington, Delaware, as well as to the great mecca of all researchers, Washington, D. C. Here, reference should be made to the cheerful cooperation and assistance rendered by librarians and other officers in charge of records, and especially those connected with the Historical Society of West Chester County, Pennsylvania.

Those whose lines of descent lead back to the Quakers of eastern Pennsylvania, I would certainly recommend that they read the highly colorful and sympathetic portrayal of the life in that region before the Revolutionary War, recently penned by Henry Seidel Canby under the title, "The Brandywine."*

Mr. Canby was born on the banks of that historic river of which he writes so feelingly, where his family, many of them Quakers, lived for generations. Since two families mentioned in his book, the Gilpins and the Hannums, are my ancestors, I shall quote Mr. Canby's own words when pertinent.

To define more clearly the section in which the Hanways, the Gilpins and at least one Hannum were living when they decided to "go west," it may be described as

---

*"*The Brandywine*" by *Henry Seidel Canby*, published by Farrar and Rinehart, Inc., New York and Toronto.

the southeast corner of Pennsylvania, through which the famous Brandywine river winds its course from the Welch Hills, in a southeasterly direction across what is now Chester and Delaware counties, into Delaware, where it converges with the Christina river at the point the latter empties into the broad estuary of the Delaware river, on which Wilmington, even then, was an important port. Since West Chester, the present county seat of Chester county, is only sixteen miles from Wilmington, it is entirely logical that West Chester families visited and knew the young city whose harbor teemed with ships of all sizes which bore away the flour from the mills along the Brandywine. Before the Revolutionary War of 1776 the entire upper section of what is now the state of Delaware was considered a part of Pennsylvania and referred to as "The Lower Counties of Pennsylvania." This accounts for the fact that my great grandfather, David Hanway, when furnishing data for the census of 1850, specified Pennsylvania as the state of his birth, when the probable fact is that he was born in Delaware, at Wilmington, where his father, Benjamin Hanway, died in 1779.

Sufficient records exist in Chester county, Pennsylvania, as well as records of old Concord Meeting House near Dilsworthtown, one of the earliest Quaker houses of worship west of Philadelphia, to indicate that my Gilpin ancestors came from England to settle in the rich lands along the Brandywine bought by William Penn from the Lenape Indians in 1683.

Immigrant Gilpin came to America in 1695, and his four hundred and twenty-five acres furnished sufficient crops to bring to hearty maturity his family of nine daughters and six sons.

THE GILPIN FAMILY:

The founder of the Pennsylvania family of this name was a Joseph Gilpin, a Quaker who with his wife, Hannah Glover Gilpin, came to this country in the year 1695. Hannah Glover was the daughter of George and Alice Lam-

boll Glover, whose brother, Robert Lamboll, had already secured some six hundred acres of this land in Chester County, Pennsylvania, from William Penn. It was upon four hundred acres of this ground, situated a short distance from Dilsworthtown, Chester County, that the young Joseph with his wife Hannah and two children, Hannah and Samuel, established their home. They were accepted by the Friends (Quakers) at Concord Meeting House nearby, and throughout a long life they worshiped at this church and reared their fifteen children within the Quaker faith.

The ancient origin of the Gilpin family in England dates back to the Norman Conquest, during which a land-seeking baron, one Richard De Guylpin, crossed the English channel from France and eventually took up his abode on the conquered British Isles. We find that he was given the manor "Kentmore" by King John as a reward for prowess in slaying wild boar. In the fourteenth generation appears Thomas Gilpin of Mill Hill Parish of Eaton, near the town of Lancaster in Westmoreland and Lancastershire. His son, Thomas, moved to Warborough in Oxfordshire. He was born in 1622, died February 3, 1682. When the royal army of Charles I overthrew Cromwell this Thomas Gilpin was a Colonel in Cromwell's army. He then became a Quaker and, because of his efforts to teach the faith, was persecuted. He was married to Joan Bartholemew and the Friend's records in England show that they had three sons, one of them, Joseph, born April 8, 1663, left England to settle in America. His marriage to Hannah Glover in England was recorded at the Concord Meeting House. His death occurred in 1793 in Birmingham township, Chester County, Pennsylvania. The exact site of his home can be pointed out today on the farm of Elias Baker about one mile south of Disworthstown.

The names and births of his children are as follows:

1. Hannah, born in England in 1692, married William Seal

2. Samuel, born in England, April 7, 1694, married Jane Parker
3. Rachel, born December 12, 1695, married Joshua Peirce
4. Ruth, born June 28, 1697, married Joseph Mendenhall
5. Lydia, born November 11, 1698, married William Dean
6. Thomas, born May 23, 1790, married Rebecca Mendenhall
7. Ann, born May 11, 1702, married Joseph Miller
8. Joseph, Jr., born January 21, 1703, married Mary Caldwell
9. Sarah, born April 2, 1706, married Peter Cook
10. George, born February 16, 1708, married Ruth Caldwell
11. Isaac, born January 23, 1709, married Mary Painter
12. Moses, born, 1711, married Ann Buffington
13. Alice, born October 7, 1714, married Richard Eavenson
14. Mary, born November 16, 1716, married Philip Taylor
15. Esther, born January 9, 1718, married Samuel Painter

Joseph Gilpin, Junior, eighth child of the Immigrant Joseph, was the grandfather of Mary Gilpin, who married my great-grandfather, David Hanway. Joseph, Junior was born in the first frame dwelling constructed by his father, now replaced by a brick structure, which still exists although built in 1754. It is a part of the residence of Elias Baker who owned the farm after it left the possession of the Gilpin family. In September of 1777, following the battle of the Brandywine, which was fought over several farms owned by the Gilpins, this brick house was used by General Howe, the British Commander, as his headquarters. The Quakers bitterly opposed war and warriors

and I can well imagine that the General was not an invited guest.

My ancestor Joseph Gilpin, Jr., was born January 21, 1703 and died December 31, 1792, and was therefore an eye witness to all the thrilling events brought to his doorstep by the invading British, but being a true Quaker, probably held himself aloof, saying yea or nay to neither side. His wife, Mary Caldwell, daughter of Vincent and Elizabeth Peirce Caldwell, of East Marlborough township, was of the same faith, and their family consisted of six children:

1. Ruth, born October 23, 1730, married Daniel Stubbs, 12 children
2. Vincent, born October 8, 1732, died August 5, 1810 married Abigail Woodward daughter of Edward and Sarah Sharpless Woodward
3. Orpha, born 1734
4. Nun, born 1736, died in infancy
5. Gideon, born 1738, died 1825, married Sarah Gregg of Christiana Hundred (now in Delaware)
6. Israel, born August 1, 1740, died July 4, 1834, in Boone County, Kentucky, married January 12, 1765 to ELIZABETH HANNUM, daughter of Robert Hannum (son of John Hannum, Immigrant) who died in Bourbon County, Kentucky, October 5, 1802, and was buried near Paris, Kentucky.

It is back to Israel Gilpin that I may look for my own given name which was more or less lost in my shuffling around as is explained in a later chapter.

But as the genealogical research has uncovered the life and story of my great-great-grandfather, Israel Gilpin, I am moved with deep admiration for him. In the first place, he managed to marry a fine lady, Elizabeth Hannum, and the marriage was recorded in one of the oldest churches of the region, "Old Swede's" (now Holy Trinity) Church in Wilmington, Delaware. From that date (1765) until about 1784, he engaged in farming in

Birmingham township near where his grandparents had settled in Chester County, Pennsylvania. The original tax lists of Chester County, Pennsylvania, reveal that in the year 1782, Israel was possessed of:

190 acres of land assessed at £1140

3 horses assessed at £50

2 cattle assessed at £10

11 sheep assessed at £11.5 shillings

and upon these holdings paid a tax of £17. 0. 2 pence, or about $85.00. There were other taxes based on the expense of the Revolutionary War, then still in progress, and perhaps he felt, as have many another following a painful war, that he should "go west" to seek cheaper land. At any rate the year 1784 is recorded on a land warrant applied for in his name for land in the wilderness of Bourbon County, Kentucky. At this period Kentucky was indeed a wilderness and the Indians a murdering menace. Although we do not know the exact year when the family reached their new home, near the present site of Paris, Kentucky, it was not long after the date on his land warrant. With him went his wife, Elizabeth, and at least five children. In 1802 Elizabeth died and two years later their youngest child, Jane (called Jenny in the records) also passed on. His eldest daughter, Mary Gilpin, had by then married David Hanway, my great-grandfather. She was somewhat older than the other children, so the old man devoted himself to their interests, never marrying again. In 1838, the entire group forsook their Bourbon County, Kentucky homes, which had sheltered them for a full generation, and followed again the quest for virgin land, Israel Gilpin and his children going to Boone County, Kentucky; David and Mary Hanway, and their son Benjamin (now married to Elizabeth Beckett), to Indiana. Old Israel lived to the ripe age of 94 years, dying in 1834 in the new home six miles south of Burlington, Boone County, Kentucky. Perhaps there is the source of the

longevity which marked the life of his grandson, Benjamin Hanway, for he died at the age of 92.

Two of Israel's brothers, who remained in the old home region on the Brandywine, were Vincent and Gideon, who made their fame in that community in widely different activities. Vincent, soon after his marriage in 1758, settled on a tract of land down nearer the mouth of the Brandywine, near Wilmington. His land is now a part of the great DuPont estate of today. He built a flour mill on the river and his business extended so far that he bought sundry vessels in which to ship the flour. His brig, the "Nancy" was the first vessel to hoist the American flag in the West Indies. Gideon Gilpin owned a fine farm in Birmingham township, only a few miles from where Immigrant Joseph had settled, and also maintained a tavern at Chads Ford, now famed because it became the headquarters of Lafayette and sheltered the American forces at the battle of the Brandywine. This story somewhat evens the score of playing no favorites, since Lord Howe managed to be a guest at the home of the older Gilpin up the valley a few miles.

I have referred in the beginning of this chapter to the comprehensive story of this region "The Battle of Brandywine" by Henry Seidel Canby. Mr. Canby refers to two of the great-grandsons of Immigrant Joseph Gilpin as follows:

"As early as 1787, Joshua and Thomas Gilpin had begun the manufacture of paper on the Brandywine in the gorge above Wilmington. In 1816 they patented and in 1817 put into operation at their plant at Kentmore, a machine for producing a continuous roll of paper instead of single sheets * * * . On Gilpin paper, watermarked "Brandywine," newspapers, such as the **Delaware Gazette,** were soon printed, and its excellence and cheapness made possible the expansion of book publishing which took place in Philadelphia about that time. * * * The Gilpin patent, however, was quickly infringed upon by not too scrupulous New Englanders, and the freshets of the Brandywine, es-

pecially the great flood of 1839—and a fire, ended their prosperity." It was a son of this Joshua Gilpin who was later governor of Colorado and for whom Gilpin County, Colorado was named. Denver has also honored this Gilpin by naming a street for him.

There has been a legend in our family, repeated down to my father's day, that the Battle of the Brandywine was fought upon land owned by the family before its migration to Kentucky. Only recently have facts come to light to show that there was really truth in the contention, for it was upon Gilpin farms that both the British and the American forces maneuvered and fought. This was the east bank of the Brandywine near Birmingham Meeting House, and all historians and their maps of the course of the fatal outflanking of Washington and Sullivan by Howe and his Hessians describe the force of the fighting to have swept over this section.

In his story of "The Brandywine," Mr. Canby relates in most entertaining fashion a narrative which includes another of my early kinsmen—Colonel John Hannum. Whether the doughty Colonel John was cousin or uncle of my great-great-grandmother, Elizabeth Hannum, who risked the wilds of Kentucky with her husband, Israel Gilpin, I am not certain. Since the spirited controversy in which the old Revolutionary soldier took such an aggressive part occurred in the year 1784, which was about the time Israel and Elizabeth betook themselves to the wild west of that day, may account for the legend being left out of our family lore. "It seems that the original county seat of Chester County, old Chester on the Delaware, was a bit far off from the center of population. In 1784, a commission was given power to build suitable county buildings 'not more than a mile and a half from Turk's Head'." This was, and still stands today, an inn at the town of West Chester. To quote Mr. Canby: "The moving spirit was a local autocrat and Revolutionary soldier, Colonel John Hannum, who owned land on the east branch of the

Brandywine, and was supposed to desire a county seat on his own territory. * * * The Colonel secured land for the county and also for himself, near the Turk's Head itself, set up an Inn at what was already being called West Chester, and pushed ahead with the erection of the courthouse.

"Unfortunately for the partisans of the new capital, winter intervened, which gave the aggrieved lawyers and tavern keepers of Chester an opportunity to lobby in the legislature. In March the building act was suspended, yet there was the justifiable suspicion that the Brandywine residents intended to finish their courthouse and present a fait accompli. Chester determined to act. Their leader, like West Chester's, was a soldier, but both soldiers were tavern keepers, and, as in most wars, the cause of the conflict was economic though the action was military. That tavern keeping at the seat of justice could be profitable is proved by an act of Colonel Hannum after court was actually sitting in West Chester. He built a gallery from his Inn across an alley-way to the courthouse, and was opening a hole through the wall for the thirsty judges, lawyers, and clients, when the county commissioners got courage to stop him. * * * In 1785, the courthouse at West Chester being raised but unwindowed, the Chester contingent began preventative warfare. Led by Major Harper, and armed with a field piece, a barrel of whiskey, and other munitions of war, they marched to West Chester and laid seige to the unfinished courthouse and rations, stoned up the gaping windows of the courthouse and, like other Americans whose actions are of doubtful legality, raised an American flag above all. * * * Each side hoped the other would start the row and become, legally, the aggressor. For there were lawyers in both armies." An armistice was finally agreed upon through the pacific intervention of the Quaker citizenry and peace was restored with a blast from the field piece to celebrate the truce and both sides repaired to (probably) Colonel Hannum's tavern for needed refreshments.

So much for the distaff side of the house for two generations, the ancestors of Mary Gilpin and her mother Elizabeth Hannum Gilpin.

THE HANWAYS:

For the story of the Hanways we shall once more return to the region of the "Lower Counties of Pennsylvania" through which the Brandywine River emerges from its deep gorge onto the flat plain to converge with the Delaware River, above Wilmington. There we find the earliest record of any Hanway in this country. I have wondered many times if Israel Gilpin's little daughter, Mary, might have known young David Hanway, son of Benjamin Hanway of Wilmington, before either of them met again in the wilds of Bourbon County, Kentucky. Most surely their homes were only a few miles apart on the Brandywine. David's father is definitely stated (in The Genealogy of the Hannum Family) to have been Benjamin Hanway of "near Philadelphia." In the records of Interstate Estates of that region appears in Book F. Orphans Court Records, Volume I, page 145: "before the Court, sitting in session, consisting of James Latimer, John Thompson and Abraham Robinson, Justices, appeared James Black administrator of the estate of BENJAMIN HANNAWAY* late of this county, deceased, produced the account of his administration of the estate, which amounts to One Thousand one hundred thirty seven Pounds, two shillings and six pence. By which being examined and approved it appears that there is a balance of Five Pounds eleven shillings and nine pence due the said Administrator . . . "

What a story may, and likely does, lie hidden behind those words! Was Benjamin a young business man, a cooper like his son David or a saddler, as were other Hanways in the early days? And had he furnished goods to the heavily indebted Continental Army, whose credit was

---

* The spelling was often in this fashion for every generation up through the Indiana residence.

so bitterly strained in the dark year of 1779? The Administrator, James Black, was a kind soul to go through with the discouraging business of disbursing some $6,000.00 of Benjamin Hanway's fortune to creditors only to find there lacked still $25.00 or so to pay out of his own pocket. That he did so speaks fairly well of the deceased Benjamin's place in Black's opinion.

Black was appointed by the Court in February of 1780, which indicates that Benjamin Hanway died in 1779 or thereabouts. Since there was no balance of money to distribute after the payment of estate debts, there was, of course, no mention of heirs, so we do not know what other family he might have had other than the one son David, my great-grandfather, who was born in 1770—so states the 1850 census during his residence in Greensburg, Indiana. He was, therefore a child of ten when his father died. What course his life took between that period and when he appears in Paris County, Kentucky is hard to reconstruct. His age was 27 years when he married Mary Gilpin in that county. Several David Hanways appear in later years, but with one exception their identity has usually been accounted for as emanating from the other early Hanway resident of the lower Brandywine region, one THOMAS HANNAWAY, "yeoman of Mill Creek Hundred" whose will is of record in Delaware as probated in the year 1791. Mill Creek Hundred is a local name for a population division about the size of a township, arising from the use of 100 families living in the same neighborhood as a handy size to group together. Mill Creek Hundred lies north of Wilmington and touches the confluence of the Brandywine with the Christina River. The name Hanway is not encountered in any other region of the colonies; is a somewhat unusual name and there seems strong evidence for assuming that THOMAS of Mill Creek Hundred and BENJAMIN down in the city of Wilmington were relatives in some degree. The children of Thomas Hanway (spelled Hannaway) were born much earlier than Benja-

min's sons, leading to a probability that Benjamin might have been an eldest son of Thomas, possibly, a younger brother. Both named a son David, but Benjamin's son became an orphan so young it would not be surprising that he was reared away from the immediate vicinity and the family connection quickly became less known to the second generations. When the eldest son of Thomas Hanway, who will later be referred to herein as "Colonel Samuel," was surveying the new village of Morgantown, Virginia (now West Virginia) in 1784, David Hanway's name appears in the records on some half-acre plots, but never again appears in the public records of this region, although Colonel Samuel and his brother, Jesse, became permanent residents. This could mean that young David merely paused there on his way west for new lands of opportunity and went on his way to Bourbon County, Kentucky.

At the end of this chapter I will include an accurate and full line of descendents of my ancestor David Hanway, but because there may be those of the name of Hanway today among my readers who might appreciate accurate data on the findings of the other line, Thomas of Mill Creek Hundred, I shall relate merely in narrative form facts picked up during the course of research on my own family lineage.

The will of Thomas Hanway, yeoman of Mill Creek Hundred names a wife Elizabeth and five sons: Samuel, Jesse, Thomas, John and David. This was in 1791. From a very comprehensive history of Monongalia county and a History of Morgantown, by S. T. Wiley we learn that Samuel, the eldest son, was a very prominent citizen of that settlement, arriving there in 1784 as one of the board of five trustees, appointed by the Governor of Virginia to lay out the new town of Morgantown. The Wiley history recites: (page 601) "Although the War of 1812 called away a good many men, yet the town was growing * * * Colonel Samuel Hanway with his nephew, John Hanway, were now at Morgantown as surveyors. Colonel Hanway

was a Revolutionary officer and died in 1834 at the age of 91. He was said to have been a relative of Jonas Hanway, the man who first carried an umbrella in the streets of London * * *." This choice bit connects definitely the Wilmington Hanways with the London family so well advertised by the remarkable Jonas. We will list the information at hand concerning the five sons of Thomas Hanway of Mill Creek Hundred in the order in which they appear in the will, since that usually meant chronogically as to their age.

(Colonel) SAMUEL HANWAY. From the foregoing biography of him upon his death in 1834, we learn he was born in 1743. In 1776, from Amelia County, Virginia, the adventuresome young man of 33 finds himself elected Lieutenant in a newly formed company of patriots. Soon he becomes Captain for the Minutes of the Meeting of the Virginia Council of Safety for May 6, 1776, at Wilmingtown, Virginia, recites: "After reading a letter from Major General Lee, the council ordered: That Captain Samuel Hanway do rendezvous his marines at Sandy Point, to protect the inhabitants from the Indians until the vessel he is to go on be ready. Then the Militia there to be discharged." This was true to form, for the London Hanway family to which Jonas belonged was connected with the Navy in both military and civil posts. It was upon the basis of his service to his country during the Revolutionary War that Colonel Samuel entered upon the next phase of his career. The various states awarded their soldiers with land gifts, mostly in the unsettled regions of Western Virginia (now West Virginia), Kentucky, or wherever a state had any title to western territory. In addition to his appointment by the Governor of Virginia as one of the five "to establish a town on 50 acres of land donated by Zackquell Morgan in Monongalia County, Virginia" in 1785 (see Statutes of Virginia Assembly, Volume 12, page 212) Colonel Samuel had, for two years before that, been as industriously gathering land grants unto

himself and associates as the bee gathering the nectar. By 1786, more than fifteen land grants, aggregating over 10,000 acres were recorded in his name in the Richmond Land Office, as relating, mainly, to land in the region of Morgantown, Monongalia County, now West Virginia. But if that seems considerable land for one man, Colonel Samuel gave value received as his long life advanced, for he remained there a substantial and constructive force in the town until he died in 1834. No wife was named in his will and there has been no evidence that he ever married, emulating, in that respect, his eminent kinsman, Jonas Hanway. His will does mention, however, "Nephew John, son of my brother, Jesse Hanway." This leads us to second son of Thomas of Mill Creek Hundred; viz:

JESSE HANWAY. Born probably about 1745, died at Morgantown, Virginia in 1805. His will names wife, Rachel; Sons: Samuel, Jesse and John; Daughters: Nancy (Mrs. Joshua Warman), Elizabeth, Mary, Sarah, Rebecca and Martha. Other later records show that these girls later married to become Rebecca Courtney, Sarah Pierpont, Mary (Polly) Stafford and Martha Hartman. In 1852, the son, John Hanway, left a will wherein he states his wife's name as Sarah; a daughter, Eliza Jane Smith; and a son, William A. Hanway. He refers to "the heirs of my brother Samuel; my aged mother . . . " and the married sisters above named. Nothing is said to indicate whether his brother Jesse lived to maturity or not. The elder Jesse Hanway appears briefly as a buyer of a small acreage of land on Winter's Run, in Harford County, Maryland, in 1785, but evidently turned it over to his brothers, David and John, who following their father's death in Mill Creek Hundred in 1791, evidently left Delaware.

THOMAS HANWAY. The third son of our Mill Creek yeoman was probably the one, who, of all the five boys, remained closest to the Brandywine home place. The tax lists of East Nottingham township, Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1781 name one Thomas Hanway possessed of

94 acres of land; 3 horses; 3 cows. He appears continuously for some years, but later records in Chester County point to that branch having remained there. In the adjoining township of Newgarden in 1781 there is listed as a single man and paying tax one David Hanway. To be a tax payer in 1781 means that this David Hanway was born at least 21 years before, which would be 1759 or earlier. This places him as the fourth son of our family in Delaware.

DAVID HANWAY. Since Newgarden township in Chester County lies to the south and west, it wouldn't have been difficult for a young man looking for land to leave the older section and bear southward to the tempting rapids of a little stream in Harford County, Maryland, with possibilities for the much needed grist mills. The older brother, Jesse, had bought 12 acres on this same little stream of Winter's Run in the year 1785. He appears no more in the records there. Perhaps he relinquished his title to his younger brothers, David and John, for in 1796 we find more small plots in Winter's Run sold to men so named.

In 1807 John sold out completely, and thus far no record of where he went has been found. There does appear in Harford County thereafter plenty concerning David, who remained. Many descendants still live in Harford County and nearby Baltimore as evidence of this well founded branch of David Hanway. His will, probated in 1820, February 10th, and recorded in Book I on page 198 gives ample proof of his sound citizenship as well as the assurance that he was the progenitor of most of the Hanways of that county in subsequent years. To quote from that interesting document: "To my eldest son Washington and my son William, equally all that parcel of land on Winter's Run on which my woolen factory is situated;

"I desire that my son Washington shall have all the profits of my son William for two years and two months from this date. He shall learn him the trade and art of

manufacturing cloth and also give him three months schooling every year, suitable clothing, etc.

"To my son Thomas the use of my grist mill, saw mill and dwelling house for the term of nine years. At the end of that time it is to be delivered to my sons David and Samuel, equally;

"To my son Joseph—land lying, etc. . . .

"To my son Thomas all land lying on Winter's Run not heretofore devised.

"I desire David to live with his brother Thomas until he is 21 * * * I desire my son Samuel to live with his brother Joseph . . . etc. To my only daughter, Eliza, six hundred dollars when she arrives at the age of twenty years, to be paid by my sons.

"To my wife all the part or share due her from her late father's estate (see her family name as evidently Matthews, below) also one horse and one cow and she shall be supported by my sons. Two rooms in my dwelling house and plenty of fire wood delivered at her door, also Ten Dollars a year to be paid her by each of my sons.

"I appoint my eldest son, Washington, and my brother-in-law, William Matthews of Baltimore County, Executors. Dated: January 25, 1820.

Signed: DAVID HANWAY.

Records in the neighboring county of Chester, Pennsylvania, reveal that the eldest son Washington, moved there and died in 1858 leaving only one heir, a daughter. What happened to sons, William, Samuel, and David deponeth saith not. Two biographical sketches in Portrait and Biographical Record of Harford and Cecil Counties, by Chapman Publishing Company, Chicago, in 1897 carry illuminating information regarding "son Thomas" who was to have the grist mill and sawmill for nine years—(see page 301). Thomas seems to have remained in Harford county and prospered. He married Sarah Ann Keen, daughter of Timothy Keen of District No. 2. His will probated in 1862 awards to her "all that part of the plantation

on which I now reside lying between the two roads, one leading to Bel-Air, the other to Churchville, containing 60-70 acres of land." He names as his sons, Joseph B. and Thomas Littleton, who are the subjects of the biographical sketches above mentioned. Their mother, Sarah Ann Hanway, lived until 1901, when her will distributes a sizeable estate.

The entire group of descendants in this region can therefore be construed to have sprung from the fourth son of the Delaware Thomas Hanway.

JOHN HANWAY. The fifth son of the Delaware Thomas has not been accurately traced. After he sold out his 157-acre holding in Harford County, titled "Colegate's Last Shift," in the year 1807, no further evidence of him has been found by us.

For years I have been picking up miscellaneous groups bearing the Hanway name from sources all over the country, but no John, who could be the above man, appears.

I will finish with some of these scattered families, mostly of recent generations, so that any one interested may find therein something of value to themselves.

From the information gained in this genealogy work, I believe all of them really belong to one family, beginning with JONAS HANWAY'S family—at least the indications all point in that direction.

Mrs. Bernice Hanway Timmons of Bonner Springs, Kansas sends the following line:

1. JAMES HANWAY, born near London, England, September 4, 1809, died May 9, 1882, married November 1, 1832 to Rebecca Stitt, born December 2, 1806, Warren County Ohio, died May 8, 1873. Children all born at New Castine, Dark County, Ohio.

Their children:

2. William Henry Brougham (first) born August 4, 1833, died August 14, 1844.
3. John Stitt, born November 1, 1834, died January 1, 1908, married (1st) Martha Helen Mitchell—6 chil-

dren born March 26, 1838 died February 2, 1881.

4. Samuel Hanway, born February 11, 1840, married Edith Taylor, 1 daughter, Sarah Hanway, born May 11, 1842, died in infancy.
5. William Henry Brougham (second) born September 27, married Sadie Paulham, 2 children, married (2nd) Pocahonta Blake, 2 children who died in infancy.

Children of No. 3 above: (John Stitt and Helen Mitchell Hanway)

6. Philip, born January 20, 1868, died January 22, 1868.
7. Bernice, born March 30, 1871, living at Bonner Springs, Kansas, married M. Timmons on September 20, 1904, 1 daughter, Helen Sedgwick (2 children).
8. Lloyd, born July 28, 1873, married Audrey Collings, 1 son, James L. Hanway (no children). Delia died young.

Children of No. 4: (Samuel Hanway and Edith Taylor) One daughter, Leota, married Elmer Watkins (2 children).

Children of No. 5: (William H. Brougham (2nd) and Sadie Paulham). Eva, no children.

9. James Hanway who lives in Dallas, Texas, no children.

* * * * *

From Mr. A. J. Hanway of Central City, Nebraska comes:

"My grandfather died in Ohio. My father, John L. Hanway, was born in Zanesville, Ohio, October, 1866, and died in Excelsior Springs, Missouri, in 1927. My grandmother, after the death of grandfather, moved to Missouri. Father had two brothers and four sisters, but only one brother and one sister left children. I was born near Buckner, Missouri, in 1892 and have three sisters, Mrs. Reba Hanway Needham, Sheridan, Wyoming; Kathleen Garrett, Alamosa, Colorado; and Katie M. Lowe, of Worland, Wyoming. I have two sons, A. Jay, now in Pearl

Harbor in the U. S. Navy and Dale K., student at Nebraska Central College."

* * * * *

From Rev. John Roberts, Missionary of the Episcopal Church to the Shoshone and Arapahoe Indians for over 50 years:

"On the Reservation near Lander, Wyoming, came a French (or part French) Paul Hanway, a trapper who married the daughter of an Indian chief there. His story was that he had come to America from France, but that his ancestor on his father's side had been in the English Navy. His son Paul Hanway and a second generation live near Lander, Wyoming."

FAMILY IN AMERICA

TO AMERICA 1696

IVER IN ENGLAND-1691- SETTLED BIRMINGHAM, PENNSYLVANIA

2⁹ SARAH GILPIN
B-1706
Married
Peter Cooke

2¹⁰ GEORGE GILPIN
B Apr 16, 1708
Married
Ruth Caldwell

2¹¹ ISAAC GILPIN
B-May 23, 1709
Married-
Mary Painter

2¹² MOSES GILPIN
B-Apr 3 1711
Married Ann Buffington

2¹³ ALICE GILPIN
B-Dec. 7-1714
Married-
Richard Evenson

2¹⁴ MARY GILPIN
B-Jan. 16, 1716
Married
Philip Taylor

2¹⁵ ESTHER GILPIN
B. Apr. 1718
Married
Samuel Painter

WILLIA
DEGUYLP

4⁶ JANE-JENNY G.
-1787 in Ky
-1804
Buried 7mi
Paris, Ky

BERNARD GUYLPYN
1517-1582

ARCHBISH
OF CARLIS

ISAAC GUYLPY
B-1623
D-1699

MARRIED-2-KEREN TREMAN

MARRIED-3-MARY LEWIS
B. Oct. 2. 1820
D May 26, 1873
M.-Sept. 25, 1851

DAVID CLAY HANWAY
B 1844
D.-1862 In Battle Chicksaw

MARTHA JANE HANWAY
B-May 5, 1846
M-1- Lee
M-2-Carpenter

MARY ELIZABETH HANWAY
B-Jan 12, 1848
D.
M.-Porter-
1-Son Claude

AM
YAY

7⁸ AUGUSTUS BROADMAN HANWAY
B-July 3, 1868

7⁹ CHARLIE H.
B. 1870
D. Infant

JOHN LEUIS HANWAY
B Hanway Father
B Sept. 25. 1852
on John's
Homestead
Julesburg.
Colo

JULIA BELL HANWAY
B-1854
D-Oct. 6-1941
in Sheridan
Wyo.

ANSON B. HANWAY
B. Nov. 14, 1856

WINFIELD SCOTT HANWAY
B-Feb. 22, 1859

MILTON ALBERT HANWAY
B-Feb. 22-1859

TWINS

ROBERT LINCOLN HANWAY
B-Jan. 3-1861

AMOS E HANWAY
B. May 14, 1862

CLIFFORD FITZGERALD
B. Nov. 29, 1930

THE GILPIN AND HANWAY FAMILY IN AMERICA

JOSEPH GILPIN IMMIGRATED TO AMERICA 1696

JOSEPH GILPIN XVI = I · BORN 1664 · DIED NOV. 9, 1741 – MARRIED · HANNAH GLOVER IN ENGLAND · 1691 · SETTLED BIRMINGHAM, PENNSYLVANIA

Richard De Guylpyn (1266)

In the reign of King John, a land seeking Baron, one Richard De Guylpyn gave the Manor of Kentmore in consequence of his prowess in slaying a wild boar

HE TOOK FOR HIS ARMS
A field.....or gold
Sanglier or wild boar...Sable (black)
Tusks .....Gules
MOTTO: "Dictis Factis Que Simplex"

RICHARD V was possessed of the Manor of Kentmore and Manor of Wentworth

RICHARD I
RICHARD II
RICHARD III
RICHARD IV
RICHARD V
WILLIAM VI
RICHARD VII
WILLIAM VIII
RICHARD IX

WILLIAM DE GUYLPYN

EDWIN DE GUYLPYN X

BERNARD GUYLPYN 1517-1582 — ARCHBISHOP OF CARLISLE

WILLIAM GUYLPYN M- Eliza Washington XI

GEORGE DE GUYLPYN — MINISTER TO THE HAGUE UNDER QUEEN ELIZABETH

XIII MARTIN GUYLPYN Lived at Leatherhead 1520 Died Scndl 1534

ISAAC GUYLPYN B-1623 D-1699

BERNARD GUYLPYN XIII

RANULPH GUYLPYN

ALLEN GUYLPYN

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 THOMAS GUYLPYN of Mill Hill Catrin Lancaster XIV 8 9 10

DAN married THOS. WEST of the family of Lord Delaware

THOS. GUYLPYN XV Officer in Army of Parliament

WEST

BENJAMIN WEST Painter of George III 1798

XVI JOSEPH GUYLPYN IMMIGRANT · married Hannah Glover in England · B-1664 · Came to America in 1696

1 HANNAH married SEAL · 2 SAMUEL · 3 RACHEL · 4 RUTH · 5 LYDIA · 6 THOMAS · 7 ANN · 8 JOSEPH · 9 SARAH · 10 GEORGE · 11 ISAAC · 12 MOSES · 13 ALICE · 14 MARY · 15 ESTHER

2¹ HANNAH GILPIN B-Eng Feb 15 1692 married Seal

2² SAMUEL GILPIN B. Eng. 1693 D-Dec. 7, 1767 married Jane Parker. D. Aug 3, 1775

2³ RACHEL GILPIN B-1695 married Joshua Pierce

2⁴ RUTH GILPIN B. 1697 Married Joseph Mendenhall

2⁵ LYDIA GILPIN B-1698 Married Wm Dean

2⁶ THOS. GILPIN B-July 23, 1700 M-1- Rebecca Mendenhall M² Ann Caldwell

2⁷ ANN GILPIN B.-1702 Married Hallet.

2⁸ JOSEPH G B-Jan. 21, 1703 D-Dec. 31, 1792 Married Mary Caldwell Oct. 17-1729 II

2⁹ SARAH GILPIN B-1706 Married Peter Cooke

2¹⁰ GEORGE GILPIN B Apr. 16, 1708 Married Ruth Caldwell

2¹¹ ISAAC GILPIN B-May 23, 1709 Married-Mary Painter

2¹² MOSES GILPIN B-Apr 3, 1711 Married Ann Buffington

2¹³ ALICE GILPIN B-Dec. 7-1714 Married-Richard Evenson

2¹⁴ MARY GILPIN B-Jan. 16, 1716 Married Philip Taylor

2¹⁵ ESTHER GILPIN B. Apr. 1718 Married Samuel Painter

3¹ RUTH GILPIN B. Oct. 23, 1730 M-Samuel Stubbs 1751 12-Children

3² VINCENT G. B-Oct. 8, 1732 M-Abigail Woodward Dec. 6, 1758

3³ ORPHA G. B. 1734

3⁴ NUN GILPIN B.-1736 D.-Infancy

3⁵ GIDEON G. B-1738-D-1825 M.-Sarah Gregg of Chrisliana Hd.

3⁶ ISRAEL G B-Aug. 1, 1740 D-July 4, 1834 at Boone Co., Ky. M. Jan. 12-1865 Elizabeth Hannum D-1802

4¹ MARY GILPIN B-Feb 6, 1770-Penn. D-Feb. 3, 1834-Greensburg, Ind. Married 1797 DAVID HANWAY B-1770-Del. D-1835-Ind.

4² NANCY ANN. GILPIN B-1778 D-1843 M-William PerKins

4³ GEORGE G. B. 1780 D-1830 M-Charlotte Conn.

4⁴ ELIZABETH. G. B-1780 D-1846

TWINS

4⁵ SARAH G. B-Pa. 1782 D. M-John Cline at Paris, Ky

4⁶ JANE-JENNY G. B-1787 in Ky D-1804 Buried 7mi Paris, Ky

5¹ BENJAMIN HANWAY B-Jan. 27, 1798 D-Jan. 21, 1890 near Julesburg Colo.

5² NANCY H. D-1828 Married Levi McQuithy

5³ MARTHA H. B. D-1873 M-Levi McQuithy

5⁴ ISREAL GILPIN HANWAY B-May 12, 1803 D-Jan. 18, 1858 M. Mary Perkins

5⁵ JOSEPH H. Died Young

MARRIED-1-ELIZABETH BECKETT

6¹ ISRAEL GILPIN HANWAY B-7/10/28-D-11/23/[illegible] M-Martha Lowe-1852 Greensburg, Ind. B-1832 D-July 28 1897

6² WILLIAM WALLACE-H. B. 1820

6³ SUSAN H. B.-1822

6⁴ ELIZA H. B.-1824

6⁵ JAMES HARVEY H. B. 1826

6⁶ ISABELLA HANWAY B. 1831 M. F. Seitz

7¹ ISRAEL J.E. HANWAY B.-June, 25, 1866 M-EFFIE M. GRICE B. Mar. 4, 1869 M-Sept 18, 1889

7² JENNETTA HANWAY B.-1862 M-Wiley Ward

7³ SAMUEL HANWAY B.-1853 D-1853

7⁴ ELIZABETH HANWAY D-Infant

7⁵ LYDIA HANWAY D.-Infant

7⁶ SARAH HANWAY D-Infant

7⁷ WILLIAM HANWAY B.-1864

7⁸ AUGUSTUS BROADMAN HANWAY B-July 3, 1868

7⁹ CHARLIE H. B. 1870 D. Infant

EARL EDWIN HANWAY B. Dec. 7, 1890 M-6-20, 1915 Sunshine Perry B-June 7, 1893

ISABEL MARTHA H. B. May 24, 1904 M. Dec. 31, 1924 Clifford Fitzgerald

CHARLINE HANWAY B. Aug. 25, 1917 M. Harold Reed Sept. 6, 1941

EARL PERRY HANWAY B-June 7, 1921

LOIS MARIE HANWAY B. Oct. 14, 1923

SHIRLEY FITZGERALD B- Jan. 1, 1926

JOAN FITZGERALD B-July 19, 1928

CLIFFORD FITZGERALD B. Nov. 29, 1930

MARRIED-2-KEREN TREMAN

DAVID CLAY HANWAY B. 1844 D.-1862 in Battle Chicksaw

MARTHA JANE HANWAY B-May 5, 1846 M-1- Lee M-2-Carpenter

MARY ELIZABETH HANWAY B-Jan. 12, 1848 D. M-Porter-1-Son Claude

MARRIED-3-MARY LEWIS B. Oct. 2, 1820 D May 26, 1873 M.-Sept. 25, 1851

JOHN LEUIS HANWAY (3. Hanway Father) B-Sept 25, 1852 Died on John's Homestead Julesburg, Colo

JULIA BELL HANWAY B-1854 D-Oct. 6-1941 in Sheridan Wyo.

ANSON B. HANWAY B. Nov. 14, 1856

WINFIELD SCOTT HANWAY B-Feb. 22, 1859

MILTON ALBERT HANWAY B-Feb. 22-1859

TWINS

ROBERT LINCOLN HANWAY B-Jan. 3-1861

AMOS E HANWAY B. May 14, 1862

CHAPTER II

Jonas Hanway*

IN 1936, while en route to England with my wife on board the luxurious S. S. Berengaria, we met Mr. Thomas Charlton, retired London newspaper man. Since he was traveling alone, Mrs. Charlton having preceded him, we spent many hours together talking 'shop.' Upon arriving in London we had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Charlton and she and her husband did much to make our visit there a most enjoyable one, as well as simplifying my research into the Hanway ancestry.

I carried to England the biography of Jonas Hanway and loaned the book to my new friends to read, which they did and later wrote a review of it. Upon my return home I was pleased to receive a letter from them containing a copy of this review from which are taken the following extracts:

"Most of us seldom give our forbears a thought, neglecting even the idea that possibly some of our good or bad points have been transmuted through the ages."

"Heredity plays a far more important part in all our lives than most of us imagine. Western nations ignore any connection whatsoever with their ancestors, while eastern peoples in many cases worship them."

"Many will remember Mr. Hobbs, the grocer portrayed in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," remarking that the difference between England and America was that the latter did not possess any ancestors."

---

* The material of this chapter has been taken, for the most part, from *"Hanway's Life"* by *John Pugh* and published in England in 1787, as referred to in Chapter I. It is written and printed in the manner and style of its time, the "f" being used for "s" in most instances, which make it slightly difficult to read.

"Throughout nature the strain of heredity is marked in every direction, a notable example being the eagerness of horse breeders to introduce an Arab strain in their stocks."

The balance of the review was written in the attempt to point out the strains of heredity noted by Mr. Charlton in myself and Jonas, but as these remarks were most flattering, my modesty forbids further quotations.

JONAS HANWAY was born on August 12, 1712 at Portsmouth, England, a naval port. His biographer, John Pugh, has recorded the following description of him: "His countenance was interesting, sensitive, and calculated to inspire confidence. His eyes expressed the utmost humanity and benevolence, and when he spoke the tone of his voice was such as seemed to carry conviction even to the mind of a stranger."

The father of Jonas Hanway, a former naval officer and storekeeper at the dockyard, lost his life through an accident and left four young children. The mother moved to London and managed to give the children an education. Jonas was apprenticed, at the age of seventeen, to a merchant in Lisbon, Portugal, and later he went into business for himself in that city, but soon returned to London to carry on his profession.

In 1743 he entered into a partnership with a merchant in St. Petersburg (Leningrad) and moved to Russia. Trade between that country and Persia, though highly desirable, had never been successfully established. He offered his services for this purpose and they were gratefully accepted.

It was a hazardous undertaking. The River Volga and the Caspian Sea were infested with pirates. The over-land part of the route, with thieves, and there was no actual security even in the cities. He later wrote of these trips and transactions, calling them, simply, "Travels," and they

"filled two large quarto volumes." He had long wanted to visit Persia and made the most of his opportunities—often under harrowing circumstances.

At Baku he saw "The Everlasting Fire" where Pilgrims came to worship. In one of the temples there was a large cane fixed in the earth, through which issued a blue flame of fire. He writes, "The earth around this place had this surprising property, that by taking up two or three inches of the surface, and applying a live coal, the part so uncovered immediately takes fire. If a cane or tube, or even, paper, be set two inches in the ground, and the top of it touched with fire, immediately a flame issues without hurting the cane or paper."

At Casbian he saw the castle where so many of the ancient kings lived, and the burial place of Hephestion, favorite of Alexander the Great. The scenery of the place entranced him but he was deeply distressed by the woeful conditions of the masses. He also saw many forms of cruelty and the most excruciating tortures.

At that time Persia was under the oppressive rule of the usurper, Nadir Shah, who had collected a vast amount of treasure believed to be stored in Astrabad. On one occasion when Jonas Hanway was in that city, trying to secure safe passage for his caravan to Mesched, it was besieged and taken over by a band of Turkuman Tartars. He was robbed of his goods and money, and barely escaped being carried into slavery himself.

He finally made his way out of the city and fled across Messanderan to Langarood. The sufferings and hardships of this journey greatly impaired his health. Pugh writes of it: " * * * but such had been his distress and the inclemency of the weather, that in twenty-three days he had not enjoyed an hour of security or unbroken sleep."

Nadir Shah was at Ghilan, and Jonas Hanway was determined to see him and demand restitution for his lost goods. After resting at Langarood until he was able to travel he went on to Ghilan. He had no trouble extract-

ing promises from the great man, but he had considerable difficulty in persuading him to keep them. After forestalling numerous attempts of duplicity and perfidy, and making the long journey back to Astrabad, he succeeded in regaining eighty-five per cent of his loss.

In writing of the Shah's government, Pugh says: "Policy still required him to sow the seeds of jealous enmity among the principal persons under his command."

America was in her swaddling clothes when that statement was written, but has long been suffering from the pressure of just such tactics, elaborately planned and skillfully executed to detract the public's interest from the main issue.

He also wrote of the conditions of the country: "Where possession is insecure and the husbandman knows not that he will reap the fruit of what he sows, the hand of industry is never conspicuous"—which still applies to the enlightened fourth decade of the twentieth century.

It was not until 1750 that Jonas Hanway gave up his lucrative trade and returned to England. From that time on, he interested himself only in philanthropic activities. London has him to thank for many of her civic improvements and humane institutions. Chief among the latter were the Magdalene Hospital, established for the care and comfort of the suffering prostitutes then wandering about the streets; and the Foundling Hospital for illegitimate and orphan babies. To me, the fact that he did not resort to legislation to bring about so-called moral reforms, proves the fine calibre of his mind, and marks him a true humanitarian, as distinguished from the average less sincere, and often ill-advised, "reformer."

Jonas Hanway organized many beneficient societies and led many movements for civic improvements. All his good works cannot be recounted here, but they were recognized and appreciated even in his own time, as the numerous odes and poem inscribed to him, will testify.

He was a prolific writer and covered a wide range of subjects, from a masterly treatise on "Naturalization of the Jew" (which he strongly opposed) to works on etiquette, advice to the young, and prison reforms, as well as pleas for improving conditions of the chimney sweepers; and he can be credited with at least one humorous skit, in which he ridicules "vails giving," an old English custom of tipping the host's servants. On the results of this, Pugh observes: "By degrees this odious custom became less fashionable * * * but since it has been banished from the mansions of the great, it seems to be gaining ground among the middling classes!"

2017963

He established a precedent in London that proves he possessed a very special brand of personal courage—like the man who first ate an oyster. Jonas Hanway was the first man to appear on the streets carrying an umbrella. I have a "Believe It Or Not" clipping which depicts this instance in his life, and a picture clipped from the **San Francisco Examiner** showing boys and young men throwing vegetables and fruit at him, which he successfully wards off with the very article that's causing the assault! It was a matter of thirty years before the British saw fit to accept the useful umbrella—and now are seldom seen without it.

In regard to Jonas Hanway's "Thought on Music," Pugh reluctantly admits that his great friend and benefactor "was entirely unacquainted with the subject, and had not even a distant idea of harmony." But evidently Mr. Hanway was not interested in the technical side of the subject, for Pugh goes on to say: "It is true that in his book he did not profess to speak much of the theory of the art but confined himself to pointing out how it might be best conducted to encourage virtuous principles and assist in the fervor of religious worship." It seems that Mr. Pugh was so disturbed over this deficiency in his hero that he attempted to instruct him in the rudiments

of the art, "by way of the harpsichord * * * but found I was unintelligible."

I may as well add here on my own behalf that, "I am sentimentally disposed toward music, but organically am incapable of a tune." While I don't know who first made that statement, I do know what he means.

In delineating the character of this good man, Jonas Hanway, his biographer, Pugh, writes: "Distress, not incurred by profligacy, was to his heart a claim of relationship * * * that he most emphatically was one of the chief instruments of Providence to assist the indigent, instruct the ignorant, and to keep the good from being discontented with their station in life."

To substantiate the contention by many that humanity and events do not change greatly through the centuries —except in their dates of happening—I must submit an incident, amusing in this day, which took place about 185 years ago in connection with a campaign waged by Jonas Hanway against "the pernicious habit of tea-drinking" among the poorer people, and referred to as "liquor," as narrated by his biographer:

> "In 1757, Mr. Hanway published his 'Journey from Portsmouth to Kingston,' which running through two editions, in the last he animadverted on the pernicious custom of tea-drinking, and the expence it created to the lower classes of people. Dr. Samuel Johnson, to whom this liquor was extremely grateful, and who applied to it when his spirits wanted recruit, as others apply to a cordial, was at that time engaged in a periodical work, called 'The Literary Magazine.' Stirred up by this attack on his favorite beverage, the Doctor condescended to stoop from that dignity of character, which he was so peculiarly qualified to support, and in an anonymous essay inserted in his work, without answering the remarks made by our author, attacked him in his personal character, in a style between irony and ill-nature. The Doctor,

> in his warmth, perceived **not** that Mr. Hanway's remarks were not intended for people in his line of life, and by this essay convinced their mutual friends, that he was not more superior to his adversary in learning, than inferior to him in affability and social benevolence."

An instance that evidences the basic integrity of Jonas Hanway, is a circumstance attending the publication of his "Travels." He paid for the first edition himself—"lest the publisher suffer a loss." When the book proved popular enough to warrant a second edition, he dealt with the publisher in the usual manner. There were four editions in all.

The last act of his life was to offer his body to his surgeon, * * * "if you think it will be of service to you in your practice, or to any who many come after you * * I am willing to do as much good as possible."

I admire the motto, "Never Despair," that ornamented his carriage, which was called a "solo," as it bore only one passenger. Likewise, other of his philosophical sayings appeal to me, one being: "There is never a proper time to insult the wretched." Another is: "I covet no more than I can enjoy." His distaste for rowdiness and artificial gaiety is clearly indicated by the following observation: "My friends were too merry to be happy, or to let me be happy, so I left them."

Several years ago, a friend handed me the following lines clipped from some book of quotations, and ascribed to Jonas Hanway:

> Good-nature is the beauty of the mind,
> And, like personal beauty,
> Wins almost without anything else,—
> Sometimes, indeed,
> In spite of positive deficiencies.

Without doubt, that early ancestor possessed a wholesome outlook upon life, and it has been observed by some of those who have read of the works and writings of

Jonas Hanway that there is a degree of similarity between his thought and the teachings of Mary Baker Eddy, who founded the Church of Christ Scientist.

London has shown her appreciation of the good deeds of this man by naming two thoroughfares in his honor: Hanway Street and Hanway Place. He lived in Red Lion Square in Conduit Fields. Slightly to the west of his residence was Tyburn Lane which was the road leading to Tottenham Court. Tyburn Lane was of unhappy memories—the road through which malefactors made their last journey, to the gallows. The road to Tottenham Court was a typical country lane with farmhouses and cultivated fields, in the parish of St. Giles in the Fields.

Tyburn Lane is now Oxford Street, the busiest shopping center in the West End—The Frascati and the Oxford Corner House backing into Hanway Street. Tottenham Court Road, also, is an active shopping section and is known chiefly for its many furniture stores. Curiously enough, a few doors from Hanway Street there still exists a portion of one of the old farm houses of Hanway's time. The front has been adapted to modern conditions, by alteration, but the old tiled roof remains, and the interior panelling is still in use. It is this mixture of the ancient and the modern which adds to the fascination of London.

The pictures here shown give some idea of Hanway Street and Hanway Place as they appear today. It is a peculiar coincidence that in both streets, the printing business occupies a prominent position.

Hanging on display in Westminster Abbey is a plaque in honor of Jonas Hanway, which Effie Em and I had the privilege of viewing while visiting in London, as previously mentioned.

As an appropriate conclusion to this chapter, I, too, wish to pay a profound tribute to this most worthy man —not only for his beneficient accomplishments—but for his example and influence as a far-seeing and valuable

citizen of his day and generation, as well as an example and inspiration to the generations who have succeeded him.*

---

* In our own Library of Congress at Washington, D. C., there is a collection of twenty books, or more, by Jonas Hanway, and in the State Library at Richmond, Virginia, there are several copies with penciled notes stating that the books had been given to the donor by the author.

While research on the English Hanways was in progress, two other interesting documents came to light, as follows:

EARLY LONDON MARRIAGES (1521-1869)

"JOHN HANWAY, of Hammersmith, Middlesex, gentleman, bachelor, age 27, to

REBECCA BICKERTON, of East Acton, Middlesex, widow, age 25 and upwards, at St. Marleybone, Middlesex on July 8, 1699.

"WILLIAM HANWAY, of Eberton, Gloucester County, gentleman, bachelor, about 29, to

MARY MOORE, of St. Catherine near Tower of London, spinster about 24 and at her own disposition, at St. Mary, Savoy or Lincoln's Inn or Temple Chapel, February 10, 1868."

CHAPTER III

Moving Westward

IN CHAPTER I, I have described the migration of the Israel Gilpin family from the Lower counties of Pennsylvania to the wilds of Bourbon County, Kentucky, in 1784, and that after nearly half a century, the entire group left Bourbon County; Israel (who lived to be 94) took his family to Boone County in the same state, and David Hanway, my great-grandfather, (married to Mary Gilpin) went to Greensburg, Indiana. His son, Benjamin, already had been married to Elizabeth Beckett for several years, and so loyal were their affections for "The Old Kentucky Home" that prior to my father's birth his mother made the return trip of seventy-five miles on horseback in order that her baby might be born in the home of his ancestors. The story handed down, is that the infant son made his advent into this world while the horse that carried his mother to her destination was still tied at the gate, and before the animal could be ushered into his stall for feed and rest.

That incident occurred on July 6, 1828, and the infant who was destined to become my father was christened Israel Gilpin Hanway. As soon as the young mother and son were able to travel, the return journey to Greensburg was made, where father grew to manhood, and in 1852 he married Martha Lowe, who was destined to become my mother.

At about this time it seems father was assailed by the pioneer spirit. He had seen his oldest brother, Will, set off for California at the first hint of gold discovery in 1848. Uncle Will had gone westward in great style, too, outfitted with Prince Albert coat and silk plug hat. The hat, however, was never privileged to reach California.

The party, so the story goes, encountered a little Indian trouble on the Oregon Trail near Independence Rock, sixty-five miles west of Casper, Wyoming, and during the skirmish Uncle Will saw his stylish head-piece disappear into the sagebrush hills adorning the head of a brave.

There was considerable talk concerning the fertile farm lands in the middle-west which proved as alluring to father as the gold in California, and he became obsessed with the idea of moving into virgin country, with the result that he migrated to Iowa with his young bride. The Indians in that section were just being moved by the government to the new Indian Territory, and no danger was anticipated from that source, but, nevertheless, grandfather Benjamin Hanway went along to help on the trip and to see his son and his wife settled in their new home. The journey was made by covered wagon. They crossed the Mississippi on a ferry near the present site of Hannibal, Missouri, and thereafter continued on a northwesterly course through Missouri and into Iowa, where they settled near the present city of Red Oak.

Along the Mississippi bottom lands father was greatly impressed with the waist-high, blue-stem prairie grass, and remarked several times that "it would certainly make a dandy fire." Naturally, no one dreamed for a moment that he actually was toying with the idea of starting one —but that is exactly what he did, one evening after camp had been made. In all probability I would not be here to tell the story if grandfather had not been there to handle the dire situation. After a back-fire had been set and enough space cleared on which to move the wagon where it and its human contents were safe, I imagine that father received a verbal dressing-down from grandfather that he never forgot.

There was one other unfortunate happening on that trip. At a stop on the Nodaway River in Missouri, mother sprained her ankle severely when she missed her footing on the double-trees in descending from the wagon to the

ground. The ankle never healed correctly, and all her life she suffered from time to time as a result of that injury.

Grandfather helped them to become established at Red Oak and then returned to Greensburg. This time he traveled mainly by river route—down the Mississippi and up the Ohio to a point within forty-five miles of his home. The young couple must have regretted to see him leave, as father was not quite twenty-four, and mother was but nineteen. Neither had been away from their homes and families before. However, they set about with great hope and ambition to make a home of their own, not knowing they were to be on the trail again within a year. It was at this new little home that their first-born son, young Samuel, my brother, arrived.

Those were the years of the greatest migration in American history, beginning in 1843 and continuing until 1868. England had claimed the Oregon Territory by right of discovery, Sir Francis Drake having sailed along its coast in 1577. We, also, had claimed it by right of discovery and also by right of exploration. Captain Grey had discovered the Columbia river—naming it for his ship—in 1792; and Lewis and Clark had explored some of the region during 1804-06. Trappers began migrating to the new country, and as early as 1811 the little colony of Astoria was established on the west coast of what is now Oregon, by the John Jacob Astor fur traders.*

In 1818, England and America signed a treaty agreeing to joint occupancy, but by 1843 the question of sovereignity became too acute to be longer ignored, so a convention was held at Champoeg to settle it by vote. One

---

* A little party of men coming from Astoria, led by Robert Stuart, built the first cabin ever constructed by white men in this section of the Rocky Mountains. That was in November of 1812. The cabin was located about 12 miles southwest of Casper, Wyoming, on what is now the 07 Ranch. (For this interesting bit of history I am indebted to Wyoming's great historian, Alfred James Mokler, to whom goes the credit for compiling for preservation many of the historical facts, stories and Indian lore of our fascinating state.)

hundred and two settlers attended the gathering, fifty voting for England and fifty-two for America. There were already a thousand emigrants on the trail going out to settle and to help vote the territory in for America, but the question had been decided before they arrived. That was in '43, and the beginning of the great migration. Some 350,000 people traveled the Oregon Trail, in whole or in part, during the next twenty-five years. In '47, it was the Mormons seeking freedom from religious persecution; in '49, the gold-seekers, and all through the rest of the years a vast army of people looking for better lands and opportunities, made the westward trek. Every one of the two thousand miles of this old trail claimed seventeen human lives, not taking into account the Indians whom the emigrants were forced to kill in self-protection.

It was a period of great restlessness, which motivated men to seek new frontiers, and even Grandpa Lowe, my mother's father, did not escape its subtle, but alluring influence. He began writing persuasive letters to father about going to Oregon.* Uncle Will had been writing from California where he was engaged in the saddle and harness business for several years (emulating his ancestors) and had twice accumulated a fair fortune only to be wiped out both times by fires. His correspondence declared that he had decided to quit and was going to Oregon to "fight Indians"—he wanted to find the thief who had made off with his plug hat! I'm certain that Will's going to Oregon influenced Grandpa Lowe and father, and they hastened with their plans. In 1853 Grandpa Lowe came all the way out to Iowa from Greensburg, Indiana, to help father and mother move back to Indiana, but that return trip proved to be a sad and sorrowful one.

On the trail near what is now Springfield, Illinois,

---

* A few years ago I saw one of those old letters. They had decided to take mother and baby Samuel back to Greensburg where they would be close to the family and the men would go on to Oregon by themselves to look things over and to pick out a desirable location.

Grandpa Lowe was stricken with an illness known as "congestive chills" and died within a few days. Shortly after, the couple's little son, Samuel, (my oldest brother) was taken from them, also. It was, indeed, a grief-stricken husband and wife who were at last embraced by family and friends at Greensburg.

With Grandfather Lowe's death, the Oregon plans of my parents were discarded, and for the next fifteen years my father and mother lived in Greensburg, Indiana, where seven children were born to them, as follows:

Lida, 1854; Sarah, 1856; Elizabeth, 1858; Jennettie, 1860; William, 1863; Israel Edwin, 1866; Augustus Broadman, 1868.

Father learned the shoe-making trade and operated his own shop for about ten years. When the factory-made shoes began to offer serious competition, he learned and adopted the trade of painting and decorating. He did well in both occupations, provided generously for his family and owned a comfortable cottage home. (The dwelling is still in use today, 1942.)

Exempted from military service during the Civil War, father was one of the few men left at Greensburg during that troublesome time. A number of responsibilities rested on the men who remained at home. They had the care and problems of the entire community on their hands and, in addition, it was their responsibility to provide some sort of protection against possible invasion. When Morgan's Raiders threatened the tiny town of Greensburg, my father was one of the little band who helped chase them all the way to Harper's Ferry.

CHAPTER IV

H6+47

Earliest Memories

THE ONLY distinct memory I have of the Greensburg of the late '60's is the Sitz House*, a four-story hotel with a cupola. It was built by Christian Sitz. I remember him because he married my Aunt Belle, father's only sister. Behind the bar in the hotel was a barrel full of "shin plasters," the plentiful currency of the day, that made up in quantity what it lacked in quality. (The present generations may need the explanation that "shin plasters" were units of paper money having the same value as our nickels and dimes today.)

I remember, too, of going to the store once with my sister Nettie and of giving her considerable trouble because she wouldn't let me go to see Grandma Lowe. Nettie was the only sister I ever knew—Lida, Sarah and Elizabeth having all passed on before I was born.

Father had never quite given up the idea of going farther west, and during the years he saved his money to that end. By '68 he had a thousand dollars— quite a sum of money in those days, and to be treated with proper respect. Today, when taxes and national debts are being computed in terms of light-years, the number "one thousand" is of such insignificance that it rates hardly a cursory glance.

---

*The Sitz House is still in use today. The dining room, which is not a part of the hotel itself, but is directly back of it across the alley, is being operated by Mrs. Fred Sitz and her son, Fred Sitz, III. The restaurant has been in continuous operation during all these years, and is well known for its fine food. Patrons come from the neighboring towns for Sunday dinners and to buy its famous homemade pies. This old hotel and the court house, with a maple tree growing from its cupola, are the most ancient landmarks in Greensburg.

In looking for a new location father was favorably impressed with West Port (now part of Kansas City) and was on the point of buying a lot on Grand Avenue near Eleventh Street when a fast-talking land agent by the name of Van Patten showed up and persuaded him that an eighty-acre tract of railroad land near Johnnycake*, Kansas, was just what he was looking for. When father went out to look it over, he liked it so well that he bought it immediately.

That lot on Grand Avenue was an excellent deal if father had but known it. The man who did buy it found an iron box containing four thousand dollars, when digging out the tree stumps on the lot! The instructions therewith gave half of the money to the finder, and the other half to the beneficiaries named—if they could be found. Or so the story goes.

In 1869, father sent for us to join him, so I was introduced to Kansas pioneer life when not quite three years old. Mother must have had her hands full in preparing for that trip. Just when she was ready to leave, I went off on an expedition of my own—and couldn't be found. A frantic search followed, and I was finally located—in the cupola on top the Sitz House. I suppose all those stairsteps were an irresistible challenge to a curious youngster of three, but it was just as well they found me before I decided to start down on my perilous trek to earth.

We traveled by train to Quincy, Illinois; from there we went by boat to Hannibal, Missouri, where we stopped for a few days to rest and to visit with Aunt Nonie, mother's sister. Then we boarded, what is now, the C. B. & Q. to Kansas City. From that point to Johnnycake we rode on the old K. P., or Kansas Pacific, now a part of the Union Pacific, one of the best railroad systems in the world.

---

*Johnnycake was named for an old Indian Chief, but now bears the more sedate name of "Linwood." It has always seemed to me that the town lost something in the changing of name.

I can remember our arrival at Johnnycake, and of playing on the high platform of the depot. There was a heavily wooded bench of land just above the depot, with a road that wound in and out through the trees, and which looked like an enchanted path made especially

for little boys to explore, but mother kept a watchful eye on us. Soon we saw father coming to meet us. He was standing up in front of the wagon and cracking his whip over a pokey old oxen team, known as Dick and Jerry. Funny how a man will remember things like that for seventy years, and more . . .

Such a joyful reunion! Mother laughed and cried and held father off at arm's length and said he had grown thin on his own cooking, while we children swarmed all over him at the same time! He lifted us in the bed of the wagon, covered us with sweet wild hay, and we started on the two-and-a-half mile ride to our new home in the West.

Still dear and distinct are the memories woven around that pioneer log cabin with its lean-to kitchen and clapboarded oak roof. There was an upstairs room reached by a ladder, and every night as long as we lived in that home we kids climbed that ladder, to bed.

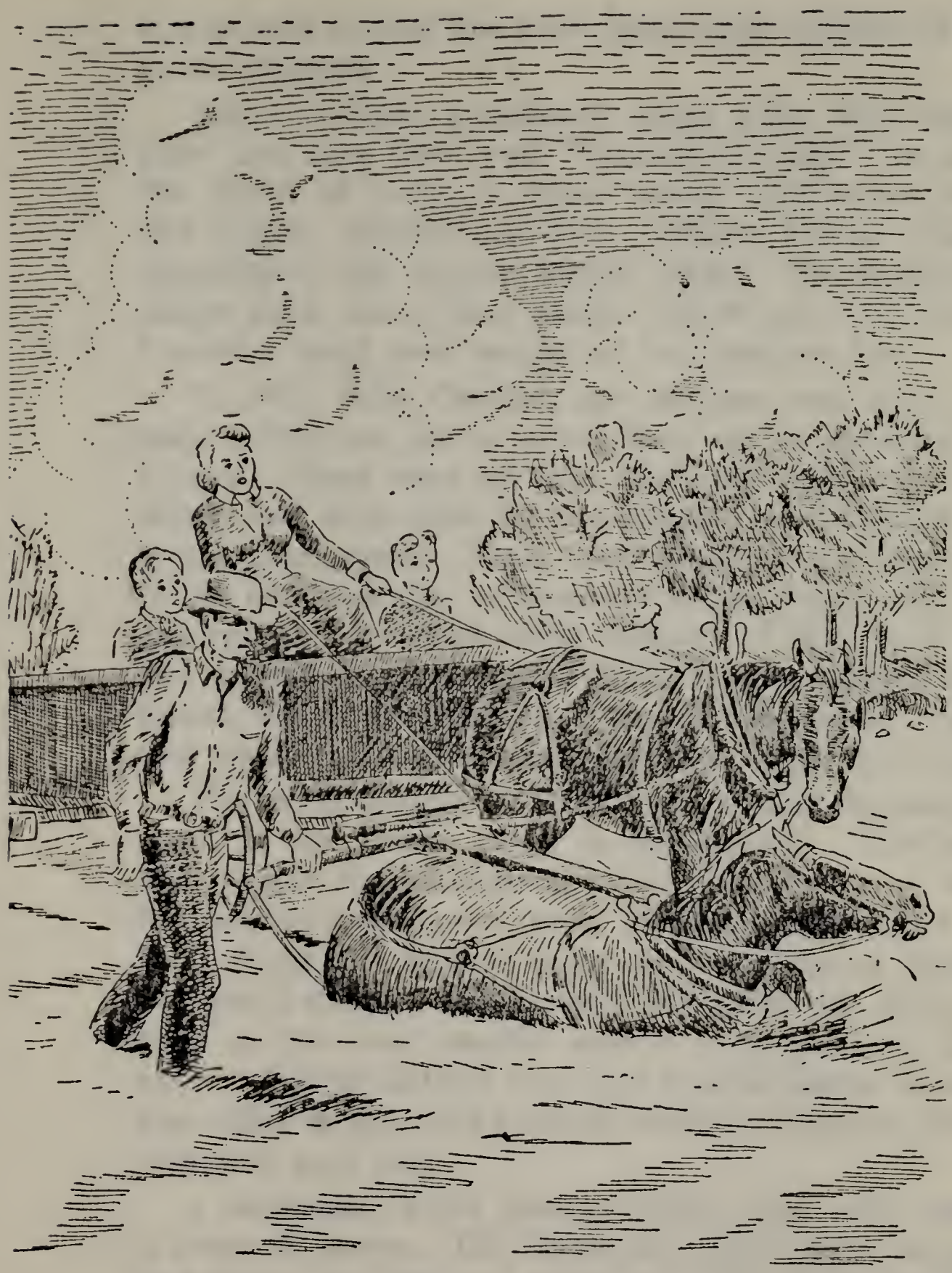
Father had not attempted to break all the ground for cultivation, but had left the east forty in its native vegetation, and it was a made-to-order heaven for boys! Black oak trees, cherry trees, hazel brush, elderberry bushes and wild fruit! Rabbits, squirrels, quail, and 'coons! And old log stumps and a creek! But one night about bed-time a fire broke out on a neighbor's place, quickly spread to our unbroken tract and burned our lovely woods to the ground.*

Fire was the great fear of the pioneers as they had no effective means of checking the flames. Even manpower was scarce. It was not an unusual tragedy for some pioneer family to lose their home and household possessions, and even their livestock.

The government was now taking the Indians out of

---

*It was not many years until the new growth was almost as high and thick as the old, and I think we enjoyed it even more, because we were older and had learned something of woodcraft and hunting.



Kansas. That the red man should make way for his more progressive brother was inevitable, I suppose, but there is a bit of poetic justice in the fact that when he was driven from his own chosen hunting grounds and relegated to a country that no one wanted at the moment,

it was later to cost the white man many millions of dollars in oil royalties.

Some of their abandoned camp sites were near our farm and they were real "hunting grounds" for us boys. We found all sorts of relics: crude implements, mortars and pestles, arrows and stone fleshing knives, beads and ornaments, and heaven knows what! We lugged every single piece home, that mother might see and admire it. I wonder what ever become of our precious loot . . .

In 1871, little Charles, our brother, was born, but he stayed with us only a short time, as he lived less than a year. There were services from the little stone church which had been built by the settlers, and he was buried in the churchyard. Since then his grave has been moved to the new cemetery at Linwood where father and mother are buried. My most vivid memory of him is of pulling him around in a little home-made wagon, going under the lowest rail of the fence and bumping his nose. He cried and cried, and mother scolded me for being so careless.

The first Fourth of July that I can remember was spent in the picnic grove in Johnnycake. Brother Will had bought fire-crackers the day before, and we were all in a perfect frenzy over them. We kept mother in a dither, too. When the lighted fuses showed signs of going out, we would drop to the ground and blow the dying spark back to life—and usually were a little slow on the get-away. Mother bathed eyes and washed faces, dried tears and wiped noses, and rescued reckless offspring until the 'crackers gave out.

I remember when father traded Dick and Jerry for a team of horses. Old Betts, the grey mare, was gentle and docile, but Bill was temperamental, obstreperous, and just plain ornery. One day when we were all in the wagon on our way to town, he balked—right in the middle of the creek crossing. He put on quite an act, as I remember it—shying and shoving Old Betts around, pawing and plunging, but not going any place. Then, probably feel-

ing that the performance lacked a finishing touch, he lay down. Father's patience had grown a little thin. He waded out in the stream, took a good grasp on Bill's head—much as a bull-dogger does a steer's—pushed it under the water and held it there so long I thought he surely meant to drown the critter! When dad let Bill up he was willing enough to pull us out of the creek, and to do his share of the work for the rest of that day, at least.

(Top) My mother and father early in their married life. (Below) My friend, Sid Matheny and me, in New Mexico in 1886.

CHAPTER V

Mother

JONAS HANWAY wrote of his courageous mother, always in terms of highest praise and reverence. I wish, for just this moment, I possessed such talent and choice of words as his, that I might present a true and faithful picture of my own noble mother, Martha Lowe Hanway. Yet, oddly enough, I feel a certain pained reluctance in sharing my sacred memories of her.

Mother was tall, with dark hair and eyes. I remember how beautifully she walked—so swiftly, and with her head held high. Her big, brown eyes were probably her most striking feature. They ofttimes held a look of such tender, proud approbation that one's day was flooded with sunshine. They, also, could express an amused exasperation that somehow checked but never dampened my gay spirits, but when they held downright disapproval, my day was completely ruined.

She kept our little log cabin as neat as a pin and it always had a well-scrubbed look, as indeed, did her children. I recall her scrubbing our rugged young bodies and admonishing us to "always be clean." She would praise our pretty clean hands and faces and nice white teeth, which, she said, we must never discolor with tobacco. Often she would burst into joyful song, and happy tears would course down her cheeks.

The Oregon Song was one of her favorites, and I have never heard it sung by anyone else. The song is quoted here, as I remember it from those childhood days:

THE ROAD TO OREGON

I

When I parted from you
In grief and sorrow and trouble, too,
You gave to me your parting hand
And wished me safe to Oregon.

II

When we got there, there was ice and snow,
It rained, it hailed and the wind did blow.
Some of us did weep and cry,
Saying, here with the cold we all shall die.

III

But, thank the Lord, our health we found
We landed here both safe and sound;
In a foreign land and a virgin soil,
Here's milk, here's corn, both wine and oil.

IV

Ten thousand Indian graves we've found,
Built up with little rocks all around,
Which made us think in the days of old
Some Christian race had passed that place.

V

I have nothing strange to write to you,
Since religion is low and preaching is none.
We're here in war and almost gone,
With Indian tribes in Oregon.

VI

My love to you I can't unfold,
My love is like some rings of gold—
It's round, it's fine—it has no end—
So is my love for you, my friends.

Not to many is it given to see, must less to possess, such wholesome happiness. Not to many is it given to know, and to experience, through all the years of life, the influence of such a memory.

Mother made all our clothes, even our caps and mittens, and kept them all neatly mended. She canned, or

made into jams and jellies, the wild fruits which we children helped her gather. Picking small fruit may be a tedious task for some, but mother made it a happy, gay adventure. When we grew tired, there was always her sweet sympathy to support us.

At butchering time she made the head-cheese, so delicious with her corn-bread, and the sausage. Never since, have I tasted sausage with that particular flavor of mother's own brand. She rendered the lard and helped father with the smoking of the hams and shoulders and side-meat. Her butter was always in demand at the stores in Johnnycake. I remember it well—it was sweet, and broke away clean, when cut with a knife.

She gave unstintedly of her love and devotion, and was well beloved in return. Ours was truly a happy home. Of all the qualities of my mother's character, I think I have been mostly influenced by the memory of her gallant, unflinching fortitude, which sustained us all in every sorrow, need and hardship. Never was she known to fail us in anything necessary to our welfare or childhood happiness. Perhaps she was not so greatly different from other good mothers, but the remembrance of her and her love has had an incalculable effect on my life.

CHAPTER VI

58+59

Just Kids — Pranks and Tragedies

OUR OWN LITTLE CREEK, always referred to as "the branch," was too small for swimming, but there was a peach of a hole not far away on Nine Mile Creek, and the flimsiest excuses served to take us in that direction. It was about seven feet deep in the middle, with gradual slopings toward both banks. Before I learned to swim I used to just paddle around, dog-fashion, and practice floating, and play close to the banks. One day I'd been getting farther and farther out without realizing it, and when I saw what a distance I'd really gone, I was scared—and let go. Down I went, to the bottom, where my foot touched a log and sent me up again. I struck out wildly for shore—and I was **swimming,** not just fiddlin' around!

There was no such thing as high-priced swimming lessons in safe indoor pools for Kansas boys in the '70's.

One severe drawback to the farm was the lack of good water. Father had dug a well to a depth of fifty feet without finding anything but shale, but it did serve our purpose as a perfect cistern for the water we hauled in barrels from Iowa Spring, about a mile away. The Iowa Spring still flows today, cold as ice, from the big red cliff. In recent years I have quenched my thirst there, just to verify the belief of those early days, that it was the best water in the world.

We boys always helped father with the water-hauling —in fact we followed him around everywhere he went— helping when we could, and consistently getting in the

way when we couldn't. We adored him, bragged about him to our playmates and considered him quite handsome! He and mother were of the same height, but father's eyes were grey; his hair was sandy and he wore whiskers. No boys ever had a more wonderful companion. He took infinite pains in teaching us how to do our work, instructed us in woodcraft and instilled into us the principles of fair play. After he showed us how to set a trot line, we strung one across Nine Mile and hooked the biggest yellow cat-fish ever caught in that stream. With it displayed to the best possible advantage on a pole swung between our shoulders, we proudly carried it home to mother. She rewarded us by serving it for supper.

Father also taught us how to make traps for catching rabbits and quail. For years there was no gun on the farm, and when a neighbor moved away he gave us his muzzle-loading, single-barrel shot gun, and we boys spent hours in cleaning, polishing and admiring it. One day when Brother Will was at home alone he decided to take a shot at a rabbit which he saw in the underbrush near the house—just for a bit of practice. He didn't know that father had the gun heavily loaded with buckshot for a wolf which had been prowling around—nor did he realize that the stock should be braced against his shoulder! In short, he didn't know much about guns, —so, with the stock sticking out from under his arm, he took aim and pulled the trigger. The gun went one way—Will went another—and the rabbit went to Kingdom Come! When my brother came to, he couldn't figure out, for a minute, what had happened to his hands and face and clothes!

Will was like mother in complexion and mannerisms. He took the initiative on the farm, tending the crops, marketing the corded wood, milk, butter and eggs. He and dad used to cut the wood while Brother Gus and I ricked it into cords. As a big brother he was a great

satisfaction, and his standing promise to us was, "I'll go fishing with you when the corn is laid by." Then Gus and I would work like beavers, helping with the corn, so we could get on with the more important business of fish-

ing. After a few years, Will began taking other jobs that were offered to him, and was home less and less.

Gus was like father, both in appearance and characteristics. He and I were, perhaps, a little closer in companionship than the others. It was he who always was "first,"—like Washington—first in war, first in peace, and first, too, I think, in the hearts of his playfellows—certainly in mine. He was first to get a bloody nose, first to be pushed off the haystack or into the creek, or bucked off a calf. He had the measles first, and the mumps first, and he was the first to bag a duck with the old muzzle loader. In fact, it was two ducks—two big mallards—and we all stood around in awed admiration. (Sometimes I wished that I could be first . . .)

Our sister, Nettie, spent a part of her girlhood years with Aunt Mary in Indiana. We boys loved to have her at home and were secretly very proud of her, but that didn't prevent us from teasing her. When Wiley Ward began to show her extra attention, I'm afraid we behaved in the usual objectionable manner of younger brothers. Wiley managed the estate of his widowed mother, on Big Stranger Creek, about four miles from us. I think our 'sheenanigans' only egged him on, for he married our beautiful sister and took her to his home. They reared a large family.

At the age of eighty-one, Nettie is still living. She makes her home with a son on Big Stranger Creek, four miles from Linwood, Kansas.

There were always several good dogs on the farm, and Coaley, a little rat terrier, was our favorite. When she died we buried her under a rose-bush in the yard, and built a fence around her grave. She left a litter of puppies, though, to take her place. Little Zip was our choice of the lot. He soon learned to tree the squirrels for us and to chase the rabbits into hollow logs so that we could capture them with our long forked sticks.

Once, Zip disappeared and was gone nearly a week.

We did a great deal of worrying and fussing — looking everywhere and asking all the neighbors if they had seen him. Hunting without Zip wasn't much fun, and, besides, we missed his constant companionship. Early one Sunday morning he came crawling home, in a most deplorable condition—thin and weak and covered with dried mud. We didn't know what had happened, but were overjoyed to see him, and began at once to administer first aid by way of cleaning him up and getting him something to eat.

One day when the dogs set up a racket to let us know they had something treed, I went out with an axe to see what could be done about it. The dogs were yapping around a hollow tree, but for some forgotten reason I decided not to chop it down, and started home, by way of a short-cut. Suddenly I heard a rattlesnake. (You might nervously mistake some other noise for that rattle, but you never, never, mistake it for something else!) There he was—right at my feet! I threw the axe over my shoulder into the brush behind me, and followed it with a backward sommersault. I know I should have killed him, but for this sin of omission I solemnly absolve myself from all responsibility—my conscious mind had nothing whatever to do with it.

Gus and I always managed to earn a little money with our trapping. One year, after we had bought what we needed, we each had eighty-five cents left, and were allowed a trip to Lawrence to see the Fair. It was a ten-mile walk. Jim Anderson, a friend of the family, was stationed at the Fair gate and he let us both in for thirty cents. I'm sure we "did" that Fair far more thoroughly than we've done one since. We lunched on lemonade and cookies, tramped around the grounds looking at every exhibit over and over, and had the time of our lives. Gus caught a ride home, while I proudly "rode the cars"—on the return half of a ticket purchased from a passenger who had decided not to use it. That was a great day.

We attended school during four months in the year, at the little white school house on the hill, in Johnnycake. We walked the two and a half miles, and I wouldn't take anything for the memories of those walks. When going into town, we hurried along; but when coming home was the time for fun and frolic, or lazy loitering, we did whichever happened to suit us. Once we stopped in the shade and had a picnic with the remainder of our lunches. I remember that Melissy MacCabra, one of the older girls, shared her piece of lemon pie with us. Ever after, I insisted on lemon pies coming up to Melissy's standard. (I even told my wife about those pies, and I suspect she was a bit jealous of Melissy's culinary ability—the way women are—but she soon learned to make pies fully as delicious, just to show me, and, I suppose, to prove something to herself—the way women do. In later years, the two women met, but I learned that Melissy had forgotten the whole incident!)

While coming home from school one afternoon, Bill Anderson and I found a sack of "stogies." I couldn't resist taking one home—just in case it would be needed for experimental work—but I was mighty careful to hide it in a safe place. Next morning it was raining and while Gus and I were supposed to be doing the chores we were behind the haystack smoking the stogie, which seemed to go pretty well, once we got it lighted. Father didn't use tobacco in any form, and we were afraid mother would smell it the minute we stepped into the house; so, with wet hay we tried to wipe the odor off our clothes, and stayed out in the fresh air and rain until she called us to breakfast. Even then, we kept as far from her as possible, until we sat down at the table. Gus's place was next to hers, and he tried to act as if he were not there, but at the first mouthful of food he bolted for the door, mumbling some weak excuse about a fly on his plate. First again—and welcome to it! It didn't bother me at all.

All the days on the farm were good days, and happy

days, filled to capacity with work and the innumerable activities of boys not yet in their teens, but Easter was an extra special day. We began saving eggs, days ahead of time, secretly hiding them in the haystack. (How that haystack does figure in these stories!) The neighbor boys cached eggs too, of course, and on Easter morning we would all meet on Nine Mile for a big egg roasting party—strictly stag—no girls invited.

I don't know why New Year's Day of 1877 sticks in my memory so vividly unless it is because we yelled, "Hurrah for 1877!" so many, many times. It was hog-killing day and the neighboring families all came over to help. The women were in the house preparing a big meal while the men were butchering and dressing out the meat. We youngsters were all sent to the cornfield with a team to bring in fodder. We brought it in, all right, but we didn't allow the work to interfere with our fun. There were quite a number of us, of course, but we made more noise than a whole band of Apaches on the war path. "Happy New Year!" and "Hurrah for 1877!" Over and over AND over! Just kids . . .

CHAPTER VII

Neighbors Across The Road

OUR PARENTS and the MacCabras, close neighbors, were fine friends, as were we youngsters—sometimes. At other times we were nursing grudges. John was the oldest MacCabra boy, and was larger than I, but I did my best, once, to lick him for calling me "that name." The combat ended in more or less of a draw, at the moment. However, that same evening I caught sight of him when each of us was out riding around looking for our milk cows, and decided to bring the feud to a climax. I slid down from my horse, broke off a walloping big sumac stick, mounted again and rode over to meet him.

"John," I said, "We might as well settle this and get it out of our systems. For the last time, are you going to take back what you called me!" No, he wasn't. With that, I cracked him hard on the side of the head with the big end of that sumac stick, which knocked him from his horse. Half-dazed and completely subdued, he now was willing to retract anything he might have said. I then helped him back on his horse and went with him to round up the cows. From that time forth we were good friends.

Chub Service was another boy who was careless with his language. He lived in Johnnycake, and most of our troubles were over the ball games at school. Hardly a game took place that Chub and I didn't have some sort of rumpus. I was usually the victor in those skirmishes, as I remember.

Sixty years later, Chub and his wife, whom I had never met, called on us in Casper. After the introduc-

tions, Mrs. Service turned to Chub and asked, "Is this the boy you used to 'beat up' when you played ball in Johnnycake?" "Yes," Chub replied.

"But," I protested, "I've been telling my wife all these years that I licked Chub!" Well, all I can say is, that this is not the first instance of contradiction in histories.

On one of those early days Mrs. MacCabra stopped me when I was passing and made a request that I take a message to her friend, Mrs. Davis. I agreed to do it, and then immediately forgot! Later, she asked if I had delivered it and I said, "yes." My first downright lie. The prodding of that untruth bothered me until I couldn't sleep, and interfered with my happiness at every turn. For a long time I couldn't look either Mrs. MacCabra or Mrs. Davis in the face. A guilty conscience is a mighty uncomfortable companion.

Everyone liked Mrs. Davis, but Mr. Davis was none too popular. She died and he married again—much too soon to suit the tastes of the neighbors, but we all went over to charivari him and the new bride. He must have been somewhat suspicious of our intentions, for he met us at the door with a pair of long scissors! The men made short work of the scissors, but the incident didn't increase his social standing nor add to his popularity.

Actually there was a fine spirit of cooperation among the neighbors. Help was exchanged during harvests and butcherings, and in case of an emergency the entire neighborhood turned out to help. When Mr. Davis sent word that the grasshoppers were threatening his peach crop, we all hurried over and gathered the fruit for him. As there was no place in which to store it, we stacked it in a pile, covered the heap with a thick layer of hay, weighted down with boards. However, it was "love's labor lost," as the 'hoppers crawled through the hay and left only the pits.

Our only newspaper at the farm was the old **Leavenworth Times**, then edited by Dan Anthony, I, (It is now

edited by Dan Anthony,III.) When the newspaper came we dropped everything and gathered around mother's knee to hear the news—Geronimo's latest atrocities, and how General Custer was getting along with Sitting Bull, in the Dakota Territory.

That newspaper interested me a heap, and eventually it was the source of an important event in my life. Usually, after everyone else was through reading it, I would carefully go all over the pages again. Finally, one day I saw an advertisement stating that George W. Stinson and Company, of Portland, Maine, wanted agents to secure subscriptions for **The Family Story Paper.** This publication was issued in newspaper style, but contained only stories of adventure: "The Trials and Tribulations of Nellie, the Poor Shop Girl," and "Joe, the Poor News Boy," etc., etc. It was too much for me—I wrote a request for an agent's outfit.

When the material came, father said I might ride Old Betts so that I could cover more territory. I was twelve then and felt pretty important and business-like, astride Old Betts, carrying an outfit as a full-fledged agent. A bright-colored picture, then known as a chromo, was offered as a premium with each subscription, which I suppose was as responsible for my success as were the sensational story titles and my own salesmanship. One of the most popular picture-subjects was a beautiful blond girl, young and shapely — and who had never heard of dieting—languidly leaning against, and weakly clinging to, a flower-bedecked cross.

I rode from place to place, selling subscriptions, until I had sold every possible prospect. This was my first experience in "selling the public" and, I believe, the initial incentive that directed me into the newspaper business as the field chosen for my life's work.

In the flush of that first success, I was so confident that "making money" was both easy and pleasant, I just decided to keep at it, and forthwith went to see a man

near Lawrence who needed someone to watch his sheep—for eight dollars per month.

The railroad ran close to our farm and the steep grade compelled the freights to slow down to almost a crawl, so I caught a ride into Lawrence, but had to walk out to the farm of my new employer. It was noon when the

train reached Lawrence, and I was hungry, but had brought along only a few cents, so I bought two oranges from a street peddler and lunched on the fruit as I trudged out to the farm. The family had finished dinner, but they invited me to sit down to a plate of cold potatoes, and precious little else. After the meal my employer showed me where the sheep were kept—in a fenced pasture—and why the man thought they needed herding, I couldn't imagine. I decided he must want them organized into a close huddle, so for two solid hours I ran my legs off trying to accomplish the impossible. Suddenly, I'd had enough of it, so advised my erstwhile employer, and left. The shortest route home was through Eudora—but it was still ten miles—a long walk for a hungry, tired and disgusted boy.

In the long winter evenings when there was no newspaper, mother frequently told us stories of her people. In particular, I remember one about her cousin who lived in Kentucky in the days of Daniel Boone. As he was riding to mill one day with a sack of corn, the Indians shot an arrow into his horse. The animal bolted into the brush and unseated the rider. Immediately the Indians surrounded their victim, and after a short parley among themselves, took him prisoner. He lived in their camp a long time and was finally made a member of the tribe.

After that ceremony the Indians trusted their prisoner to go hunting alone, but each time he went farther and farther into the woods and was longer in returning to camp. Eventually, one day, he believed he was far enough away to try for a break. He knew his captors would send out searchers for him when he didn't return within a reasonable time, so he traveled only by night, and hid in hollow logs and trees during the day. Once his enemies were so close to his hiding place he could hear them talking.

After many weary days he reached his home,—his

clothing in rags, his hair long and unkempt, and heavy beard over his face. The father was cutting wood in the yard when the long-absent son trudged in and stood before him. Now that the long, wearisome ordeal was over for the wanderer, he jokingly asked if he might spend the night there. Not recognizing his son, the father replied that he would be glad to oblige him, but that his wife was sick, and therefore they were unable to offer him food and shelter.

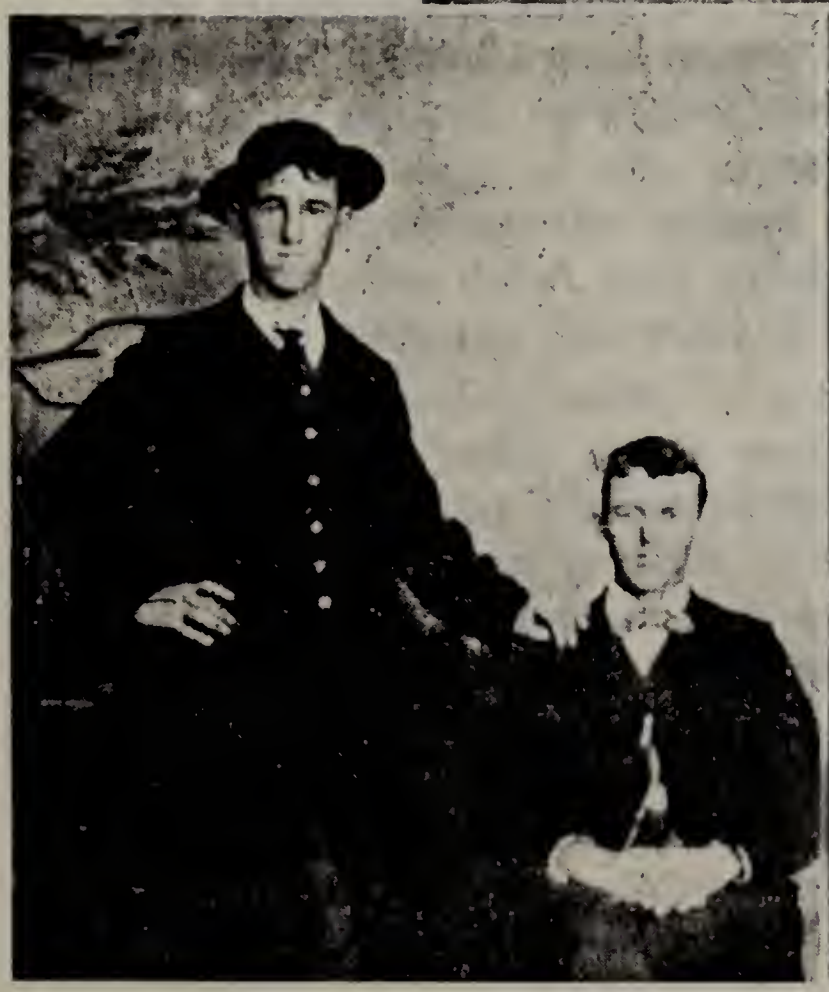
At this point the weakened mother heard and recognized the voice of her son, arose from her sick bed and tottered out to welcome him. He was sorely grieved to see her so ill, and gently carried her back into the cabin. The return of the boy whom they had believed to be lost, doubtless proved a powerful tonic for that sick mother.

I have always thought of the above story as a close parallel to that of Lee Ainsworth, whose capture by the Indians was narrated in a continued feature of the **Leavenworth Times.** Ainsworth escaped in similar manner as my mother's cousin, but before leaving the Indians' camp, he collected all the guns, climbed to the top of a tall hollow tree, and droped them all inside. I have often wondered whether that tree was ever cut down, and if so, what was in the thoughts of the man who felled it.

In 1882, father and mother decided to move to Topeka. Nettie was married and gone to a home of her own; Will was in Indiana working on the farm of his Uncle Jake, and Gus and I were growing up fast.

Father sold our farm to Jim Anderson, whose land joined ours on the east. The spring crop was already in and Jim and father settled on some kind of crop-sharing basis. The cattle were sold to a Mr. Hutchinson, from Offerly, which is just east of Dodge City. The purchaser needed help to take the stock home and expressed the wish that "one of these husky lads" could go with him. Gus hankered for the job, so father and mother consented that he make the trip.

As before, father went ahead to locate and prepare another home for the family. He soon found work with an old friend, Alvin Hughes, from Greensburg, who was a painter and decorator. Within a short time we were all in Topeka, and settled once more.



Tintype views of the author about, and subsequent to, his arrival in Topeka. (Upper) Just off the farm, about 15 years of age. (Lower left) Young Hanway, seated, and brother, Gus. (Lower right) From an old tintype taken in St. Joseph, Mo., when about 18 years old.

CHAPTER VIII

'Main Street' — Topeka, In The 1880's

TOPEKA was a city of about fifteen thousand when we moved into the house on Shunganunga Creek. I had never been there before, although it was only thirty-five miles from the farm, as transportation in the 80's was not the simple thing it is today. I felt quite strange, awkward and out of place in my home-made jeans and coppered-toed shoes, and was not at all sure that I was going to like city life. With Will gone for an indefinite time, and with Gus still at Offerly, I was lonesome and at loose ends—until I made friends with Al Swanson. His family lived across the creek from us, and it wasn't long until Al and I were fishing together and enjoying ourselves in general. We spent hours in front of the **Topeka Journal** building at the corner of Eighth and Kansas Avenue, watching the presses turn out the newspapers. Those presses didn't look much like the plants of today, but they were the last word in modernity at that time.

I found a job, soon, in a small printing office, running the job press, which was operated by a foot-pedal. I kicked away at it most of the day, and during the rest of the time I ran errands and did anything I could, to make money. Mother was my treasurer, and when I wanted spending money she doled it out to me.

Al was anxious to do something, too, so we decided we both would sell newspapers. We worked in the evenings at selling the **Journal** in the downtown district, and made the atmosphere fairly ring with our cries of "JOUR-nal! Get your even-ning Jour-NAL!" Other boys began

to observe that our idea was a good one, and adopted it as their own. Competition! I didn't recognize it by name, but realized I would have to work harder to keep up my sales.

The **Journal** was published then by Judge Reid. Later, the newspaper was taken over by Frank P. MacLennan.

Frank was a young college graduate from Emporia, Kansas, and made a great success of the newspaper, which he owned and published until his death, a few years ago.

The **Commonwealth** was a morning newspaper published by the Murdocks who now own the **Wichita Eagle.** Al and I saw no reason why we shouldn't handle the Commonwealth, too, so we rolled out of bed every morning at five o'clock and noisily invited the citizenry to buy their "MORN-ing pa-PER!"

In addition to these two dailies, a weekly newspaper soon came in from Kansas City. The newcomer was an out-and-out scandal sheet, which cheerfully called itself, **"The Kansas City Sunday Sun."** Divorces, fights, intrigues, and the like were its meat. Al and I took that on, also, and were always sold out with it ahead of the others. The **Sun** sold for ten cents and usually netted us from three to four dollars every Sunday.

One day it dawned on me, suddenly, that we were losing sales by not visiting the hotel lobbies, and I hurried into the old Fifth Avenue Hotel—and hurried out again! The porter was helping me, with a firm hold on my ear! I didn't know he had a newspaper stand of his own in there, and it had never occurred to me that I might be encroaching on the business of somebody else. (Since then, however, I have always looked over prospective territory a little more thoroughly.) That porter's name was Charles Devendorf, but he was a stranger to me and I certainly didn't think much of his strong arm methods. As I walked back across the street I picked up a rock, and while I stood there nursing my resentment the enemy came out of the hotel and went down the street in the opposite direction. Being a pretty good shot with a rock, I let him have it—then disappeared around the corner.

When school began in the fall I was again uncomfortably conscious of my **home-made clothes,** and the first few weeks were rather painful. Mother knew I was unhappy over the situation, and in her usual never-

failing way, she came to the rescue. She went to a friend, "Aunt" Bruner, whom she had known in Greensburg, whose son was working for the Santa Fe Railroad. He had several good suits of clothes, one of which was too small for him, and Aunt Bruner graciously passed it on to mother, for me. The suit just fit me, and with my own money I bought shoes and a hat—and felt like a millionaire!

When Gus came home from Offerly in his overalls and checkered shirt, I realized just how peculiar I had looked to the rest of the school kids, and, moreover, I knew just how unhappy Gus was feeling. However, it was not long until he was selling newspapers and wearing "town clothes," too.

Father was earning two-and-a-half dollars a day, and as mother was an exceptionally good manager she saved a portion of his earnings.

With these savings and the proceeds from the farm sale, a five-room cottage was built at Ninth and Jefferson, just off the circus grounds. That was in 1884.

That location was a profitable one for Gus and me. Whenever the circus came to town we set up a lemonade and sweet-cider stand and sold drinks to thirsty customers. After the circus moved on, we would scour the dusty grounds for lost coins, and we always found enough —mostly nickels and dimes—to amply pay us for our trouble.

Just before the new home was completed, Will came from Indiana and accepted a job with the street car company, driving a one-mule-powered car. One evening my old competitor, Charles Devendorf, boarded his car, and Will, knowing all about the hotel lobby incident, began talking of me.

"Who is this kid brother of yours?" Devendorf asked. When I was identified as the culprit who had plugged him in the back with a rock, the misunderstanding was

straightened out, and was the beginning of a long friendship with the Devendorfs.

Along about then, many of the young men in that part of the country were being struck with the "cowboy fever." We heard exciting tales of cowboys trailing big herds of cattle from Texas into the northern states. Life on the trail was represented as adventurous, romantic and glamorous. (Glamour, nowadays, has to do only with feminine pulchritude, long, enameled fingernails and scanty, swishy apparel.) Will caught the fever, and the only cure was to trade his mule for a mustang. So he left us again—this time, for Las Animas, Colorado, where he hired out to the O-X outfit and was sent to Texas to meet a herd which was coming through.

I continued on in school and worked as an extra clerk during the vacations and holiday rushes. When I had finished the seventh grade, the Crosby Brothers Dry Goods store was having a fire-sale, and I went to work for them. Gus, also, was clerking in a dry goods store. Feeling too grown up to sell newspapers any more, we now left that enterprise to the smaller fry. My next job was with the Tanner Brothers' and Heed's Store. It was the first department store in Topeka, but they called it "many stores in one." I worked in the tin and hardware department at six dollars a week.

When I had been with the Tanner Brothers nearly a year, Will came home again. He was on his way back to Texas from Chicago where he had gone with a trainload of cattle. I simply stared at my big brother! Big hat, gun, boots, spurs, and chaps! Entranced by his stories, I had to hear them over and over. Every year, his outfit trailed a herd through to Montana, and by the time the herd reached its Montana destination, the cattle which had been brought up the year before, were ready for shipment. I began to feel a bit restless and feverish.

Sometime in June of 1885, after Will had been gone for some time, we received a letter from him stating

that his outfit would cross the Arkansas River at Granada, Colorado, on about the Fourth of July. My "fever" shot suddenly upwards—reaching a new high—and I begged and pleaded to be allowed to meet my brother there. I endured what seemed to be an endless wait, while mother and father made up their minds, but they finally consented to this great adventure. Boys in their teens were subject to the will of their parents in the early days—at least those who were well disciplined.

On the way out, I stopped at Dodge City for a good look at the wild and woolly place that everybody had been hearing so much about. At first, it was all mad confusion to me. The movies have not overdrawn, greatly, the Dodge City of 1885! Near the town, there were probably twenty outfits, each having from three to five thousand head of cattle, and from ten to twenty coyboys. Usually, each cowboy had ten or more saddlehorses in his string. There was so much going on that I could not begin to see everything. Several of the outfits had come over the old Chisholm Trail from Texas and the Gulf coast, while others were from New Mexico, where Billy the Kid, was running wild.

On the evening of July 3rd, I reached Granada, only to learn that the O-X herd was not expected until the 10th or 11th of the month. Too restless to sit still, I hopped a freight for Las Animas, where the O-X headquartered. A right lively town it was, too; and old Fort Lyon, nearby, was in the hey-day of its glory.

On the following day, July 4th, I attended a ball game between the civilian and soldier teams, and sat in the bleachers by a young lieutenant. Soon, we began betting on the batters who came up. "Two-bits he won't make first base!" "Two-bits he will." When the game was over I had just six-bits to my name—alone and among strangers for the first time in my life—and hungry, of course. Just as though I had a mint of money,

I walked into the old Frontier restaurant and ordered a fifty-cent supper. Only two-bits left!

The Frontier building was about a hundred feet long and fifty feet wide. A partition ran the length of it, dividing the dining-room from the saloon and gambling-rooms. Having heard of the fortunes that Deadwood Dick and Calamity Jane were making in the Black Hills, with their gambling tables, it occurred to me that this would be a good time to see how it was done.

At the faro table sat my young friend, the Lieutenant. In front of him were several stacks of chips over which two tall men couldn't reach, to shake hands, and as I stood watching the player, the stacks continued to mount upward. That lone quarter in my pocket was positively burning, and I asked the lucky gambler to play it for me, along with his own. He obligingly assented, and after watching the play for about an hour, I counted my chips and found I had just eighteen dollars! Talk about luck! With my ill-gotten gains I made an immediate and hasty retreat.

After purchasing two boxes of cigars and a quantity of candy for the O-X boys, I caught another freight train back to Granada. My comrades made a quick survey of my offerings, and announced that I was welcome to stay. I was privileged to sleep on the bunkhouse floor and to eat my meals with the men.

As the O-X commissary handled only such staples as flour, sugar, coffee, beans, bacon and California prunes, in gunny sacks—fresh meat was a real treat. Therefore, I undertook to pay for my bed and board by supplying the outfit with fish. I was anxious to make a good impression, and was glad the boys enjoyed my catches, for I was not a hired hand, but was just staying there as an unpaid extra.

The time passed swiftly enough, and when Jimmy Green, the foreman, came riding in with the news that

the herd was nearing Granada, I scurried out through the sand and cactus, to meet Will. He was driving the mess wagon. My brother saw me first—and he let out a yell that would have scared the wits out of a Comanche.

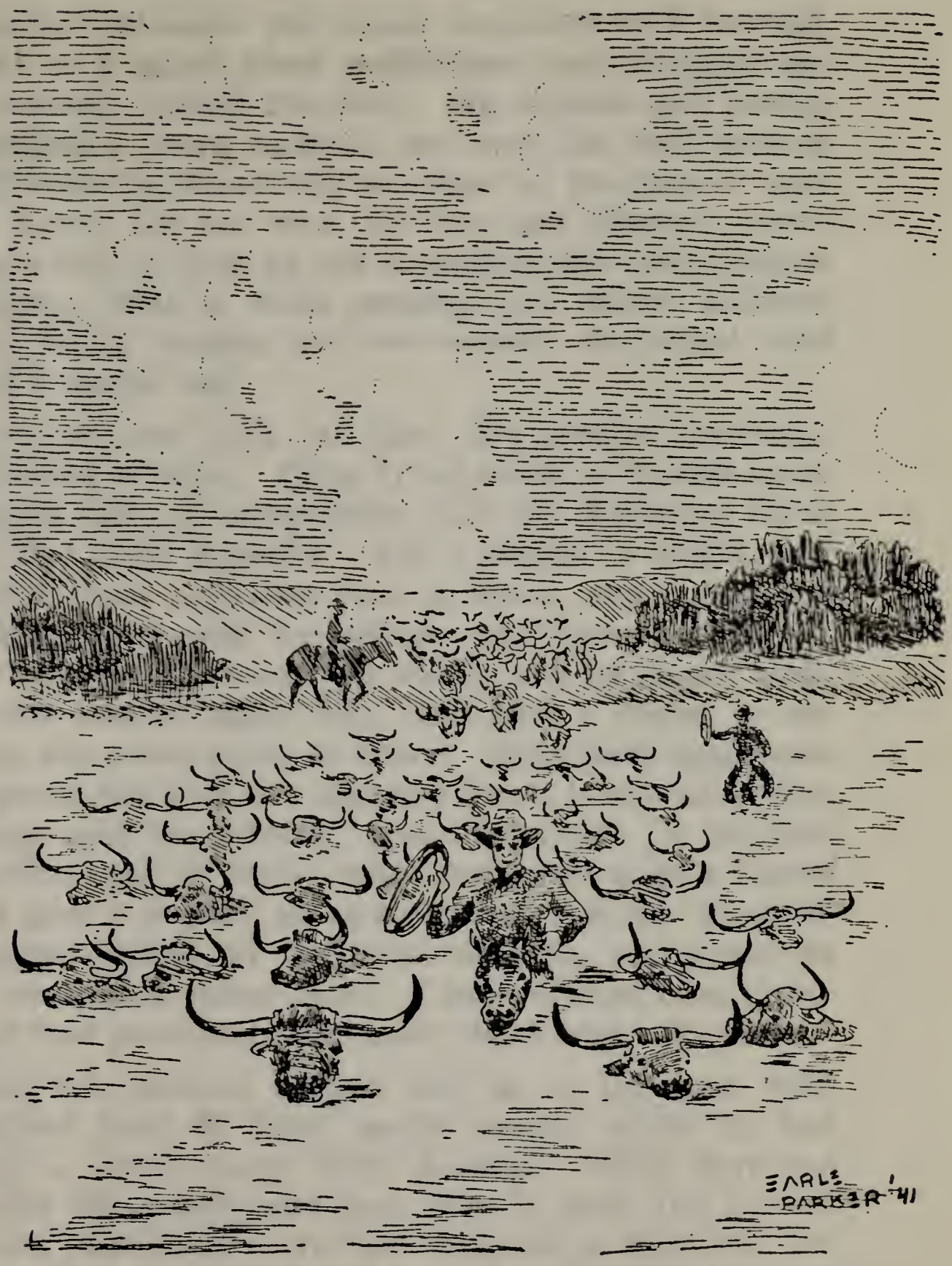
CHAPTER IX

Trail Herd Experiences

MY FIRST real experience with a trail herd began the next day, but as things turned out, we did no trailing.

The Arkansas River was running bank full, and the Longhorns didn't like the looks of it. (Later, I came to have considerable respect for their judgment.) So, for the greater part of three days, we pampered and pushed 'em, cajoled and cussed 'em, all to no purpose. Often, when the leader refuses to go forward and the herd is being pushed too strongly from the rear, there is danger of starting them to "milling." The leader becomes frightened and bewildered, with all avenues of escape cut off, and instead of going ahead, the animal crowds back into the bunch and begins swimming in a circle. The others follow suit, and soon the entire herd in winding up like a huge spring, gradually becoming more and more compact, until the poor victims in the center are either drowned or trampled to death. It is a most difficult thing to break up.

A few years before, when father and I were in Lawrence, Kansas, I had witnessed a milling tragedy. We saw a bunch of cattle successfully started onto a bridge across the Kaw River, just above a dam. Everything was going nicely until the toll-keeper lost count and foolishly stopped the lead cow. Almost immediately, the herd began to mill, and before the riders could straighten them out, the bridge collapsed. Men, horses and cattle plunged into the waters twenty-five feet below, most of the cattle being swept over the dam. It doesn't take much to be-



wilder a cow, but it takes time, tact and a vast amount of language to "un-bewilder" her.

On the third day a boss came riding in from Las Animas and had thoughtfully brought along a cow-bell, so we declared the existence of an emergency and changed

our tactics. A leader was roped, decorated with the bell, snubbed to a good, stout saddle-horn and dragged unceremoniously toward the river. She bucked and bawled and protested every inch of the way, the bell making enough noise to attract the attention of the greater part of the herd. On out into the river she plunged, where she soon had to give up the dramatics for plain, honest swimming. With a little pushing, the others followed without much trouble, and we crossed the whole herd without a single loss.

I crossed over with the herd—my second experience in swimming a horse. Once, I had swum a flooded creek in Kansas, but, by comparison, that old Arkansas River looked like Lake Superior. For a second, I forgot that the horse must have free rein in water, and pulled him up. Down he started for bottom—and there wasn't any. Water swirled up around my waist—and up to my armpits. (It was at about this time that I began to appreciate the cows' point of view.) Since that experience there never has been the slightest doubt in my mind that drowning men do, actually, grasp at straws. I clutched at the first thing in sight—which happened to be a steer's tail. I gave it a good, sharp twist, and held on. Startled, the animal jerked up the horse and me, and there we were—swimming safely again. I have always been grateful that that particular steer hadn't been born bob-tailed.

Jose, the Mexican hostler, met us at the river with a hundred head of fresh saddle horses which he had brought in from Dodge City, Kansas. There were ten men with the outfit, and each was to have ten horses. However, now there were ten men and a kid but the kid was duly provided for! It so happened that I was a pretty good rider, as I had practiced the art on everything around the farm which had four legs, including the pigs and calves. To stay on a pig requires a little special talent, and a big, stout calf is no cinch. After a while, some very "salty" broncs began to show up in

my string. A time or two, I wondered why so many of my horses were so wholly ignorant of the rules of behavior. They reared up and walked on their hind legs, tried to stand on their heads, and to stand me on mine. Those broncs pitched and pawed, and cut up generally. A long time later I learned that I had been "jobbed!" Jose told me that the boys had seen me riding a bucking horse only a day or two after joining the outfit, and had felt duty-bound to produce one that would throw me. Hence, all the cayuses in the O-X cavvy showed up in my string, sooner or later. Bets were laid. Some of the boys gambled on me, and some put their money on their particular 'find.' Thus, they were afforded a lot of fun. But I enjoyed it, too, mainly because I managed to stay on top.

In those days you didn't "boo" your horse into a chute, then saddle and mount him from the top. Those feats were performed from the ground. The bronc was roped and wrestled around out in the open. Sometimes, there was something solid to snub him to, but usually the prospective rider did his best to hold the animal with one hand and saddle him with the other—and it better be right. Once the left foot was in the stirrup, one hoped fervently for the best. Occasionally, a suspiciously helpful cowboy would 'ear' a horse down for a fellow—but like as not he would turn him loose before the rider was seated, and throw his hat under the bronc, to boot. Losing a stirrup, however, or failing to 'look pretty,' in no way disqualified the rider. That he stay on top was all he was required to do. Personally, I always considered it more sensible to pull leather than to be unloaded in a patch of prickly pear. And nobody had ever heard of such a thing as the Cowboys' Turtle Association.

After leaving the Arkansas River, we reached higher country almost at once. As we traveled along the trail, I developed a hearty appetite, and my capacity for eating was exceeded only by my ability to sleep. At

noon when we stopped to make camp, I would crawl under Will's mess-wagon and fall asleep before he could set out the beans and sourdough biscuits. At night this propensity for sound sleep was even more pronounced. The second night out, a bad storm broke. Wind and rain,

thunder and lightning, and all the trimmings. The boys rolled out of their beds to help the night herders hold the frightened cattle, but the horses stampeded, and we were several days getting them back. I would like to give a detailed account of that storm and stampede, but to tell the truth I was sound asleep. I slumbered peacefully through both the storm and stampede, though the wind blew my tent down. Next morning, when I tried to crawl out from under all the canvas, about a gallon of icy rainwater poured out of the folds and directly into my shirt collar. I have never been a cold shower man!

Most cherished of all the trail memories are those centered around the camp fire. With work over and done for the day (unless it happened to be one's turn at night herding) the time was given over to perfect relaxation—the telling of stories and the singing of songs. I would like to hear every one of those stories all over again. Some were true experiences, more thrilling than fiction. Others were pure fabrication. One boy in particular never saw any necessity for sacrificing entertainment for mere truth. I think he and John Bunyan must have grown up together. This particular fellow's story-telling always received our undivided attention, but the end was usually greeted with rude noises, much to his own amusement.

"The Cowboy's Lament" and "The Dying Cowboy" which are printed herewith were two of my favorite songs, and I find the tune and words come quite readily to mind after all of these years. A reprint of these two old ballads of the range follows:

THE COWBOY'S LAMENT

As I walked out in the streets of La-re-do,
As I walked out in La-re-do one day,
I spied a poor cowboy wrapped up in white linen,
Wrapped up in white linen as cold as the clay.

"Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly;
Play the Dead March as you carry me along.
Take me to the green valley, there lay the sod o'er me,
For I'm a young cowboy; I know I've done wrong.

"I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy,"
These words he did say as I boldly stepped by.
"Come, sit down beside me and hear my sad story;
I was shot in the breast and I know I must die.

"Let sixteen gamblers come handle my coffin;
Let sixteen cowboys come sing me a song.
Take me to the graveyard and lay the sod o'er me,
For I'm a poor cowboy and I know I've done wrong.

"It was once in the saddle I used to go dashing,
It was once in the saddle I used to be gay;
First to the dram-house and then to the card-house;
Got shot in the breast, I am dying today.

"Go gather around you a crowd of young cowboys
And tell them the story of this, my sad fate;
Tell one and the other before they go further
To stop their wild roving before 'tis too late.

"Go fetch me a cup, a cup of cold water,
To cool my parched lips," the poor cowboy said.
Before I returned, the spirit had left him
And gone to its Maker. The cowboy was dead.

We beat the drums slowly and played the fife lowly,
And bitterly wept as we bore him along;
For we all loved our comrade so brave, young and handsome;
We all loved our comrade although he'd done wrong.

. . . JIMMY GREEN, BOSS OF THE OUTFIT RIDIN' AS I REMEMBER HIM.

THE DYING COWBOY

(Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie)

"O, bury me not on the lone prair-ie,"
These words came low and mournfully,
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay
On his dying bed at the close of day.

Refrain:

"O, bury me not on the lone prairie
Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er me;
In a narrow grave just six by three;
O, bury me not on the lone prairie."

"It matters not, I've oft been told,
Where the body lies when the heart grows cold.
Yet grant, oh, grant this wish to me;
O, bury me not on the lone prairie.

"I've always wished to be laid when I died
In the little churchyard on the green hillside;
By my father's grave there let mine be,
And bury me not on the lone prairie.

"Let my death-slumber be where my mother's prayer
And a sister's tear will mingle there;
Where my friends can come and weep o'er me;
O, bury me not on the lone prairie.

"O, bury me not," and his voice failed there.
But we took no heed of his dying prayer.
In a narrow grave just six by three
We buried him there on the lone prairie.

And the cowboys now, as they roam the plain—
For they marked the spot where his bones are lain—
Fling a handful of roses o'er his grave
With a prayer to Him who his soul will save.

"O, bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the wolves can howl and groan o'er me.
Fling a handful of roses o'er my grave
With a prayer to Him who my soul will save."

I would like, also, to hear those western songs again, sung as the cowboys in the 80's sang them. In the meantime, our modern musicians have been uncommonly busy making over those old songs into something they call "swing." I, for one, wish they would concentrate on something else. Why don't they work on the "unfinished symphony?"

We began to run into bad water along the trail. It was all heavily impregnated with alkali, which tastes a little like Epsom Salts, and the effect is exactly like it. An over-indulgence leaves one a weaker, but wiser, man. I began the habit of drinking the juice off Will's stewed prunes. If this were a misdemeanor, he charitably chose to disregard the fact. There was promise of better water at Rush Creek, about twelve miles from Kit Carson, where a good spring had been boxed. Jimmy Green and I rode in ahead of the herd, and we drank the spring nearly dry. It was our best drink of water in many a day.

I left Jimmy at the spring and rode into Kit Carson. It was quite a place—one section-house and one depot. As usual, I was hungry, and asked the lady at the section-house if I might have a meal. She was very obliging, and I think she was mightily impressed with my appetite. That home-cooked meal of boiled beef and potatoes was a rare feast for one who had been living on beans and sourdough biscuits. Its value was enhanced considerably, too, by the pretty little blue-eyed girl who served it. Back at camp the boys demanded an account of my doin's, and when they heard about the girl they all developed a sudden craving for boiled beef and potatoes.

After arriving back in Topeka, I tried to get in touch with the little lady, by mail, but she didn't answer my letters. Nearly forty years later, while on a trip to the old home in Topeka, we stopped at a drug store in Kit Carson for a cold drink. I remarked to the druggist that

this was my first drink in that town since 1885. He replied that he had been there since '86, so I asked him about the girl who used to live in the section-house.

"She's still here," he answered.

Late one afternoon while riding ahead of the herd, I jumped an antelope. He set out at a fast run and I aimed several shots at him, but succeeded only in breaking one of his legs. I was riding a good horse and thought I could overtake him, but he led me a merry chase and I finally lost him along an arroyo—or rather, he lost me, because I was certainly the one who was lost. It was nearly dark and I had no idea which way I had come, so after wandering around on the nearest high spots until I could see no longer, I picketed the horse and "made camp." This was accomplished by the simple expedient of kicking the saddle over for a pillow, and pulling the saddle blanket over me for a cover. Sometime during the night a wolf howled, close by. Too close. Whatever that peculiar quality is in the howl of a wolf that makes one feel he is the only surviving soul in the midst of a vast desolation, was exceptionally well developed in this fellow. Anyway, it reminded me that I wasn't too happy, and I wanted him to go away. With the idea of scaring him, at least, I fired four or five shots in his direction, and then, wolf or no wolf, went back to sleep.

When I mounted and started out next morning, there that wolf lay in a quiet heap, not a hundred yards from the place where I had slept! I rode to the top of a high ridge to get my bearings, and 'way off in the distance I spied a thin column of smoke rising straight into the sky. I reasoned that it must be Will's breakfast fire, and lit out for it at a good clip—I was hungry. I arrived in time to eat with the others. Although those cowboys were undoubtedly relieved and glad to see "the kid," I must say they didn't treat my wolf story with much respect, and they found considerable fault with me for not bringing in any fresh meat.

The boys were all anxious to reach Julesburg, which was on the old stagecoach line from Omaha to the coast and fully justified its reputation as a wild and woolly place. We stopped there one night and the boys whooped it up with the best of them, but were in their saddles early next morning, ready to start for Sidney, Nebraska. There was good range a little farther north, where we planned to stay for a few days to let the cattle feed and rest.

Sidney was larger than Julesburg, and was on the main line of the Chicago-to-coast Union Pacific Railroad. Cattle owners checked up with their herds at spots where trail and railroads crossed, to take stock of losses and to replenish food supplies. Some of the O-X officials met us there, and Jimmy Green predicted to them that another year would see the end of the trail herds, as homesteaders were fencing off land to such an extent that it would be impossible to get through. The next year, 1886, was indeed, the last year. What the O-X cowboys thought of homesteaders and fences would fill a book that no publisher would risk printing. And as for plowing! Those fellows were in complete accord with the Indian who declared,

"White man fool. Soil right side up, first place."

Now, we were on the last lap of the journey. Both the South and the North Platte Rivers had been crossed without mishap, and we were headed straight for Montana, via the eastern boundary of Wyoming and the western boundary of Nebraska and the Dakotas. We came out near the junction of the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers near where Fort Union, Montana, is located. In September we reached Mingusville, (now Snowden) a little town on the Montana-North Dakota line. Here the weary herd was turned loose to fatten, and we began at once to round up for shipment those which had been trailed through, the year before.

What buffalo were left in the country were being pushed farther and farther north by the incoming cattle, but occasionally we did see small herds. One afternoon a lone straggler roamed into camp. An over-eager cowboy took a shot at him with his six-shooter, but all the damage the bullet did was to gouge out a piece of forelock. The infuriated animal charged toward us, looking

like an army tank on the loose. (Don't tell me that cowboys can't run in high heel boots! That camp was evacuated in record-breaking time.) I don't know whether Will's rifle was handiest, or whether he had more presence of mind than the rest of us, but he put a bullet behind the animal's shoulder—and there was our meat for supper, practically in the frying pan.

As we now had more meat than we could use, we decided to share it with the other outfits camped nearby, and I was delegated to take a portion to the camp about four miles away. Upon my arrival, the boss came out to greet me, and so strongly was I impressed with his personality that thirty-one years later, I recognized him immediately when we met again by chance under entirely different surroundings.*

---

*I came to Casper, Wyoming, from Colorado, in 1914, and in the fall of 1916 I happened to meet Governor John B. Kendrick, who had been elected in 1915 on the Democratic ticket. The incident occurred in the lobby of the old Midwest hotel, now Hotel Henning, in Casper. I asked him whether he ever had been in Mingusville, Montana. "Yes," he replied, "in 1885, I drove an outfit from Texas to Mingusville." My next question was whether he remembered a kid bringing a mess of buffalo steak over to his outfit a few days after his arrival at Mingusville, "Yes, I remember it very well, and the boys certainly did enjoy that fresh meat." Said I, "Well, Governor, I am the kid who delivered the meat!"

For the next hour, we had a splendid time in the Henning lobby, re-trailing Longhorns from Texas to Montana.

Governor Kendrick resigned from the office in February, 1917, to accept appointment as United States Senator by Acting Governor Houx, who was elevated to that position from the office of Secretary of State. Mr. Kendrick served in the Senate until his death in 1933.

Though Senator Kendrick and I were of different political views, I consider him, to this day, one of the best friends I ever had. After his appointment as Senator and his removal to Washington, D. C., I visited him from time to time, and we would lunch and visit together in the Senate restaurant. I always felt welcome to make his office my headquarters when in the Nation's capital.

It was mainly through his efforts that the Casper-Alcova Reclamation Project, including Kendrick and the Seminoe

The boy who had shot the buffalo came in for much ribbing during the next few days. He had to listen to long dissertations on "How to Bring Game into Camp" and was advised that if he **must** bring it in alive, to stick to sage hens and rabbits. He was lectured on "The Use of Firearms," and was forced to listen to long discussions on "Revolvers versus Rifles" — until, for him, life was hardly worth living.

Mingusville, as I have explained, was near the banks of the Missouri River headwaters. That stream was alive with trout. They had never heard of a five-dollar fly, and would bite at anything. (It was as easy as fishing in the Yellowstone Hatchery, a luxury enjoyed by my former superintendent, "Jim" Griffith, about twenty years ago.*) Though the other boy's didn't seem to care much about fishing, I enjoyed the sport, and kept the camp supplied.

---

dams were made possible, in Wyoming, and that the Grand Teton National Park was established in this state. While Senator Kendrick was loyal to his party, the whole state became his party, and he continuously acted for the good of Wyoming. He held the respect and friendship of every member of Congress, and his death was not only a loss to Wyoming, but to the Nation as well.

---

*In the year 1923, while James B. Griffith was superintendent of the *Casper* (Wyoming) *Tribune* mechanical department, he selected Yellowstone National Park as the spot for his annual vacation, and incidentally, took along his fishing rod and tackle. It was his first visit to the Wyoming Wonderland.

While acquainting himself with his new surroundings he met a fellow sightseer, from New Jersey, whose full trout string evidenced his fishing luck, and he obligingly informed Mr. Griffith that if he would follow the trail for about half a mile he would come to a lake where the trout were eager to bite. Mr. Griffith followed instructions, and upon arriving at the desired spot he threw in his line and caught a fish immediately. The act was repeated several times, and within a remarkably short period Jim had a string of beautiful rainbow trout. Whereupon a Forest Ranger appeared on the scene and inquired of the angler, "What are you doing?" To which the unsuspecting fisherman replied, "I'm fishing. This is the best luck I ever had." Giving Jim a quizzical look, the Ranger snapped, "Don't you know this is a fish hatchery?" Answered Jim, abashed, "No, I didn't know." After putting up the best

By the first of October the round-up was over, and the cattle were loaded for Chicago. Will and I went along with the train, not forgetting the buffalo hide which we intended to have made into a robe—but somewhere along the line it was stolen from the caboose, together with a watch that father had given to Will.

It was on this trip that I learned how the terms of "cowpoke" and "cow puncher" originated. In the crowded cars it was necessary to keep all the cows on their feet, or they would be trampled by the others. At every stop, we climbed out with our long poles and poked and punched at those animals which were down, and made them stand up. Toward the end of the trip they were all tired, and to keep them on their feet was quite a chore.

In Chicago, we stayed at the old Palmer House, and "did" the town pretty thoroughly. Will bought new boots and chaps, together with an ivory handled .45 Colt. We both went back to Topeka, Kansas, where I remained for awhile, and Brother Will returned to Texas to make the final trip across the plains with the O-X outfit, in 1886. He brought their remuda back from Montana to Las Animas, Colorado, and then went on to San Marcial, New Mexico, where he obtained employment with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, in the round house. His foreman was Thomas Penney, whose daughter, Jessie, he eventually married. Later, Will became a fireman on the Santa Fe, his run being between San Marcial and Deming, New Mexico. After a year or two he returned to his former home town of Topeka, Kansas, with his wife, and was employed on the steel work of the new section of the capitol building. Brother Will met with an accident at El Paso, Texas, in the 1890's while working

---

alibi possible and making due apology for his mistake, as well as offering to part company with the fish, Jim was allowed to keep the catch, upon sincere promise "never to do it again."

Mr. Griffith at this time (1942) is State Land Commissioner, with offices in Cheyenne, Wyoming, and also is State Chairman of the Wyoming Republican Central Committee.

for the G. and H. Railroad, which caused his death, leaving his widow and four children, Eddie, Nellie, Mattie and Willie, who have always made their home in El Paso.

My next exciting adventure after the Chicago trip, was a visit back to the old farm near Johnnycake, where I had become anxious to go and share my wonderful experiences with my old friends among the boys and girls of childhood days. It is barely possible that a certain young lady, Miss Lilly Sperry, was an influence as to this inclination. At any rate, I made the trip, and it was good to see them all again, after an absence of about two years.

One evening when I was visiting with Lilly at her home, Bill Molke came in with a boy whom his parents had adopted. His name was Joe Howard, and he sang song after song, to Lilly's accompaniment. We couldn't have known it then, but we were in illustrious company, as Joe, later, became famous as a composer and theatrical producer. His best known song, probably, is "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now?"

CHAPTER X

Burros, Tourists — and Profits

IN 1869*, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad began building its line from Atchison, Kansas, to Topeka, and by 1872 it had reached the western boundary of the state. During the depression period following the panic of 1873 no attempt at expansion was made, but in 1880 a leisurely construction across the plains and down the Rio Grande Valley was resumed. This opened up vast tracts of productive lands and drew a large emigration from the east. In 1881, the railroad reached Deming, New Mexico. The Company realized it was imperative to go on because New Mexico, with its sparse population and total lack of development, could not supply sufficient traffic to even "feed the engines." By 1884, through mergers, purchases, and trackage rights, the railroad reached San Diego, and later, Los Angeles and San Francisco.

The rapid growth of this railroad exceeded all expectations, and surprised the owners as well as the public. Even as early as 1881, the business netted $800,000. Some fifty years later, the profits were more than sixty millions, and it is conceded that the A. T. & S. F. Railroad is responsible, largely, for the development of the Southwest. It gave special rates, organized excursions, and offered

---

* The momentous year that Leland Stanford drove the golden spike connecting the first transcontinental railroad, and Wyoming's territorial legislative body established a world precedent by granting women the right to vote, and (pardon the personal reference), I began pioneer life at the age of three, making my first trip behind a team of oxen, in 1869.

attractions of every kind to induce the traveling public to use its lines. A constant advertising campaign was kept up by the Company, to attract settlers.

At Las Vegas, New Mexico, the Railroad Company built a six-mile spur out to Hot Springs where it maintained a large resort hotel and grounds. The Railroad also owned a big ranch, fully stocked, and kept a stable of livery horses for the guests.

The main offices of the Railroad were in Topeka, and the Company hired H. H. Shaw of that city to take charge of the hotel. He asked if I would like to go down and help him out. Of course, I'd like it. Milo Rice went along, too, and Sid Matheny, who was made Captain of the bell boys. I was to be room clerk.

In March of 1886, we found ourselves in Las Vegas, New Mexico, several weeks ahead of the busy season.

That was a profitable set-up, if ever I saw one. The old Montezuma hotel had been rebuilt, after a fire, and named, appropriately enough, the Phoenix. It was beautifully situated close to the bank of the Gallinas River, near the mouth of the canyon. The foothills sloped easily away on either side, while the mountains, immediately against them, rose sharp and dark against the clear sky. The scenery attracted the sightseers, while the climate and hot springs brought the health seekers.

We boys acquainted ourselves immediately with the surrounding country, while we had the time; and one day in our ramblings we met a Mr. MacDonald, who was to be a boon to our "financial department."

Mr. MacDonald owned a bunch of burros which he had just turned out to forage for themselves because they were not earning any money for him, and in the meantime he had taken a job at one of the bath houses.

When the Easterners began pouring in on the special excurison trains, we were nearly swamped, and invariably the first thing they wanted to do was to get out into the

hills or climb the mountains. This gave me a terrific idea! Why not rent them Mr. MacDonald's burros?

I talked over the plan with Mr. Booker, the head clerk, and he was highly in favor of the enterprise, so we both presented the proposition to MacDonald. He

was willing to loan his burros for a third of the profits, but we would have to gather them in from off the range. Then I hired a horse and spent several days searching over the surrounding country, behind soap-weeds and rocks, and in all the nooks and crannies. I finally rounded up most of them, and also rented all that were available, from the Mexican families around town. We paid a bell-hop from each shift to help repair and shine up the riding gear, and worked far into the night, ourselves, to get things ready as soon as possible. Mr. Booker bought hay and feed from the hotel ranch, and forthwith, MacDonald, Booker and Hanway were launched in the tourist transportation business.

Thereafter, when a train-load of Yankees pulled in, from the East, the first thing they saw was that bunch of burros saddled and bridled, and ready to go—that is, if one can ever claim, truthfully, that a burro is "ready to go."

The effect was all that we had hoped for! Everyone clamored for a ride, and thought nothing of the seventy-five cents an hour we charged them. As the burros were geared by Nature to our profit, the little venture flourished like the green bay tree. We netted from three to five hundred dollars a month.

The hotel was providing my room and meals and paying me a small wage, and the guests were always generous with their tips, so, for a lad of twenty, things seemed to be going all right.

There were five of us from the hotel who chummed around together: Milo Rice, Sid Matheny, Aleck Wygant, and a friend of his from Brooklyn, N. Y., and myself. I shall never forget the time Aleck and his friend were talking about Brooklyn Bridge, when Milo, who never before had been out of Kansas, interrupted with,

"Say, you fellows ought to see the bridge at Topeka; it's a big one, and it's got five spans!"

We always chose the fastest horses in the stable when we wanted to do any riding, though the burros were plenty good enough for the Easterners. We covered the country-side pretty thoroughly and enjoyed riding to the dances, especially to the old town of Las Vegas, six miles away.

The road to my hotel home passed directly in front of Bob Ford's saloon, which became so well known several years later. People used to go into the place for drinks just as an excuse to see Bob—the man who shot and killed Jesse James, the notorious outlaw. Others just went in for the drinks. When coming back from those 'fandangos,' we usually made plenty of noise, singing and shouting—even the dogs howled in our wake.

Now and then a blood-and-thunder incident would happen, which helped to toughen a fellow. Once, when we were fishing along the river near John Loo's cabin, we decided to call on him. John was an old Chinese laundryman, and was a great favorite with us. Our knock was unanswered, so we opened the door, cautiously, and peered in. A ghastly sight met our horrified eyes and sent the shivers racing up and down our backs. There lay poor old John—pinned to the floor with a pair of long scissors through his neck.

It was a thoroughly indignant group of men who arranged for the removal of the body of the hapless victim of this dreadful deed, but the sheriff did not share our enthusiasm in desiring to discover the murderer. A dead Mexican, a dead weasel, or a dead Chinaman, were all the same to him.

Later, I found another dead man, when I was out alone one day enjoying a little target shooting. This sort of thing began to look like an epidemic. He was lying prone on the ground, with his head resting on a rock. A Colt .32 at the finger-tips of an out-flung hand, indicated suicide. Recognizing him as a guest at the hotel, I notified the officers of the tragedy.

The name of the unhappy fellow was Captain Sparrow, and he had been living at the hotel about a year, taking the health baths, but nobody could account for his suicide. Obviously, he was a gentleman of means, and seemed to enjoy life thoroughly. None of us had ever seen him morbid or downhearted. Several times I had been in his room, and I still remember his array of shoes. There must have been twenty-five or thirty pairs, all of English make, and of heavy construction, made especially for hiking and fishing. It was the first time I had ever noticed the difference between the shoes worn by English gentlemen of means, and American men of like circumstances.

Two weeks after Captain Sparrow's death, the cause of his suicide came to light. A while before, he had bought a big ranch and had made a deal to stock it well with cattle. To obtain a correct counting on the number of head, the animals were to be driven through a narrow place in the hills, and on the day of the transaction the Captain took a position on a bluff directly above the spot, to check on the tally. The counting lasted most of the day—but what he couldn't observe from his position was, that the same two or three hundred head were being driven around and around the hill, and were being counted over and over. He paid almost a hundred thousand dollars for about three hundred head.

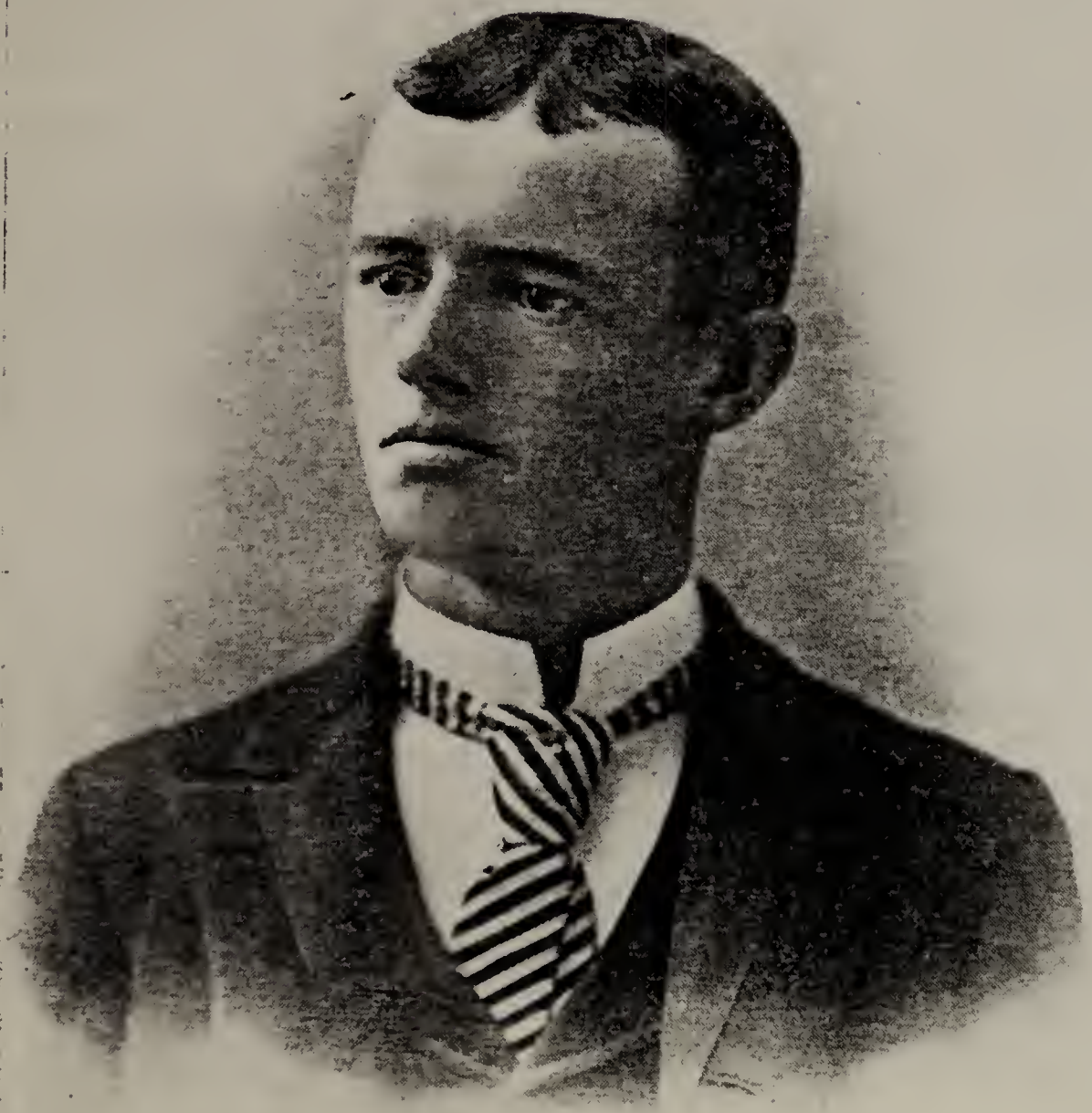
When Captain Sparrow discovered that he had been duped, he sent to England for funds with which to tide him over the crisis that was sure to follow. There was no knowing how long he waited, but it was evident he had despaired of receiving assistance, and, therefore, he took the shortest route out of his difficulties. Two weeks later, a bank draft in the amount of ninety thousand dollars came for him, and subsequent investigation revealed the facts as above related.

Since I had been gone from home nearly a year, I decided to return for awhile, and before leaving I gathered

a few autographs from my friends. Aleck wrote the following little gem in my album:

Friend 'Is':—
When from New Mexico you wander
And to another hotel go,
It is there you will know the difference
Between a bell-hop and a bur-row.
Yours till death,
Aleck Wygant.

Hot Springs, New Mex.
January, 1887.



Our wedding pictures, Israel E. Hanway and Effie E. Hanway (nee Grice) taken in September, 1889.

CHAPTER XI

Effie Em, Romance and Marriage

PAINTING HOUSES in Topeka at two dollars a day was pretty tame after hobnobbing with rich easterners, burros, murder and suicide, but I was working with father and soon was able to quiet down to the unexciting routine. The Potwin Addition was building up fast, and we had plenty of work.

Gus and I quickly fell into the pleasant habits of former comradeship, and hardly ever was one seen without the other. We bought Prince Albert coats, derby hats, cut-a-way coats and pin-striped trousers, so we went about looking like twins and feeling very well dressed, indeed.

At church one Sunday I saw **the girl.** She had the prettiest blue eyes and the most winsome smile! I asked the Sunday School teacher, Mr. Reid, to introduce me to her. Her name was Effie Emma Grice. I immediately had the greatest desire to walk home with this charming person, but I lacked the courage to ask for the privilege. Besides, there was another girl with her. That other girl always seemed to be with her, and I became awfully tired of such a state of affairs. Finally, one Sunday, in sheer desperation, I asked Effie Em if I might escort her home. She graciously consented, and after that I was a frequent caller at the Grice residence.

Mr. Grice was a Union soldier and his birthplace was in Pennsylvania, but he had moved to Ohio, and it was at Dayton (Ohio) where he joined the Army. After the War he married Marybelle Dunlap, and their honeymoon was a journey to Kansas in a covered wagon to

establish a home. They took up a homestead near Richland in Shawnee county, where the family lived for many years. It was here that Effie Em was born, a real Jayhawker. Later, like my own family, the Grices moved to Topeka.

When the painting season ended, I accepted a place as night clerk and waiter in a restaurant, but I didn't like it, and was keeping my eyes open for something better.

One morning before I had gone off shift, "Sad" Hodgins came in for his breakfast wearing a mail carrier's uniform, and explained that he was starting to work that morning as a U. S. mail carrier.

"Gee! Do they need any more?" I exploded. He replied that while three carriers had been put on the regular routes, there was still a substitute to be appointed.

No grass grew under my feet until I had presented a petition to the postmaster, Mr. John Mileham, and signed by all the business men I knew—requesting that I be appointed the substitute carrier. Mr. Mileham was impressed favorably enough to make the appointment.

The job paid me fifty dollars a month while I was working for the regular carriers through their vacations. If a carrier was off any additional time, I received the same salary as he, which was seventy-five dollars a month. The work was more steady than I had expected, and soon I began to think I was making enough income for two. Effie Em agreed!

Planning for a home, I believe, must be one of the happiest occupations on earth. First, of course, we had to have a house, so we chose a little four-room cottage that was for rent at 631 Western Avenue, just a block from Effie Em's home, and I began saving every possible nickel, for our furniture.

The days were bright and the future looked rosy for our marriage, though a few little unforseen incidents gave us a setback from time to time.

One such incident I remember very well. As I was walking along West Sixth Avenue one afternoon, a sweet, familiar voice called to me. It was Effie Em. She was out driving with a friend in Mr. Grice's piano-box buggy. The vehicle was a top-heavy affair with small spoked wheels and afforded just enough seating space for two. The girls invited me to ride with them, and though I knew it would be quite a load for the little buggy, the opportunity was too good to pass up.

No sooner had I settled myself on the knees of the girls, accepted the reins from Effie Em, and proceeded to approach the street car tracks ahead of us, when a trolley car at our left started suddenly into motion—to cross the street in front of us, with a loud clanging of the bell.

The old mare shied sharply to the right, which threw the bulk of the weight onto the right rear wheel—and it promptly smashed to pieces under us. This frightened the animal all the more, and she broke into a dead run. I lost hold of the left line, but with the right rein I managed to pull her into the curb. As the vehicle struck this obstruction, the other three wheels went down—kerplunk! In the midst of this catastrophe the mare frantically tore herself loose from the buggy and headed for home, straight down the middle of the sidewalk—while the surprised and terrified youthful trio were left speechless . . . sitting in a wheel-less, horseless carriage—at the curb.

Feeling that my extra weight was partly responsible for the accident, I paid for the repairs. Forty dollars. There went our dining-room suite . . .

One of the oldest carriers in the postoffice was George Brown, a colored man. He knew every route in town, as well as every boy, girl and dog on those routes. One day he suggested that I carry his route at my substitute's salary, and he would do the substituting for me. Thus, it would not be necessary for me to learn all the routes,

and he wouldn't be compelled to work every day at a job that was getting a bit heavy for an old man.

We worked this way until another of the regulars, George Cook, passed on. I was given his place then, and, of course, that meant an increase in salary. This was all that Effie Em and I were waiting for, and the wedding day was set.

On September 18, 1889, we were married at her home, by the Congregational Minister, in the presence of only the immediate members of both families. In her wedding gown, the bride looked her very sweetest.

After the wedding dinner, the bridal couple and guests assembled in the parlor, to find it literally piled high with gifts! One of my mother's life-long friends, Mrs. Stark, a patron on my mail route, was responsible for this grand surprise. Upon learning our wedding date, she promptly had gone to friends and residents on the route and had taken up a collection of gifts and money for us! Now we possessed many of the things for our home that we had wanted and needed, but had not been able to purchase for ourselves. We were as surprised and happy as one could imagine. We still have some of the dishes, and for many years an oak rocking-chair, received that day, went with us as we moved from place to place. Chief among the presents was an alarm clock, tightly wound and set to go off at midnight!

Finally, with our hearts full to overflowing with happiness, and our arms loaded with gifts, we proceeded to our new home. But the little house had an unfamiliar look as we approached. For a moment, we just stared, not knowing at first what was wrong, but we soon discovered that all the window panes had been covered on the outside with a coating of white paint!

It seemed that one of the other carriers had been married a month or two previously, and had given a big party for the whole force, serving beer and a Dutch lunch. Therefore, the crowd rather expected me to do the same,

but when I let it be known that there was nothing doing, they decided to play a prank on us—though it really turned out to be a favor! We had tried to persuade the landlord to redecorate the house before we moved in, and he refused, but now the work had to be done, as the paint was splashed generously over the wookwork as well as on the glass.

To its first-year employees, the post office paid a salary of six hundred dollars a year, with two hundred and fifty dollars additional for a horse. The second-year employes were paid two hundred dollars more, and we had been married but a short time when I rated the second-year salary. A thousand and fifty dollars seemed like a great deal of money for a young couple. Effie Em was a thrifty housekeeper and a good cook, and altogether the future looked bright and assured.

On December 7, 1890, a son, Earl Edwin Hanway, was born to us. Then and there I began making big plans for him. I hoped that he and I would be partners always. We were very proud of our son, and we always have been. While he was yet a baby I began taking him on the route with me, and we have been together "on the route" as much as possible, from that day to this.

1149-115

CHAPTER XII

Job Lost Through Politics; Get-Rich-Quick Plans Fail

ROSY PATHS have a way of turning grey and discouraging at unexpected intervals! In this case politics must take the blame. Heretofore, I had taken but little interest in the national sport, but after becoming an innocent victim of its mechanisms I took more notice. I had never cast a ballot in an election, but father was a registered Republican, and the sins of the father are really visited upon his children, or so it seems.

Grover Cleveland was president when I began my duties with the Post Office Department. No one had asked me anything about political party affiliations, and I worked during the remainder of the Cleveland term and all through the Harrison regime.

When Cleveland came back for the second term, Kansas underwent the now famous 'Populace' upheaval. The vital question of the day was money. Cleveland was a Gold Standard man, and his stand on the matter split the Democratic Party. The Democrats who refused to support him called themselves 'Demo-Pops'; the others were 'Gold Democrats.'

The silver people wanted increased coinage and had succeeded in putting through the Silver Purchase Law in 1890. This flooded the country with cheap money and threw business and industry into confusion. In the meantime, farmers had suffered several bad years, and all this resulted in the panic of 1893, the year in which Cleveland was returned to office.

Governor John Leady of Kansas had gone into office on the Demo-Pop ticket and had appointed John Martin, a prominent Topeka attorney, to the United States Senate. Mr. Martin owned a beautiful home in the city and it was rumored that a Mr. Thomas held a mortgage on it, which thus forced Mr. Martin to appoint him postmaster of Topeka. Whether or not the rumor was true, our old postmaster, Mr. Mileham, lost his post and Mr. Thomas was appointed. Diligently, he set about ousting Republicans and replacing them with Democrats before the pending impartial Civil Service law could take effect in the office. Therefore, within a short time eighteen good, experienced mail carriers were on the outside, looking in. I was among them.

The loss of this job precipitated a minor panic in the little cottage at 631 Western Avenue. We had been planning to attend the World's Fair at Chicago during my vacation, (Columbian Exposition, 1893) but that bright prospect, along with a lot of more important ones, vanished with the job.

Mr. Thomas' methods of wholesale elimination reverberated to Washington, D. C., and he was deluged with letters of complaint and indignation. The situation looked bad for him and he began to fear for his own job. In his desperation he asked a number of us old carriers to come back and help him iron out his difficulties. In a body, we were delighted to refuse.

The Gold Democrats were influential with the administration, as they had full control of the presidency and of both houses of Congress. Many Republicans had stood by Cleveland in the repeal of the Silver Purchase Law, so the mail carriers turned to the Gold Democrats to help them against the Demo-Pops. Through influential friendships in strategic positions, combined with our own untiring efforts, we succeeded in having Mr. Thomas removed from office just six months after his appointment.

Eugene Hagen had been especially active in assisting

us, and on the day of Mr. Thomas' discharge, several of us carriers called on him (Hagen). When we appeared, Eugene consulted his watch and observed, "At exactly noon today a head goes into the basket." However, none of us wept over that particular decapitation.

Some of the carriers expected to be reinstated, but the Civil Service Law had then come into effect and they were obliged to take the examinations. The boys certainly understood their jobs, already, and were well trained, but nevertheless many of them failed to pass the test. While I was among those fortunate in passing the examinations, I had become interested in other and more interesting endeavors and never returned to the Postal Service.

At about this time there dawned on the horizon that miracle of sound reproduction, the phonograph. A firm by the name of Ott and Tewksberry secured the agency for this wonder machine in Kansas. (Ollie Ott of that same family is now traveling passenger agent for the Santa Fe Railroad and often has visited me in Casper, Wyoming.)

I was intrigued by this new and entertaining invention and its possibilities, and was eager to capitalize on it. A partner was found in the person of George Minnie, son of a doctor, whom I had known for a long period, and we purchased one of the first phonographs released for sale. We were certain we could make some profits giving concerts around the country at picnics, lodge halls, and neighborhood gatherings.

We needed a wagon and a team for the enterprise. I already owned a horse, the one I had used on the mail route, and we bought a mate for him. Our wagon was similar to the sheep-wagon of today, fitted with a stove and a bed, and with enough storage space for the immense batteries that supplied the operating power of the phonograph.

At a Catholic Church picnic at Oskaloosa, Kansas, our receipts were twenty-seven dollars, on the ear sets, alone. There were twelve sets of these. The Priest was our most enthusiastic customer, and although we did not require him to pay the admission price, he insisted upon doing so. His parishioners followed his example and patronized us generously. We felt highly encouraged with the new business.

Possible lucrative territories for our venture were discussed, and we decided on the Black Hills, probably Deadwood, South Dakota, as the most likely spot at that moment. From the newspaper headlines, we knew that fortunes were being made and spent in that section, and we reasoned that our 'music machine' would be more than welcome in such a new and wild place. On the side, we fully expected, of course, to find a couple of gold mines, and to be independently rich forever after. Besides, for a long time I had felt a keen desire to look that country over.

Accordingly, we laid in a supply of food and followed the Big Blue River to Holdredge, Nebraska. We had a hundred cylinder records of the most popular tunes of the day: "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," "After the Ball," "A Bicycle Built For Two," and similar airs. In the small towns along the route, young men came by the scores to listen, over and over, to their favorite songs until they were learned by heart. We thought more and more highly of our decision to visit the Black Hills—we would certainly make a fortune! Sheet-music was high-priced and practically non-existent in the small towns, and everyone seemed glad of an opportunity to hear good music.

Far, far from home and dreaming blissfully of gold nuggets, we were rudely awakened to the fact, one morning, that our batteries were deader than dodos. That they would ever need recharging, had never occurred to us. Vainly we tried to find someone to recharge the batteries, but their very size intimidated every prospect. Few

electric plants had ever seen such batteries much less recharge them. So there we were. Living costs were high, and not dreaming that our income could cease, we had not been too economical. Sixty-five cents was the sum-total of our combined resources, and immediately most of that went for bread and milk at a nearby farm.

Much as we hated to draw down the curtain on our visions of making a fortune over night, prudence sharply indicated a turning back toward home and friends. After a week on the trail, we reached Paxico, Kansas—and none too soon. George's father had some friends there, so we took advantage of that fact and looked them up, which proved to be a god-send. Both men and horses had a decidedly 'undernourished' appearance, but those good people took us in and gave us food. After an overnight rest, we were able to make the remaining twenty-five miles into Topeka—and home!

Our families were glad to see us and happy to have the wanderers home, but two more disappointed boys would have been hard to find.

Another rosy path (or was it golden?) had turned to a tarnished, dingy hue. Disillusioned of prospects of lining our pockets with wealth by furnishing music to miners and gamblers and of finding fabulous quantities of gold, we sold the one horse and wagon and liquidated such debts as we were able, with the proceeds. We were thoroughly disgusted that our ignorance of the intricacies of batteries had cost us a certain fortune! For a long period the memories of that experience were as wormwood and gall, though the magnificent Black Hills—the Sioux' beautiful Sa-ha-Pa-ha—still hold for me a certain enchantment and lure.

120+121

CHAPTER XIII

A Newspaper Career Starts

NOW, I was right back where I had been when Postmaster Thomas so unceremoniously dispensed with my services. At that moment I felt a fellow-sympathy for the disconsolate old Negro who deliberately, though unwisely, spent all his money and time riding on a merry-go-round — and ultimately found himself stone broke, in the exact spot from whence he had started, so blithely.

A job as clerk in the Capitol Grocery was the only employment I could find. Thus, for a time, I waited on customers, weighed flour and sugar and helped housewives decide the momentous question as to what to have for dinner. The work was not to my liking, and the salary, though urgently needed, could hardly be called impressive. I received eight dollars per week. The country was still in bad condition and times were considered hard.

Through a friend, who was a pressman, I often received one of the afternoon copies of the Journal. One day I saw an advertisement which read: "Wanted, solicitors. Good proposition. Ask for Leon Marx, Fifth Avenue Hotel, Corner Sixth and Quincy."

This was just what I had been looking for, and for the second time in my career I made a hasty dash for that hotel, with faint memories of the previous unpleasant experience with the porter. But on this latter occasion I was not escorted out by the ear.

I was the first to make application to Mr. Marx, and he hired me at once. He needed five solicitors for the **Kansas City Star,** and one of the five was to be chosen

as the permanent local agent, at twelve dollars a week. I was determined to be that one.

The five years' experience in the post office gave me considerable advantage over the other solicitors. I knew almost overyone in town, and with the horse and buck-board, I could make the rounds more quickly. The other boys were bringing in from twelve to fifteen subscriptions daily, but I **had** to have that job as agent and would not stop work until I had obtained twenty-five or thirty orders.

This industriousness impressed Mr. Marx, as I had intended it should. At the end of the second week he sent my name in to Mr. Frank Seested, who was in charge of country circulation, and he appointed me as circulation manager of the Kansas City Star for the city of Topeka.

My happiness was entirely out of proportion to the victory achieved. It is hard to explain—but here was the work I truly enjoyed. I liked the feel of the newspapers in my hands, the smell of the ink, the numerous contacts with people, the organizing, the reports—every last bit of it—I loved it all. Effie Em and baby Earl shared my joy, and with their supporting approbation behind me, I poured all my energies into making a success of that work.

My duties were to organize a carrier staff, meet the trains at the Santa Fe station and give out the newspaper editions. Boys who had come in from the country to attend school were my preference because they usually owned a horse and could cover the territory more quickly, and also—once I had been a country boy myself.

Lined up at the station platform the carriers looked like a miniature cavalry troop, but their only ammunition was the **Kansas City Star,** which they soon learned to fold and hurl to the very door as they rode by in the street.

When Mr. Marx left we had eight newspaper carriers delivering a thousand copies of the **Kansas City Star** every evening, and was sharing an office with the Singer Sewing Machine Company at 706 Kansas Avenue, in the heart

of the business district. In addition to a regular boy for the downtown section there were several who sold newspapers on the streets. Some went to the train for their

newspapers, and others came to the office.

Earl began his newspaper career here—at the age of five. I would take him with me in the buckboard to the station, give him eight or ten newspapers from the first bundle, and off he'd run calling, "Kan' Thity 'Tar—Kan' Thity 'Tar." When I had finished looking after the other carriers, I'd overtake Earl and he usually would have from twenty-five to fifty cents in his pockets. He thriftily saved this money in his little iron bank, and years later he loaned it to me when the opportunity came to publish my first newspaper. The same capital is now invested in the **Casper Tribune-Herald,** of which he is co-owner.

Some eight months after I began my employment with the **Star,** Mr. Frank Seested, whom I never had met, came to see me in Topeka, and announced that I was to find someone to take my place in the office, as he wanted me to go on the road. (I had built up the Topeka circulation to two thousand—just double what it was when Mr. Marx turned the business over to me.)

To leave my wife and son was not to my liking, but I wanted and needed all the experience possible to obtain, so I soon found myself in Kansas City.

The **Star** had just moved from its old quarters on Wyandotte Street to the newer and more spacious location on Eleventh and Grand—not far from the very lot my father dickered for in '68. The **Star** is now farther south on Grand, in a fine, large up-to-date building equipped with the latest press devices, and is one of the best newspaper plants in the world.

My first trip out on the new job was on the old Blair line to Osceola, Missouri. There were several of us in the crew, and our work was to build up subscription agencies in the towns to which we were sent, to select carriers for the routes, and to straighten out and adjust any matters that were causing difficulties. The **Star** had an extensive territory, and we all had plenty to do. Sometimes we traveled in groups of four or five and worked

together in one town until we had it thoroughly organized and running smoothly.

One of the travelers was my old friend, Leon Marx. We were together often and he afforded me much amusement. He was short, roly-poly and good natured, but was forever getting into hot water. Like the Irish-Jew in Fabian's "Mr. Littlejohn"—always getting into trouble because he was Irish, and always getting the worst of it because he was Jewish! I don't believe Leon was Irish, but he certainly was Jewish and was always getting the worst of the deal.

One time at Medicine Lodge, Kansas, the Great Mesmerist, Flint, was putting on a performance and the whole town was talking of his wonderful hypnotic powers. Leon, who had a marked tendency to belittle the achievements of the renowned, went around scoffing at Flint's abilities. "Nothing to it," he declared, flatly, "I could do it myself." Later, in the lobby, some one brought up the subject again, and Leon still insisted that there was nothing to it.

"I can do it myself! Vait, I show you!" He called a bell boy to sit before him in a chair while he went through a series of hocus-pocus gesticulations with his hands and fixed his eyes upon his subject, in what he fondly hoped was a hypnotic stare. To the astonishment of the crowd (and of Leon, as well) the boy fell from the chair, apparently unconscious. Leon recovered his equilibrium first and crowed, "Dere! Vot I tell you? You see!"

In the meantime the lobby filled up with cowboys who looked on without much comment. After a few moments of stunned silence, one of the onlookers walked deliberately over to Leon, and with a casual nod in the direction of the boy, cooly inquired, "Don't you think you'd better wake him up now?"

Taking a look at the cowboy's grim face and the gun hanging on his hip, Leon began to shout,

"Vake! Vake!"

But the boy didn't stir. From his lips a white foam was escaping, and Leon became a bit hysterical.

"Vake, Vake, VAKE!" he yelled, waving his arms, snapping his fingers and jumping up and down—cutting all sorts of comic didos. With arms folded the cowboy stood, motionless, and regarded him menacingly. After a moment the would-be-showman took a hurried survey of the surroundings and fairly scooted for the nearest exit, but no move was made to stop him. Hatless and coatless, Leon sprinted out of town at top speed, and didn't pause until he reached Attica, some fourteen miles distant. Next morning the hotel management sent Leon his hat and coat by a traveling grocery salesman by the name of Barndollar, who made the trip by train. Leon was still worried, and cautiously whispered to his benefactor,

"Did he vake up?"

"Oh, yes," Barndollar laughed, "Woke up and washed the soap out of his mouth!" (Leon had been framed all right.)

On another occasion an incident took place in which I was more directly involved. We were in Lawrence, Kansas. A Mr. Leonard, who owned the **Lawrence Journal** and resented our being there, came out on the street and accosted me. He was an elderly man and when he tried to step on my foot, I merely placed my hand against his stomach and gave him a push, with the remark that if he were not an old man I'd do more than that. Angered, he stepped inside and called to his son, Tracy, a young dandified fellow with sideburns, fine clothes and an insulting manner.

Whereupon Tracy appeared and approached me with the insinuating challenge, "If the old man's too old for you, you better tackle one of his sons."

Never say "Whoa" in a bad place.

"Well," I snapped, "if they're all as big bluffs as he is, you'd better bring out the rest of 'em."

Leon, who had been across the street, appeared suddenly at my side and asked hopefully,

"Is dere trouble, 'Is'? Vot's de matter anyhow?"

Just then a drunken cigar-store owner spied Leon, and started after him. Down the street the chase proceeded, when a policeman came up and dispelled the rest of us. How Leon could run!

One time Leon sent me to Chanute, Kansas, when he really should have gone himself. Afterwards he told me why he didn't want to make that trip. It seems that a year or two before, he had sent an unsavory story to the **Kansas City Sunday Sun** (the old scandal sheet which had made Al and me so much money) about a Chanute attorney and his secretary. The citizens were so enraged that only Leon's fleetness of foot saved him from being mobbed. No wonder Leon could sprint—he kept himself in constant practice.

We newspaper men became well acquainted with many other traveling salesmen, and they all had a pick on Leon. Nothing delighted them so much as to play a practical joke on him. One night in Leavenworth, Kansas, the crowd decided to amuse themselves at Leon's expense. The scheme necessitated the impersonation of a woman, and one of the male employes of the hotel was selected to assume the role. A recent illness had left him pale and peaked-looking, and with the help of a blonde wig, his sister's dress, gloves and a quantity of perfume, the boys decided he would do.

With the stage thus set, "she" sashayed down the street past the hotel and began a flagrant flirtation with Leon. He succumbed disgracefully to "her" charms early in the game and soon willingly parted with three dollars. Promising to see him later, the new "girl friend" departed —with Leon's three dollars.

Leon strutted around with a smug expression on his face, until one of the men invited him to his room to partake of some beer refreshment. There he found the

"lady" of his recent amour. Grinning wickedly, "she" discarded the feminine wearing apparel before Leon's amazed eyes. I was certain he was going to suffer a stroke! Purple with rage and indignation, he shouted.

"You fellers are all Gott D— S—s of b—s!" and stalked from the room—too angry and humilitated to run.

CHAPTER XIV

Kansas City Star, World, Times — Topeka Journal; My First Big Scoop

BY THIS TIME I knew my life's work would be in the newspaper world, and every possible avenue was explored to broaden my experience. In the towns where I remained over night, I visited the local newspaper offices where I would help write the news items, or assist with whatever else there was to do.

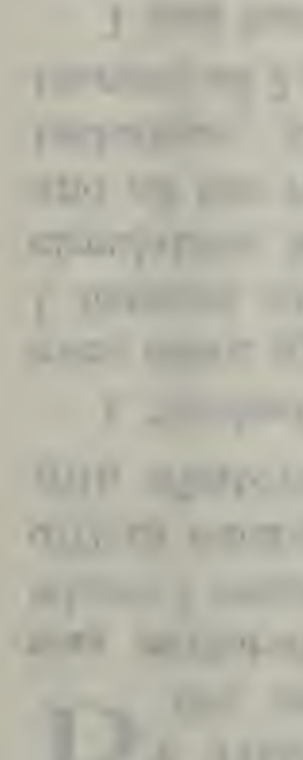
I "kicked" the job press, helped set type and would even clean up the place, if that need was an obvious one. I listened attentively to the talks of the older men, on circulation, advertising, columns, syndicates, organization, and all the rest of it. I observed their methods, style and technique, and asked innumerable questions. I really learned all I could about the business.

I had been with the **Kansas City Star** two years when the **Kansas City World** made an offer to me on a straight commission basis, which was accepted. The **World** was owned at that time (1897) by the Scripps people, now the Scripps-Howard.

A Mr. Ashbaugh was general manager, and F. F. Hord, my immediate boss, was circulation manager. The work was to my liking and my earnings were increased, but the territory was so wide-spread that I was absent from home too much to suit me.

Finally, I wrote to Mr. Hord from Texas that I was planning to quit and go back to the farm unless he had something better to offer. His reply was prompt:

"You'd make a hell of a farmer! You'd plant your



pumpkins on the side of a hill and the crop would roll into your neighbor's patch."

However, he gave me a better territory. I knew he was right about my farming abilities—newspapers interested me to the exclusion of everything else.

Cleveland's repeal of the Silver Purchase Law had by no means settled the silver question. The western states and the labor element were still strongly in favor of the free silver policy. William Jennings Bryan began his campaign for the presidency in 1896 by vociferously endorsing this policy and shouting, "You shall not press a crown of thorns on Labor's brow!"

The **World** was supporting this policy and it paved my route with gold. In each town I would seek out the leading silver politician, obtain a list of his followers, and sell them one hundred per cent. In Toronto, Kansas, at twelve different places where I called, nobody was at home, but I sent them the newspaper anyway. When I called, next time, these involuntary subscribers all paid up in full and said they were glad I had sent them the **World.**

By this time Earl was attending school, and I looked forward to his vacations as eagerly as he because I liked to have him with me on the route. He collected and saved enough chewing tobacco tags, (Star and Horseshoe) to procure for himself a Colt .22 caliber rifle, and he lugged the firearm everywhere we went.

He also had a sling shot that he knew how to use, effectively. One day in Greensburg, Kansas, a man accosted me on the street and inquired,

"Isn't that your boy over there with the others?" I acknowledged the relationship, with the pride which goeth before a fall.

"Well, you'd better get him away from here before the marshall comes along; they've all been busy shooting the window glass out of that old building, with their sling shots."

By accident, while I was working for the **World,** my initials were changed. I had always signed my name, "I. E. Hanway," but evidently the old-fashioned "I" looked like a "J" to the man who made out the railroad passes, because my pass was issued to J. E. Hanway. I

never bothered to correct it—so J. E. it still remains, and the "J" stands for Israel, 'Believe It or Not.'

During Bryan's campaign, 1896, the **World** reduced its regular five-dollar subscription rate to four dollars per year. My commission was 33 1-3%, and I usually sold fifteen to twenty subscriptions in a day. It was a neat little profit in those times, and would be yet—if one could make it.

Mr. Herkermer was general circulation manager for all Scripps newspapers, which included the **World,** and after the presidential election he raised the annual subscription price back to five dollars. Instead of allowing the agents to handle their own territories and to deal personally with the subscribers who had received the special rate, he simply cut them off. A week later he sent out letters stating that all due bills would be cancelled if the subscriber would send in five dollars for a new subscription.

The results were in direct contradiction to his expectations. The people sent in what they owed and told him to go to hell with his new subscriptions, or words to that effect. He collected approximately fifty thousand dollars, but the scheme was the death knell of the newspaper. We all lost heavily and soon had to cease efforts entirely, as it was impossible to sell the **World** either to old or new subscribers.

Some time before, Mr. Quinn, circulation manager of the **Kansas City Times,** had offered me a position with that newspaper. Being in need of the job now, I called him to inquire whether the offer was still open.

"You bet," he replied, "Come down to the office and we'll talk it over."

The deal was made and I was with the **Times** for two years, performing much the same sort of work I had handled for the others.

When I was offered a place with the **Topeka State Journal,** in 1899, I jumped at the chance, because this

meant I would be home more of the time, and for the further reason that the **Journal** was a decided favorite of mine.

This newspaper had a system whereby one's income was entirely dependent upon his own efforts. It was excellent business training, and proved to be an important experience for me.

Oscar Wolfe was circulation manager of the **Journal,** and also nominal manager of the newspaper in the absence of the owner, Mr. Frank MacLennan, who was a director of the Associated Press, and spent a portion of his time on annual sojourns in New York City. Mr. Wolfe had worked his way up to the circulation managership from a stenographer's position, and had been with the **Journal** twenty-five years when he retired.

There were two men traveling for the **Journal** besides myself, Charles Hutton and Harry Root. Charles worked the territory along the Santa Fe Railroad from Topeka, Kansas, to Las Vegas, New Mexico, and knew all the Journal's subscribers on his route by their first names. Harry covered the main line of the Rock Island Railroad as far as Colorado and northern Kansas. My territory was the Union Pacific Railroad from Topeka to the Colorado line; the Rock Island from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Liberal, Kansas, and also the southeastern part of the state of Kansas.

My territory contained ninety fair-sized towns to be canvassed, and I usually netted about one hundred fifty dollars a month. The **Topeka Capitol,** of which Arthur Capper was owner and publisher, was our strongest competitor, and while the territory was canvassed for all it was worth by each crew, the two newspapers always remained friendly competitors.

None of the previous jobs had offered anything but soliciting and the regular routine of newspaper circulation-building, so I was becoming anxious to learn other phases of the business. Therefore, when Mr. Wolfe asked

me to send in news items from along the route, I felt that my foot was really on the second rung of the ladder.

On the first trip out to Liberal, Kansas, I ran into a murder. The oldest son of Widow Smith had been killed by the section foreman there. The tragedy was the outcome of a fight between the foreman's son and Widow Smith's younger boy. The little fellow had been badly beaten and had gone to his big brother for help. The brother then held the foreman's son while the little boy took his revenge. The father then picked up the quarrel and went gunning for the older Smith boy. He ran him down in a coal car in the railroad yards, and when the boy threw a lump of coal at him, he climbed into the car, caught his victim around the neck and shot him three times through the head.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good" must have been first said of a reporter. Here was a real scoop! I mailed my account of it to Mr. Wolfe, with an additional note saying he might want to make some changes—I had written it in a hurry and the pronouns and antecedents kept getting away from me. But he used the story verbatim, giving it the leading front page position in the newspaper. Correspondents for the big New York, St. Louis, and Kansas City newspapers simply clipped and wired it to their own newspapers, without a change. Indeed, a cub reporter's dream come true! After that incident, I felt more important to the institution than the editor himself! Another rung! I continued writing news stories wherever I found them, learning the technique and gaining valuable experience.

When the Rock Island Railroad was extended from Liberal, Kansas, to El Paso, Texas, I was assigned to write up the stories of the new towns, take the pictures, and cover the whole stirring drama of the new railroad. It was on the first trip to El Paso that I met the widow of my brother, Will, and her family, and was able to assist

her in obtaining a settlement from the railroad for Will's injury and his subsequent death.

Then came a health problem. Upon my return to my family at Topeka, I found it necessary to submit to an appendectomy. For several years I had been suffering from digestive disturbances, but this attack was too severe to be ignored. My wife summoned the doctor, and after looking me over he announced, bluntly,

"Well, young man, we'll have to do something before the day is over. Do you want to go east or west?" The graveyard was east, so I said, "west," (to the hospital.)

Effie Em now took up where I left off and made the subscription collections in Topeka vicinity, and altogether proved to be such a good collector that Mr. Wolfe suggested I take her with me on the route when I was able to travel again.

Accordingly, on the first trip after my three months' illness, Effie Em accompanied me. Our work took us as far west as Dodge City, Kansas, and while there we decided to make a short visit to Colorado Springs, Colorado, as the distance was not great, and we thought the opportunity might not present itself again soon to enjoy a holiday with Effie Em's brother, J. S. Grice, and his family.

In Colorado Springs we met Messrs. Nels and W. E. Reinert, brothers, whose acquaintance ripened into a lifelong friendship. Both men were with the **Colorado Springs Gazette,** published by the Gaylord Brothers, who now own the **Oklahoma City Times.** Nels treated us to an excursion into the mountains, to Cripple Creek. It was a beautiful trip and I think, really, was responsible for our moving to the west, later on. We were so impressed with the mountains, the scenic roads, the timber, streams and mines, as well as the clear, pure atmosphere, that we could never quite rid ourselves of their subtle influence and lure.

CHAPTER XV

136+137

My First Chance To Publish A Newspaper — Horton, Kansas

ONE NOVEMBER DAY OF 1903, at Horton, Kansas, —in accordance with my usual custom of calling on local editors—I dropped in to see Clyde MacManigal, publisher of the **Horton Commercial,** a weekly newspaper.

Mr. MacManigal was having his troubles. Some time previously, he had contracted with the Rock Island Railroad to sell railroad land in Western Kansas, and was learning to his sorrow that this little side issue would soon be the ruination of his established newspaper business.

In promoting the railroad project, he advertised the land in the newspapers, made up parties of interested prospective buyers and accompanied them on trips to look over the tracts. Usually, he was absent ten days or two weeks, and in the meantime his newspaper was going to pot! Again, "It's an ill wind . . . "

"Why don't you let me run the newspaper and give your full attention to the land sales?" I asked.

"All right," he answered, without batting an eye, "You can have it the first of December."

For twelve long years I had been working and hoping for just such a chance, and could scarcely wait to reach home and break the good news to the family. Effie Em knew how much it meant to me and was happy on my account. Earl was elated because Horton was a small town and he could now have the pony he had been wanting.

Already, it was the middle of November, and we hurried to pack the household furnishings for shipment, and I straightened up my accounts at the **Journal.** Both Mr.

Wolfe and Mr. MacLennan were glad of my opportunity to launch into business for myself, assured me I was doing the right thing, and that I would get along fine.

I found a successor to take over my route, sold him the outstanding accounts, and was in Horton to take over the **Commercial** on the first of December, 1903.

My contract with Mr. MacManigal provided, in effect: I was to pay him for stock on hand, paper, envelopes and job stock; I was to have a lease on the business until January 1, 1905, with an option to buy at any time during that period; I was to pay the rent on the building and pay him five hundred dollars a year in monthly sums; all cash collections from accounts over two years old were to be turned over to him; I was to have all other collections, new business, and subscriptions.

The sum realized from the sale of my **Topeka Journal** subscription accounts was slightly short of the amount needed to complete the Horton deal, but our young son came to the rescue with some of his savings.

Clyde MacManigal will always have a special place in my heart as the person who gave me the first full-fledged chance to make good absolutely on my own. In any case I would remember him because of the unusual accomplishments he possessed. All week preceding his going to press on the current issue of the newspaper, he garnered news for the social and personal columns by talking and visiting with people on the streets and in the stores. On Wednesday morning Mr. MacManigal set these items into type for the news columns without a note to guide him, and with few errors. In all my experience, I have never known anyone else who could attempt such a venture without incurring the wrath of the "personally mentioned" and offending all Society, generally.

At the **Commercial** plant, everything was in good order except for the recent neglect the business had suffered on account of Clyde's enforced long absences. I cleaned, polished, and re-arranged the machinery, straight-

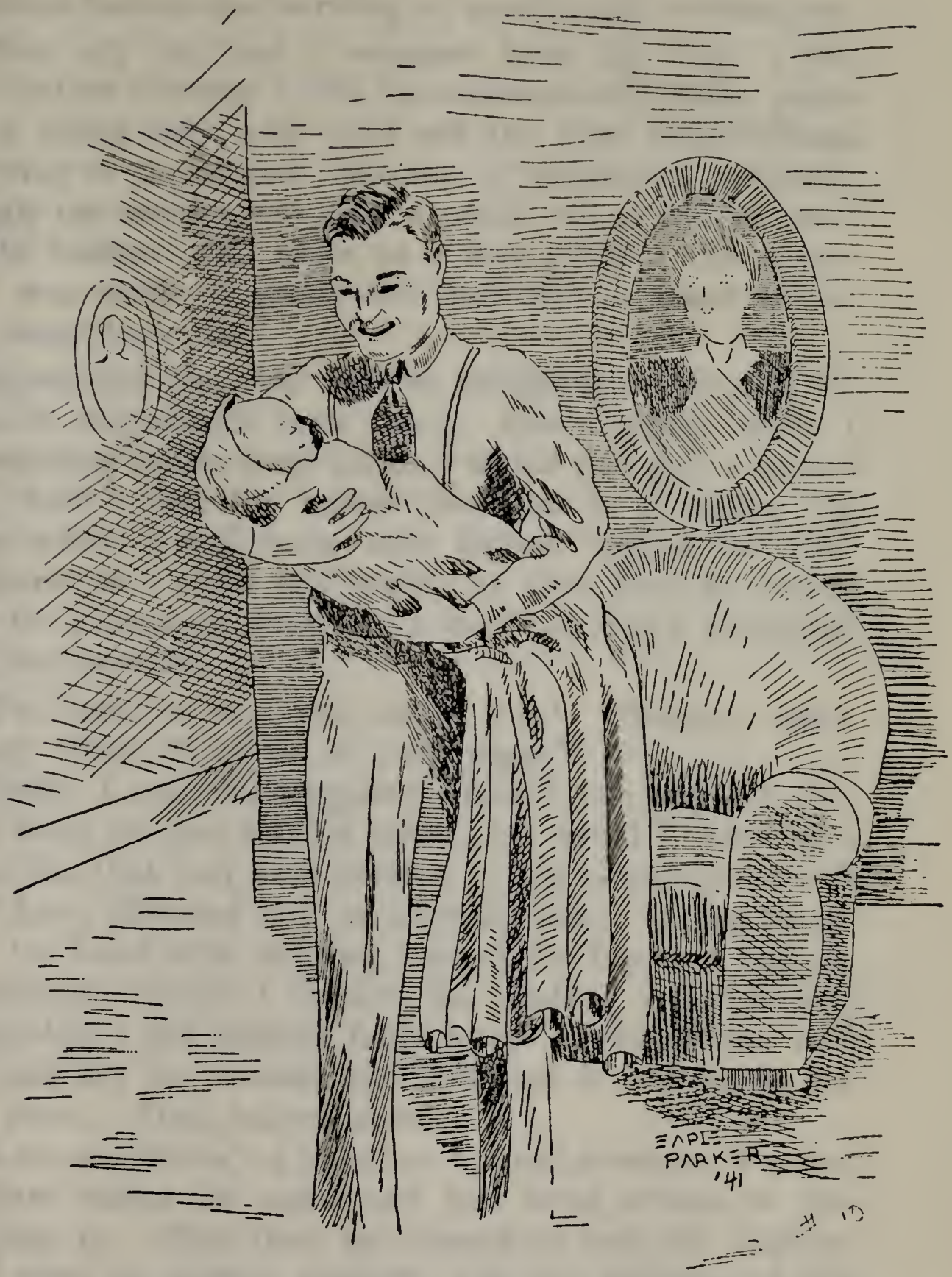
ened the fixtures around to my satisfaction, and then settled right down to the serious business of publishing a newspaper. Everything we owned in the world had gone into the enterprise, and it was strictly up to me to make it pay.

Things went remarkably well for us from the very beginning, and our life in Horton has remained a bright and cheerful spot in our memories for nearly forty years. Earl bought a pony in the spring, and rode him to deliver the **Topeka State Journal** and the **Saturday Evening Post**, as well as on every other pretext imaginable—much as I had employed Old Betts when I was thirteen.

Our house was larger than the little cottage in Topeka, with a lovely yard of flowers and shrubbery that came into full bloom and beauty about the time that Isabel Martha Hanway arrived to add to our happiness. That was on May 24, 1904, and I thought she was the most beautiful baby I had ever seen. I admit the generally accepted fact that young babies are not beautiful, but Baby Isabel surely was an exception to that rule.

We had many, many friends in the little town, and though I cannot now recall the names of them all, they are, nevertheless, remembered in kindness and gratitude. Mr. and Mrs. Glen Smith were our next-door neighbors. Glen managed a drug store. Also, there were Sawter's Drugs, Wheatley's Clothing, and many others—all splendid advertising customers of the **Commercial.** Both banks were friendly to us, and all in all, we loved Horton and were very happy there.

The World's Fair, or Louisiana Purchase Exposition, at St. Louis, Missouri, was the big national attraction that year (1904), and during the school vacation Earl and I went to see the sights. That was in July, and a little later, when Effie Em thought Isabel was old enough to make the trip, she went to visit a sister who lived just east of St. Louis. The last thing I remember as they were leaving the Kansas City Union Depot where I had accompanied them, was Isabel's teary eyes and trembling



lips. Psycologists would explain the incident as being a perfectly normal reaction of a baby to the unaccustomed strangeness and noise, but I knew she was crying because she was leaving her dad. I've noticed that psychology is not always satisfied with its own theories, and sometimes changes them for new ones—quietly leaving out

important factors and arriving at questionable conclusions.

When my son and I returned from the Fair, I put on a contest offering a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar piano to the young lady who could sell the most subscriptions and bring in the largest collection of delinquent accounts. Though the contest was only a small one, it did wonders for the business and made us a nice profit. The experience was worth a great deal and was to stand me in good stead later on.

Throughout the year various incidents, of varying degrees of importance took place. One evening, while I was working in the front office,—which was just a square room with a counter across one end—a strapping big fellow whom I had never seen before, opened the door and burst in. I did not realize at first that he hadn't come for a pleasant chat. In a loud and angry blustering voice he exploded:

"I've come to beat hell out o' yuh! Whadaya mean, writing' things 'bout me in your paper?"

Really, I was flabbergasted—hadn't the vaguest idea as to what he was talking about, nor could I think of a single line that had been printed in our newspaper which could have offended him or anybody else! In the meantime, his hand kept straying toward his hip in a suggestive manner, though I couldn't see whether or not he had a gun—but I did observe from where I was sitting, that Earl had left his baseball bat, and that it was within my easy reach. That helped, some.

In as conciliatory a voice as I could summon, I asked my irate visitor his name and just what article he was referring to. With that, he seemed to cool off slightly, and I went on talking, casually, and also encouraged him to do likewise. He gave me his name, eventually, but admitted that he hadn't actually seen the article, himself. All he knew was, the boys at the railroad shops where he was employed were kidding him because he "got his name in the newspaper!" Forthwith, I took the offend-

ing issue from the newspaper file and found and read the item in question. I then attempted to convince the fellow that this news item was entirely complimentary to him—that he should be proud to be mentioned in this manner. Almost gratefully, he accepted the explanation, and cordially grasped my hand as a parting gesture. Whe-e-w!

As the newspaper business was going so well now, we began to seriously consider exercising the option to buy. Ford Hovey, one of the bankers, offered to arrange whatever financial assistance might be necessary, and we were encouraged from all sides to make Horton our home. Mr. MacManigal had completed his contract with the Railroad and was awaiting our decision. Effie Em and I discussed the matter pro and con for a long time, but we were still remembering the beautiful mountains of the west, and finally decided against settling permanently in Horton.

For some time I had been in correspondence with William L. Kuykendall, a publisher at Saratoga Springs, Wyoming, who made me an offer on the **Saratoga Sun,** and now I wrote a final letter accepting his deal, if it proved to be what I wanted, after examination.

So, like the dogies in the song—"Wyoming was to be our new home," and very soon all our earthly possessions, including the cow and pony, were loaded into a railroad freight car and headed west.

CHAPTER XVI

Waylaid At Denver — Wyoming Postponed, Indefinitely

AT DENVER, while we waited for our train to Saratoga Springs, Wyoming, the first person we met was Charles Lindsay, a boyhood friend.

He had started in the newspaper game with Dan Anthony, I, in the circulation department of the **Leavenworth Times,** Leavenworth, Kansas. Later he sold advertising space for the Capper publications, and was now in Denver with Paul Richter, who then had the largest advertising agency in the west.

Charles was so enthusiastic over the business prospects in Denver and vicinity that his promotional boosting sounded like the Chamber of Commerce, and the Boosters' Club, both rolled into one. According to his way of thinking, this was the Land of Opportunity where one's favorite dreams materialized over night, and that I would be foolish, indeed, to turn my back on such a promising, magnificent and hospitable region. "Besides," quoth he, "It's a great privilege to live in Colorado."

Though we were reluctant to postpone making our anticipated home in Wyoming, Mr. Lindsay finally wore down our sales resistance with his forceful oratory and persuaded me to stay in Denver long enough to "make some quick money." This feat was to be accomplished by conducting a subscription contest for Hiram Groves, publisher of **Ranch and Range,** a monthly farm magazine.

Wherefore, the Saratoga Springs deal was called off.

(Thus it was none other than Charles Lindsay who precipitated me into a veritable career of newspaper con-

tests which took us here, there and yon—and was responsible for delaying our arrival in Wyoming for nearly nine years!)

The **Ranch** and **Range** subscription contest was organized along lines similar to that which I had conducted on the **Commercial** at Horton, Kansas, and in gratifying amounts the returns began flowing in. Mr. Groves was more than pleased with the final results.

My work was scarcely finished with **Ranch** and **Range** when Mr. Quinby of Colorado Springs desired my services for the same purpose. He was publisher of the **Colorado Springs Telegraph,** and I took charge of the contest for him.

As first prize we offered a six-room cottage, for which Mr. Quinby traded advertising space with a building company. For second and third prizes, respectively, he secured trips from the railroads, to Los Angeles, California, and Galveston, Texas.

Our best contestants were a newly married couple who went out and really worked for that house. Both had been popular with the younger set in that community, and although the bridegroom continued with his clerking job in a clothing store, he managed to sell his share of subscriptions. The contest period was three months, and in the end, the newlyweds won the little house—much to the satisfaction of the whole town—and the **Telegraph** profited handsomely through its increased circulation.

After the contest, Mr. Quinby held me over to change the circulation system of the **Telegraph** from a newsboy salary basis to that of the small merchant plan, which is now universally used.

When that work was completed, he asked me to help Johnny Guerin put the finishing touches to a special edition he had been hired to handle. I was to visit Monte Vista, Colorado, and sell a double page advertisement. As I was not much experienced in selling advertising space,

I was glad of an opportunity to test my salesmanship along that line.

Looking forward to an interesting trip, I boarded the night train for Monte Vista, climbed into my upper berth and went to bed—cracking my head only three times—and immediately dropped off to sleep. From time to time during the night I was half conscious of brushing something from my face, and in the morning I was amazed to see a sizeable accumulation of paper wads in my berth. Slowly it dawned on me that I had disturbed my fellow-passengers with my unpopular habit of snoring. I must have been greatly off key to rate such a quantity of litter!

In the morning we reached Monte Vista, and after breakfast I started off in high spirits to sell advertising space to every merchant in town. The first five contacts turned me down, flat. Somewhat deflated, but doubly determined, I stopped to think things over, and finally reasoned out a plan I hoped would work. First, I called at a newspaper office and obtained some large sheets of plain paper with which to make a two-page 'dummy.'

With this fortification, I began all over again, and this time I did sell every merchant in town, including the original five. Of course, I had to use a little strategy.

That was the final job on the edition, and Johnny and I then returned to Denver.

Upon learning we were back in town, Mr. Groves called us in to see him. He wanted another contest, and we took it on. Johnny was to sell the necessary advertising for the expected increase in circulation, and we set to work. We were to receive twenty-five dollars a week in cash, and twenty-five dollars in stock in the business. Even a hustler like Johnny could not sell advertising enough, fast enough, to keep pace with the circulation, as it was growing so rapidly. Soon the production cost was prohibitive, and Mr. Grove belatedly realized that at the rate he was paying us two, we soon would own the business, so he called the whole thing off!

Whereupon, Johnny went to Utah to put out an annual New Year's edition for the **Salt Lake Tribune,** and I accepted employment with our good friends, W. E. and Nels Reinert, who were then publishing the **Denver Daily Mining Record,** together with a magazine called **Ores and Metals,** as well as many technical mining books. I was to help boost subscription sales.

This time it was not a contest, but meant personal contact work, which took me through the mining districts. Nothing could have suited me better. With following trails I didn't bother much, but hiked over whatever section of the country that happened to appeal to me. Always I was made welcome at the little isolated cabins scattered throughout the mountains. I ate meals with miners, slept in their bunks, visited their mines, tunnels and shafts, and eventually became well acquainted with their mining methods. Never did I enjoy a job more than that one. The work took me into Gilpin county, Boulder, Idaho Springs, Central City, Newhouse Tunnel, Jimville, Caribou, Ward, and many, many other interesting places. I had been informed that Gilpin county, Colorado, was named for William Gilpin, appointed as Governor of Colorado Territory by President Lincoln in 1861, but not until later did I learn that Governor Gilpin was my cousin, on the Gilpin side of our lineage.

At about this time we learned, with pleasant surprise, that Effie Em was one of the heirs to an estate in Nevada. Soon after the Civil War, her mother's brother, Walter Dunlap, had gone to California, became interested in mining, and made himself proficient in assaying.

When the rich strikes were made in Goldfield and Tonopah, Nevada, he was one of the first thirty-five men to hit the district, Uncle Walter being the lone assayer in that group of gold-seekers. The majority of the miners who arrived to develop the fields and to make their fortunes had no financial backing, but hoped and expected to get on production by the good old shoestring method.

Stock certificates were used liberally in lieu of cash, and when Uncle Walter died he left a trunkful of them. Later, during the boom of 1907, more rich strikes were made and all the stocks went up, making Walter's trunk worth looking into.

The administrators of the estate, J. J. Henderson and Key Pittman, who later became U. S. Senator from Nevada, did not bestir themselves around much in an effort to locate the heirs. However, it happened that some of Walter's friends eventually remembered that he was from Missouri, and, in the hope of finding some of the family of the deceased, they placed an advertisement in the **St. Louis Globe.** The advertisement was seen by a real estate man in Jefferson City, Missouri, who remembered the Dunlaps and grasped an opportunity to make himself some easy money. He located Effie's father at Topeka, Kansas, and through him the heirs to Walter's estate were found. The realtor offered to make a visit to Tonopah as their representative and to recover what he could for them, on a fifty-fifty basis.

There were a number of relatives to share in the fortune, but the major heirs were the assayer's two brothers, Will and Frank Dunlap, and his sister, Ellie. They had received no previous word of their brother's death, and were willing to let the agent handle the deal. Aunt Ellie, however, was made of sterner stuff, and thought he was receiving altogether too much for his labors. Whereupon she volunteered to represent any of the others who agreed with her, and to make a trip to Tonopah at no charge whatsoever except the traveling expenses from her home to Nevada and return.

Effie wisely joined the rebels and received the full amount of her share, which was over five thousand dollars, at the time the estate was settled. The aggressive realtor cleaned up about seventy-five thousand dollars for himself.

Effie's newly acquired wealth was invested in reliable stocks, but when she observed the price of her stocks fluctuating on the stock market, she became rather upset —"giddy," I believe she described the sensation. The idea of having to consult a newspaper every time she wished to know how much she was worth didn't appeal to her! Couldn't we invest this money in something more dependable? So we cashed in on part of the stocks and purchased a house at 12 South Washington Street, Denver, which was our home while we remained in that city. Later, the property was sold and her money is now invested in the **Casper Tribune-Herald.**

At about the time Johnny Guerin returned to Denver from Salt Lake City, I completed my work in the mining country. Then the Reinerts sent me to Salt Lake City to conduct a contest for the **Daily Mining Record,** while Johnny and a friend, George Childers, took their families on a mining expedition to Rosebud, Nevada. (They shipped out one of those knocked-down cabins and expected to re-assemble it in twenty minutes or so. However, it probably took them two weeks!)

In Salt Lake, I arranged to stay at the home of Mrs. Guerin's mother and sister, who were living there at that time. After school was out in Denver, Effie, Earl and Isabel joined me.

By now, Effie was reaching a high point of efficiency in packing and transporting household goods

After looking over the contest situation in Salt Lake City, I decided to engage some professional assistance.

In making a mental survey of my acquaintances from whom to select a person to assist with the work in hand, I thought of Mrs. Bob Jeff, of Emporia, Kansas, who together with her husband, we had known for many years. Broadly experienced and possessing a striking personality, she was just the person for the place, I believed, and later events proved the accuracy of my judgment. Accordingly, I offered her the place, by correspondence,

Our family in 1906 on the lawn of our home at 12 S. Washington St., Denver. (below, left) Earl at 13 years of age in Horton, Kans., and (right) Isabel at seven years of age in Sterling, Colo.

with transportation enclosed. A few days later, she arrived.

We then opened the office and launched the subscription contest. Mrs. Jeff started the contestants out over the country, while I attended to other details of the business, and, of course, helped her when possible. Trips to Los Angeles were the prizes offered to the ladies who received the most votes.

The contest had not been in progress very long before Bob was wanting to come to Salt Lake, also. He was anxious to possess a cigar store, and had already located one at a reasonable price, but by the time he made up his mind to accept the proposition, the price had advanced a thousand dollars. He made the deal anyway, with me coming in for a fourth interest. This was a good investment and usually netted around a thousand dollars a month.

Son Earl made spending money while attending high school in Salt Lake by carrying a **Salt Lake Tribune** route.

When the **Daily Mining Record** contest was over, Bob and Mrs. Jeff chaperoned the winners to Los Angeles, and another job was completed—and I was looking for something else to do.

150+151

CHAPTER XVII

Richfield, Utah
A 'Rich Field'

ONCE AGAIN I was reading the want-ads—which is the first thing anybody should do who needs a job. In a Sunday newspaper I picked up the information that Mr. J. J. Woodring, at the Western Newspaper Union, was looking for an all-round newspaper man for a country town.

Bright and early on Monday morning I was in that office—along with a crew of other bright and early risers. Mr. Woodring, having apparently heard of my work with the **Daily Mining Record,** singled me out as a likely prospect and called me into the private office. This deference was sincerely appreciated, and I hoped that nothing would transpire during the conference to change his opinion.

In Richfield, Utah, Mr. Woodring and his brother-in-law Mr. A. Williams, owned a weekly newspaper, called the **Richfield Reaper**—an eight-page, six-column quarto. Mr. Williams was retiring from the business because of poor health, and Mr. Woodring needed a partner to take his place.

Further details convinced me that the deal was a splendid one, and we were not long in coming to terms. Williams agreed to take twenty-two hundred dollars for his share, with a part down, and a note for the remainder.

Earl was in high school in Salt Lake City, so Effie, Isabel and I proceeded to Richfield and left him to complete the school term.

When Effie first glimpsed the **Reaper** office and plant, she opined that the whole layout looked like a junk heap to her. But one cannot expect women (not even the wives of newspaper publishers) to understand much about newspaper machinery. I felt assured, though, that all the place needed was considerable re-arranging, fixing and a thorough cleaning.

However, before we were through, I began to think Effie was right. Seven wagon loads of debris were hauled out of that establishment—one full load of old files alone! As a type case was being moved, one of the boys suddenly exclaimed.

"Why, there's my old suspenders! They've been missing for two years!"

In an old desk piled high with rubbish of every description, I found a hundred dollar check that never had been cashed. There was another desk which never had been used, evidently, but nevertheless needed cleaning and painting. We laid new linoleum on the floor, pushed the rejuvenated desk to the front and railed off space for an office. The place now began to look as if somebody lived there.

Next, we overhauled, cleaned and rearranged the machinery, and at last were ready to organize the business end of the institution.

Nine years before, the newspaper had been started with three hundred subscribers, and gradually had grown to nine hundred. The advertising rates had never been increased with the increase in circulation, and the business was barely holding its own. Jack was not only an A-1 printer and mechanic, but he was progressive and cooperative, as well. Therefore, we decided that we should give the circulation a good boost first, and take up the problem of advertising rates later.

It was now the 15th of October, 1907, and we thought that a contest ending on Christmas would be just the thing to build up the subscriptions.

Prizes, consisting of a piano and several lesser items, were offered to the contestants bringing in the largest number of new and delinquent subscriptions.

We did pretty well, for a town of only twenty-five hundred population, as we received thirty-three hundred dollars in all. Christmas Eve caught us with two thousand dollars that had not been banked, and we were so afraid something would happen to our little leather satchel in which this wealth was stored, that Jack and I spent the night together, guarding it, at the Woodrings'. As Effie was in Topeka, Kansas, having been called home by the illness of her father, I went over to Jack's. Next morning, the two of us called on the cashier of the bank at his residence and asked him to please take the money down town and deposit it for safe keeping; we didn't relish the task of guarding that coin of the realm all day on Christmas.

After the holidays it was agreed that we had to do something about our low advertising rates. Attempts in that direction made previously by Mr. Williams, had met with definite disapproval and unpopularity. Wherefore, Jack and I devised a new technique, which we hoped was not too obvious, but would get the job done—we also hoped.

I presented our plan to the merchants something like this:

"Mr. Jones, you have an half page advertisement here for which you are paying three dollars a week. That was the rate given you when the newspaper had only three hundred subscribers. Now, your advertising is reaching five times that number of readers, and you have benefited by this increased circulation.

"We have found that advertisements next to the news are noticed and receive more attention from readers than the advertisements which are crowded together. You can get the advantage of this extra attention if you will cut your space in half and allow us the other half for news.

We need the news space—you want more patrons; the cost to you will be the same, and we'll both profit by the change."

All of the merchants considered the plan a reasonable one and were willing to cooperate. Thus, we now had more space for advertising as well as more news space, and had effected the necessary raise in the advertising rates. Jack was so happy over our new arrangement that he forthwith contracted for a new fire-proof building of brick and cement.

The majority of the population of Richfield were Latter Day Saints, or 'Mormons' as they are generally known, and Effie and I became very fond of the town and its inhabitants. The Mormons are an industrious, happy people, and I believe they are less effected by economic conditions than any other group in the United States.*

Isabel had now reached the age of four, and was a winsome and charming child. The townspeople of Richfield seemed genuinely fond of her and she was the object of their admiring attention when appearing on the street or in a public gathering. She enjoyed a custom of coming to the office to call me to dinner, but so frequently was she delayed by conversation with grown-ups along the way, that often I found it necessary to conduct a one-man search for a small girl.

To that inevitable adult question,

"What's your name, little girl?", the invariable answer was, "Isabel J. E. Hanway."

---

* During the depression the percentage of Mormons on Federal relief was negligible. They take care of their own needy and look after one another in a truly Christian way. They seem to understand how to enjoy life, and there are not the snobbish gradations in their social scale such as we have a tendency to foster and kow-tow to, in ours. Their recreation and amusements are of a healthy, wholesome structure and everyone is free to enjoy them. Richfield had one of the nicest dance halls in which I've ever tripped the light fantastic. There were springs underneath the floor, making the waltzes, scottisches, and two-steps, things of delightful rhythm—so different from the violent jerkings of the present day jitterbugging, which seems to be half gymnastic, half jiu jitsu, and wholly barbaric.

We were especially fond of our landlady, Mrs. Anderson, in whose little home we occupied three rooms, and were glad to be so closely associated with such a remarkably capable and lovable person. Mrs. Anderson had been converted to the Mormon faith in England, where she worked in a factory, and immediately volunteered for missionary work. She wheeled a cart on foot from New York to Salt Lake City, in company with a covered wagon caravan. At Johnston, Wyoming, near Independence Rock* in Natrona County, she scraped up a sack of saleratus from an old soda lake-bed and carried it all the way to Salt Lake City.

When she arrived at her destination, the saleratus and ten cents in coin comprised her total possessions, and both were traded for a peck of potatoes, which froze that night.

But a rare combination of British invincibility and Mormon tenacity is hard to beat! Before long Mrs. Anderson was able to move to Richfield and set up a trading post for the Indians, which eventually gave way to a modern butcher shop, and placed her among the leading merchants of that town.

We soon began to take a civic pride in Richfield, and launched a Clean-up Campaign through the **Reaper.** As a starter and example, I cleaned out the irrigation lateral which ran between Mrs. Anderson's house and the street. I had it drained, cleaned out the rubbish and lined the bottom and sides with big boulders of native red sandstone. Getting the rocks from a distance of eight or ten

---

*This historical landmark of the west lies about half way between Casper and Rawlins on State Highway No. 220. The Ashley Expedition stopped at the spot on July 4, 1823, and named the huge mound of granite in honor of the national holiday. When Father De Smet, the renowned Jesuit missionary, came through the region with his party in 1840, he called the Rock the "Register of the Desert," because of the scores of signatures inscribed on its smooth surface by travelers along the old Oregon Trail. The little settlement of Johnston has entirely disappeared. With nothing remaining to mark its location, very few people know that the community ever existed, or that its citizens worked the soda deposits in that section.

miles and having them hauled to town entailed a vast amount of work, but the results repaid me for the trouble. This was the most satisfactory bit of "landscaping" I ever did. Neighbors began to spruce up their yards and paint unsightly buildings, until the little town soon had the appearance of a well-groomed city park.

The **Reaper** now took a look into the town's politics. We found that eight relatives of one of the commissioners were on the pay-roll of the town. At about the same time the city band honored Mayor Christiansen with a special Christmas serenade. So deeply touched was he by this public demonstration of devotion that he was moved to treat all the band boys to ice cream—at the city's expense. This struck us as rather spurious gratitude, so, in the next editorial we mentioned the incident, along with the commissioner's relatives.

With tears in his eyes, Mr. Mayor came to see us; public criticism was painful to him. The commissioners, made from a different mold, stopped speaking to us. Taxpayers patted us on the back. It was all a part of the newspaper game, and we accepted it as such. There was no personal animosity or malice involved; we were simply doing our job of keeping the public informed.

Some time later, a real estate operator by the name of Homer McCarty, called on us and inquired whether we wished to sell the **Reaper.** We were doing all right and had not thought of selling the newspaper, but McCarty hemmed and hawed around so long that Jack and I made him a price of ten thousand dollars. He was quite indignant and maintained that his client would not go that high. (We hadn't expected he would.)

"Well, Homer," I said, "your buyer can have the **Reaper** for nine thousand five hundred dollars, and you can look to him for your commission. That's our final offer."

Three days later McCarty came in with two hundred and fifty dollars for a thirty-day option. We signed the option and were surprised when within the allotted time

he was back with the stipulated price. I received my share, paid off the note to Mr. Williams and was ready to leave. Effie could be ready to go anywhere at a moment's notice, and was waiting with Isabel. We boarded the afternoon train for Salt Lake City.

(Later, Jack and I learned that McCarty's client was Mayor Christiansen and associates!)

1584159

CHAPTER XVIII

A Sudden Trip to San Francisco
My First Deer Hunt

UPON ARRIVING in Salt Lake City we found that our son, Earl, had gone off and left **us!** At that very moment he was en route to San Francisco with the High School Cadet Corps, which had been designated as an honorary guard to Admiral Bob Evans, Commander of the United States Fleet. The Admiral had been appointed to Annapolis by a Utah Senator, and quite naturally his home state cadet corps was given the distinction of serving in this capacity.

The cadets' train had just departed, and by hurrying around we obtained reservations on the section following. We arrived in San Francisco in time to see Earl in the parade and to witness the imposing spectacle of the entire fleet coming through Golden Gate into the harbor, from which point it was to continue on its around-the-world cruise.

This project was a bit of Teddy Roosevelt's clever exhibitionism, the whole thing being a subtle blending of advertising, good-will, and timely warning! (There was no objection to the term 'good-will' in 1908. This was a practical demonstration of his famous foreign policy: "Speak softly, but carry a Big Stick."

Thirty-odd years have wrought impressive changes in the U. S. Navy, but Teddy's fleet looked decidedly formidable and business-like, just the same. As Admiral Evans' poor health prevented him from taking command, some lesser officer received a lucky break by being appointed to his place.

We visited the S. S. **Kersage,** sister battleship to the S. S. **Kentucky,** saw all the sights in San Francisco that we could possibly manage, and then continued down the coast to Los Angeles.

En route, the magnolia trees in bloom at San Jose presented the most magnificent sight we had ever beheld. The exquisite loveliness of a tree in full blossom causes one to feel, instinctively, that truly, "Only God Can Make a Tree."

At Los Angeles we met up with our old friend, Nels Reinert and formed an excursion boat party to Catalina Islands. Upon arrival at this enchanting resort, Nels, Earl and I formed a fishing party, while Effie and Isabel cruised around in a glass-bottom boat.

Nels bet us a champagne dinner that he would catch the most fish. Earl was too sea-sick to indulge in the sport—but it was my lucky day. After catching several small ones and two yellow-tails, weighing about forty-five pounds each, I hooked a big sea bass which the Captain estimated would weigh two hundred pounds! As Effie's boat was only about two hundred yards from ours, the Captain lifted the bass as high as he could in order that she and Isabel might see our huge catch —but just at that moment our boat gave a lurch, and my two-hundred-pound bass slipped back into the deep, blue Pacific. In truth and in fact, the big ones always do get away. However, I won the dinner and in Denver several months later, the wager was paid.

En route back to Salt Lake from the coast, we stopped at Richfield to renew acquaintance with some of our friends, and for a game hunt in the mountains. I had never been deer hunting, and therefore all arrangements were left to one Charlie Shaffner, who was a veteran in the sport and knew the entire procedure.

A sheep wagon, loaded with all the necessary camp and hunting equipment, was sent on ahead as far as the snow line. We followed on horse-back, and by the time

the remainder of the party arrived the camp was in readiness and we started right out to get our deer.

Earl and the guide went in one direction, while I went another, and within a very short time I spotted a big white-tail buck gracefully maneuvering his large antlers through a thick growth of aspen. I don't know how I ever managed to shoot straight enough to kill him, in my excitement, but I did so, and dashed down hill on foot to bleed him properly, while yelling for the boys to come and help!

They came running, and Earl was almost as excited as I. He brought the horse and we loaded the deer across the saddle.

While our guide was leading the horse to the top of a ridge where we placed the dead animal in temporary 'storage' on a large rock, Earl and I walked on either side, steadying the carcass. A two-foot snow covered the ground and the going was none too easy—which fact caused what might have been a serious accident. As we were making our way back to the trail from the aspen grove, I stepped into a covered hole, and went down. Startled, the horse jumped forward and let out a kick that struck me in the chest, and sent me rolling down the hill, gasping for breath. Had I been far enough away to receive the full force of the blow, the party would have been over then and there.

However, after the boys lifted me up and pounded some breath into my lungs, we proceeded on to camp without further mishap.

We continued our outing for several days, and though we bagged only the one deer, all of us had a fine time and enjoyed the out-door life, the venison steaks, and camp life in general.

Before we continued on to Salt Lake, the Woodrings, who were still living at Richfield, invited us to their home for dinner. Mrs. Woodring, one of the best cooks I know, served us a most delightful meal. When a man compares

another woman's culinary ability favorably with that of his own mother, he is paying the former a fine compliment. And that is the compliment I would extend to Mrs. Woodring.

Upon arrival back in Salt Lake we found Bob Jeff

was desiring a vacation from the cigar business, so I agreed to take charge of the store during his absence.

Just before Bob's return, Mr. W. E. Wood, manager of the **Salt Lake Tribune,** approached me in regard to putting on a subscription contest for his newspaper. This was a far greater proposition that I had ever handled, but he made such an attractive offer I couldn't say "No." Once the contest was launched, I wouldn't have missed the excitement for anything.

To stimulate immediate interest on the part of the public, we obtained five thousand dollars in gold from the bank, arranged for the purchase of a four-thousand-dollar Studebaker sedan—placed the gold and the sedan on display in the big front window of the **Tribune,** and announced the opening of the contest. The time of the contest was divided into two six-weeks periods, and contestants could participate in either or both periods.

Twenty-three hundred dollars in gold was to be divided among the winners of the first half, and the remaining twenty-seven hundred dollars was to be awarded the winners of the last half. Twenty-five chances on the automobile were given for every year's subscription to the **Tribune**—and the whole enterprise created quite a stir —even for Salt Lake.

We were covering all of Utah and Idaho, as well as portions of Nevada, Wyoming and Colorado, and I hired four young women to travel over the territory to appoint and instruct the contestants. A great deal of organizing and work was required, but it was a whiz from the very beginning, as the contestants were all ambitious and energetic. As the contest progressed, we removed the car from the show window, from time to time, and treated the contestants to trips up beautiful Weber Canon for trout dinners and get-to-gether parties, where they became acquainted with one another and exchanged useful bits of information that helped in their contest work.

At the end of the ninety days, when the contest was

over, two girls were richer by a thousand dollars each, two received five hundred dollars each, and many others received lesser cash prizes, while the automobile was awarded to the holder of the lucky number.

Ruth Bradson, a millinery saleswoman in Ogden, Utah, won prizes in both periods. Even with a late start, she won two hundred and fifty dollars in the first half, and in the last period her reward was one hundred and fifty dollars. A short time afterward, Miss Bradson accepted my offer of a position with me on a similar deal in Denver.

The contest brought to the **Tribune** the sum of sixty thousand, six hundred dollars in cash, and its circulation was increased by several thousand. In addition to the salary I had been drawing, my commissions on the gross receipts made my three months of work on the Salt Lake newspaper very remunerative as well as enjoyable.

CHAPTER XIX

Colorado Experiences Denver, Sterling, Haxton And Loveland

THERE being no further inducement to remain in Salt Lake City, we returned to Denver, to await developments. Luckily, the tenant to whom we had rented the house had just vacated, and we took up residence again in our home at 12 South Washington Street. We barely arrived in time to vote in the presidential election of 1908, when William Howard Taft was running on the Republican ticket and William Jennings Bryan was making his campaign on the Democratic side.

Soon after we were settled, and while looking around for something to do, I encountered Alfred Patek, who recently had purchased the **Western World,** a monthly publication.

This magazine had been somebody's dream that was slowly fading out because there had not been a proper field for it. While this periodical had age, post office permits, and otherwise was established, it was in much the same condition as **Life** magazine when **Time** took over its management.

Mr. Patek was of Jewish descent and possessed the inherent business acumen of his race. He had been connected with the **Denver Times** under the Tom Patterson regime, and was a progressive, all-round editorial and newspaper man. A land boom was then sweeping the country, and he saw a wonderful opportunity to capitalize on the high degree of public interest in the soil.

He offered me a half interest in the **Western World,** and after going into its possibilities thoroughly, I made the purchase and was in business once more.

Though government land had been open to homestead entry for many years, there were millions of valuable dry land acres still available. It just happened to be one of those "back to the farm" movements that the country seems to undergo every now and then when people have a strong urge to work and till their own soil.

We realized that the period would probably be of short duration, and that it was simply a case of making hay while the sun was shining.

An office was opened in the Colorado Building at Sixteenth and California Streets, and Miss Minnie Lindsay was employed as secretary and stenographer. The young lady was a sister of the Charles Lindsay who had sold us Colorado in general and Denver in particular. Further, it may be said that Miss Lindsay was fully as efficient in her line as her brother was in his.

We then entered upon the project of increasing the subscriptions to the **Western World.**

I sent to Utah for Miss Ruth Bradsen, of prize-winning and subscription-getting success in the **Salt Lake Tribune** contest, described in a preceding chapter. We published maps and plats copied from the government Land Office maps, gave full description of the soil and surrounding country and furnished all the information we could gather which would be helpful to the new land seeker. Advertisements were placed in eastern newspapers, telling of the services we were offering through the magazine—and the dollar subscriptions came in by the hundreds.

Miss Bradsen devoted her time to circulation-building in eastern states, while I traveled over Colorado, Texas, Arizona, Kansas and Nebraska, for advertising. Ruth canvassed every business place on the Burlington Railroad line from Denver to Chicago, and secured from twenty-five to fifty subscriptions daily. She also worked

the Rock Island Railroad route with the same degree of success.

On one of her trips east Miss Bradsen had an interesting experience, at Nauvoo, Illinois, where in the early pioneer days the Mormons suffered such cruel treatment at the hands of their Christian (?) brothers that the former were compelled to migrate to another region. During Miss Bradsen's stay in the community, someone plowed up the key to the old temple, whose burning had been an act of "righteous indignation" by a scandalized populace. Because the Mormons' way of life was not in accordance with their own ideas, they believed it therefore must be offensive to God, so destroyed the place of worship of the 'Saints' and likewise burned their homes.

(Vardis Fisher brought out this religious intolerance of the early Americans in his "Children of God," as did Darrell Zanuk, in his moving picture production, "Brigham Young," but by the time the film was released, religious persecution had reached such devastating proportions in Europe that the movie made but slight impression upon the public. I remember hearing my mother and father relate the tales they had heard concerning the sufferings of the Mormons when they made their trip from Greensburg, Indiana, to Red Oak, Iowa. This is a little phase of American history which we all like to ignore.)

Ruth, being of the Mormon faith, naturally felt that the key rightfully belonged to the Mormons, and she attempted to gain possession of it. Finally, she offered the finder the sum of fifty dollars for the relic, but he stubbornly refused to part with it.

With the dwindling of the land boom, the subscriptions and advertising of the **Western World** began to diminish, and we then sold the magazine to the Reinerts, who consolidated it with one of their other publications. The enterprise had been a money-maker, and we were well satisfied with our earnings.

Patek then took over the editing of the **Denver Munic-**

ipal Facts, and Earl, who had been carrying newspaper routes on the **Denver News** and the **Denver Republican,** while attending school, accepted a position with him as circulation manager.

My attention and interest were now drawn to an irrigation project immediately west of Grand Junction, Colorado, on the western slope of the Rockies, which the Marrs Brothers were promoting, along with the new townsite of Cisco.

The project looked like a sure thing, and I contracted with the Marrs' to sell town lots.

The business had been going nicely for a few months when there developed an unforeseen shortage of money which caused the contractors of the dam and canals to curtail activities. Everything slowed down accordingly.

I strongly suspected that, henceforth, real estate would not be moving very fast, and that the whole enterprise would probably fizzle out—so I traded my contract for a small weekly newspaper, called the **Sterling Sun,** at Sterling, Nebraska.

Sterling is a county seat, with a population consisting largely of well-to-do, retired farmers. Though the town was in the center of a good agricultural area, the populace was perfectly satisfied to leave the progressive advancement to the larger cities. The city of Lincoln was only fifty miles distant, and when Sterling residents felt need for excitement, they could always drive to the modern neighboring city within a short time. On nearly every Saturday night while our lot was cast in Sterling, we, Effie Em, Isabel and I, used to visit Lincoln, in order to escape the monotony, and to enjoy the luxury of a bath in a real bath tub.

Really, however, the citizens of Sterling were all fine folk—sociable, helpful and cooperative in our work of publishing the **Sun**—with the exception of one doctor. He positively had no time for polite conversation with a newspaperman, whom he seemed to regard in disrespect as

nosey busy-bodies. But when we dropped him from our news calling list and continued to publish detailed accounts of the other doctors' new babies, sick-calls, and convalescents, he changed his policy to one of courteous accommodation, and his office became a very mecca for news items.

We had never considered Sterling as a permanent location! I intended to keep the **Sun** only long enough to build it up, and then to dispose of it at a profit. But when I was ready to sell, there was no immediate buyer available.

I had become anxious, in the meantime, to return to Denver and to look around for something else, so I leased the newspaper to a reliable successor and was in Denver in time to attend the annual convention of the Colorado Press Association. That was the fall of 1911.

At that session, held in the Albany hotel, I met Mr. C. A. Coston, of Fort Morgan, Colorado, who greeted me with the information that I was just the man he had been trying to locate, for the past ten days. He explained that he was in the real estate business in Fort Morgan; that some of his banker friends in Sterling, Colorado, were threatened with taking a loss on two newspapers in their town, namely, the **Republican-Advocate,** a weekly publication, and the **Daily Advocate;** that the former editor-publisher of the said newspapers had run the business into debt and had borrowed so heavily from the bank that he despaired of ever being able to liquidate his obligations; that he had turned over the business to the bank and had taken his departure for other and possibly more favorable fields; that the bank had persuaded him (Coston) to take over the business and operate it until he could dispose of the same, which he had agreed to do, but that the publishing of newspapers was out of his line and he was anxious to be released from a portion of his responsibility—hence his effort to get in touch with one of my experience.

A half interest in the deal was offered to me by Mr. Coston, if I would proceed with publishing the two newspapers and pay off the debts.

After a thorough discussion and survey of the entire situation, I decided it could be done—and the Hanway family moved to Sterling, Colorado, in January of 1912.

That year was a busy one. My hands were full, with the two publications and the equally important job of straightening out the finances as I went along. In the spring following, Earl resigned from his position with **Denver Municipal Facts** and came to help. He worked as a reporter for both daily and weekly issues, while Effie proved herself to be an excellent proof-reader.

Some time later I accepted the opportunity to purchase the **Merino Breeze** at Merino, Colorado, and sent Earl to edit and manage it. I also bought the **Haxton Herald** at Haxton, Colorado, and still held control of the **Sun** at Sterling, Nebraska.

A presidential election year had now rolled around again, with Taft as a candidate representing the conservative Republicans; Teddy Roosevelt, the Progressives, and Woodrow Wilson, the Democrats.

There was a state election, also, and the Colorado law provided for publication of the state ticket in a newspaper of general circulation. The weekly **Republican-Advocate** was awarded this legal advertising, in Logan county, which brought in a check for fifteen hundred dollars. Before I could get to the bank to apply this sum on the notes, Coston was Johnny-on-the-spot with an offer to sell his half interest—for just fifteen hundred dollars! I handed him the check.

An opportunity to dispose of the **Merino Breeze** at a profit presented itself to Earl at about this time, so he sold the business and went to Flagstaff, Arizona, where he intended to enter the Forestry Service. (He had not realized yet that he was doomed to be a newspaper man.)

Lack of experience, however, prevented his entry into

the Forestry Service, but he found a position with Dr. Percival Lowell, in the observatory there. At this time Dr. Lowell's theory that Mars is inhabitated was a subject of considerable comment, serious and otherwise. Some wit observed that the only real interest of Americans in the planet was to learn whether or not it offered good fishing; I am reminded that a few years ago the people of this continent, while listening to a radio program on the evening of Halloween, were terrified by the dramatic and realistic enactment of a Martian 'invasion'—product of the imaginative mind of Orsen Wells.

One day my thoughts turned to my old friend, J. J. Woodring, my former partner on the **Richfield** (Utah) **Reaper,** who, after farming in Idaho for a year, had reached the conclusion that tilling the soil was not for the likes of him, and was then living in Salt Lake City. On the spur of the moment I wrote him a cordial invitation to visit us at Sterling, and he came at once.

Jack liked the appearance of Sterling so well and the newspaper looked so good to him that he wanted to buy a half interest, which I sold to him—for fifteen hundred dollars—and we were partners again.

After we had been in Sterling about two years, Mr. Scott, the town's postmaster — a rugged, but canny, Scotchman with well defined and determined political aspirations—reasoned that a newspaper was the logical instrument with which to boost himself into the state's legislature. Therefore, he wanted to buy us out. Scotty knew nothing whatsoever concerning the publishing of a newspaper, and when I agreed to sell him my interest, he persuaded Jack to remain in the business and take charge. Jack had always worked in the composing room, commonly known as the "back office," where he supervised the printers and performed other duties—but we had a well trained crew and he was now able to take over the management and editorial work and conduct the whole enterprise. Scotty won his post in the

legislature, and the Republican-Advocate was one of the most successful newspapers in that section of the country.

Later, when Scotty passed on, Woodring was made administrator of the estate, and as there were no relatives in this country and only one or two in Scotland, who were not interested in American newspapers, Jack bought their share and came into full ownership of the newspaper. For many years he carried on—cleared all the indebtedness, and accumulated considerable property and wealth besides. Mr. Woodring, also, has now passed away, and his son, John, Jr., has been managing the business and doing a fine job of it.

From Sterling, early in the year of 1914, we moved to Loveland, Colorado, where I bought the half interest of a Mr. Branson in the **Loveland Daily Herald.** From Arizona, Earl came to help, and did all the reporting and numerous other duties.

The town of Loveland is in a wonderful agricultural district, famous for its cherries and small fruits, as well as garden produce, and is situated on the Big Thompson River which flows past the town from almost the very top of the Continental Divide above Estes Park. (The Big Thompson project at Henney, Colorado, that will furnish power and water to thousands, is still in process of building at this time.)

We liked Loveland, and had a comfortable little house with a lovely yard, but try as we would, it was impossible to compete with the Denver newspapers, which came into town in early afternoon and were delivered before we could put the **Herald** on the streets. We attempted to increase the business by publishing a newspaper in Estes Park, which we called "Alakasai"—an Indian word meaning, "that is the story," but it was "no go." Our little business just would not support two families. Mr. Branson, being a farmer and not dependent on the newspaper's income for a livelihood, was willing to buy back his interest.

Having already sold my newspapers at Haxton, Colorado, and Sterling, Nebraska, I now was in the market again for another newspaper.

While Jack Woodring and I were in partnership at Sterling, Colorado, we owned a Chalmers automobile, of the 1909 model, in which I still owned a half interest. It now occurred to me that this car would serve me well as transportation over the country in search of a new location. Accordingly, I bought Jack's interest in the car and started out—visiting Fort Morgan, Colorado, and continuing into Nebraska—to Sidney, Alliance and Scottsbluff.

At the latter city, I renewed acquaintance with Fred Roberts, who formerly was with the Great Western Sugar Company in Sterling, Colorado, and he urged me to buy a newspaper in Scottsbluff.

Fred had purchased the Scottsbluff Electric Plant, and held high hopes for the progress of the town. He was a fine fellow who never looked on the dark side of life. Fred entertained advanced ideas, and if anything, he was even more optimistic than I, in his views!

Three or four days were spent there in looking things over, and I found that already there were three weekly newspapers. As it would have been necessary to buy them all out to make way for one good 'sheet,' I decided that this was not just the place for us—and continued on, to Cheyenne, Wyoming. (I can't say that I enjoyed the trip—what with the cantankerousness of a 1909 automobile and highways ? of loose sand and deep ruts!)

In Cheyenne, my first act was an immediate call on Mr. William C. Deming, then the owner and publisher of the **Wyoming State Tribune,** at that time the largest newspaper in Wyoming. Through the years I had formed acquaintance with Mr. Deming at Press Association meetings, and on other occasions, and my admiration for him inspired my confidence in him. I felt that he not only was well informed on Wyoming and its opportunities in

general, but that he would take a personal interest in helping me to find the right location for my future endeavors.

In this conclusion I was not disappointed, and we engaged in a long discussion. He seemed to believe that Casper, located in the center of the state, in Natrona County, was the most favorable spot in the whole country at that time.

Oil in quantity had been struck in the Salt Creek field and was an important factor relating to Casper's future, he pointed out, and also he understood that Alfred J. Mokler, publisher, for 18 years, of the Natrona County Tribune, a weekly newspaper, was desiring to retire.

He also remarked that as the leading Republicans of Casper were anxious that the newspaper remain a Republican publication they undoubtedly would be glad to extend any assistance which might be needed.

His words were as music to my ears, and as though the Big Rock Candy Mountains were just around the bend. I felt that no time should be lost! In my haste to arrive in that Promised Land at the earliest moment possible, I straightway stored the old jallopy in Dineen's garage and boarded the first train north for Casper.

(Upper) A picture of the author about the time of his arrivel in Casper in 1914. Lower views are of hunting trips in old Wyoming

CHAPTER XX

Wyoming, At Last
Casper — "The Valley of the Moon"

SO NOW, after nine years' delay from the time we first started for Wyoming, I was here, at last.

While our home was probably not going to be Saratoga Springs, as originally planned in 1905 when the deal for the **Saratoga Sun** was on, yet there was a deep sense of well-being at the prospect of living anywhere in this wonderful Wyoming.

Immediately behind were many extremely active years, with their typical ups and downs, crowded full of experience with the varied phases of newspaper publishing. Each one had been valuable preparation for just such an era as Wyoming was now facing.

It was not with regret that I looked back over all the hard work of the thirty-six years since selling subscriptions to the old "Family Story Paper," and even though I had not made much money, we had enjoyed a good living, a great amount of traveling, and had gained much valuable experience. Now, I felt prepared to meet whatever this new venture might offer.

Thus, at the age of forty-eight, with a great deal of energy and ambition to pursue a successful career, though with but little 'coin of the realm' in my pocket—I faced the future and whatever it might hold, with confidence and hope.

I was highly pleased with the appearance of Casper and the prevailing conditions. There was a rush of activity, and one either had to step lively or be stepped on. There was a feeling in the atmosphere that some-

thing important and sensational was just about to happen.

Two weeks were spent in surveying the community, and I found the facts to be much as Mr. Deming had pictured them. There was every indication of an approaching boom and expansion that would make the town a permanently important commercial center.

The longer I stayed and the more I analyzed the bright prospects for the future of this exciting region, the more I aspired to have a part in the future and development of this great high country. Realizing that the part a newspaper with constructive policies plays in advancing the varied interests of a community and the service it renders to the public is beyond calculation—I felt certain that this was just the spot I had been seeking during all these years. As Jack London would have expressed it, I had found "The Valley of the Moon."

In almost the twinkling of an eye, new homes were springing up, while hotels and apartment houses were being built as fast as the contractors could handle the work. Truck freighting to and from the Salt Creek oil field, forty-five miles to the north, had already created a huge payroll. The Chicago and Northwestern Railroad had been the town's only railway, but now the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy was building its line through from Kirby, Wyoming, to Orin, Wyoming—connecting with the old Cheyenne Northern. Michael J. Foley was in charge of the construction. As road and trainmaster for the Burlington, Mike had come to Greybull, Wyoming, in 1910, and in 1912 was appointed assistant superintendent. He moved to Casper in October of 1914, the same as we, and both families have resided here ever since.

I conferred with the leading citizens of the town, all of whom indicated a willingness to actively cooperate in any constructive operation conducive to Casper's economic future.

The men who stood back of me and made possible my purchase of the **Natrona County Tribune** from A. J. Mokler

were, G. R. Hagens, the late Patrick Sullivan, the late Dr. H. R. Lathrop, the late C. K. Bucknum, Steve Tobin, Jeremiah Mahoney, and W. F. (Bill) Henning.

Mr. Hagens was a young attorney from Pella, Iowa, who had been in Casper about a year and already was recognized as an influential and valuable citizen; Mr. Sullivan, a pioneer sheep man, long active in political and civic affairs, who then was Republican State Chairman, later was appointed Republican National Committeeman from Wyoming, and also served terms as State and United States Senator, respectively; Dr. Lathrop, a leading physician and surgeon, had come to the community in the employ of the contractors for the Pathfinder Dam which had just been completed forty miles to the southwest of Casper; Mr. Bucknum was an early soldier pioneer and stock man whose good deeds are fittingly commemorated in Bucknum Lodge, a home for aged and dependent men and women in the eastern portion of Casper; Mr. Tobin, long known as one of the best sheep men in Wyoming, is still engaged in that business; 'Jerry' Mahoney retired from the sheep business during the oil boom and entered other activities, being now a representative of a large eastern wool house; and Mr. Henning was then a young man from Louisville, Kentucky—a plumber by trade—who successfully kept pace with the town's growing needs, always being in the lead. He is now a prominent hotel man and one of Casper's largest property owners.

Mr. Mokler had been the owner of the **Tribune** since 1896, having purchased the newspaper from the Republican Publishing Company.* The plant was located in the

---

* Mr. Mokler, since retiring from the newspaper publishing business, has gained a reputation of national scope as an authority on Wyoming and western history. Among his best known published volumes are "History of Natrona County, Wyoming," "The Transition of the West" and "Fort Caspar." Late in 1940 he launched a bi-monthly periodical of Wyoming history, entitled, "The Wyoming Pioneer," of which he is the editor. The magazine now enjoys a wide circulation to all parts of the United States, carrying many stories of thrilling early-day history of Wonderful Wyoming.

basement of the Mokler building, on Center street, just across the alley north of the Webel Commercial Company store (now the Rialto Theatre building.)

There was little argument about the price asked by Mr. Mokler for his newspaper, and the Hanway family was about to make the final move.

I returned to Loveland (Colorado) to break the good news to the family and to close up the odds and ends of my business there, while Mr. Hagens proceeded with the preparation of the legal phases of the **Tribune** transaction in Casper. Effie Em stored the furniture at Loveland where it was to remain until I could get settled at Casper. Earl went to Cheyenne to accept a reporting job on the **Cheyenne Leader,** and Effie Em followed with Isabel, to stay with him in the Capital city until I could locate a place to live. That was a real problem at Casper in 1914. Houses were almost certain to be sold out from under one, and apartments were at a premium.

We moved three times the first year in Casper, and solved the problem only by purchasing our own property at 704 South Park street, where we still reside.

A considerable loss was sustained on the **Loveland Herald,** but I was able to make a down payment of one thousand dollars on the **Natrona County Tribune.** He also accepted my note for thirty-two hundred dollars, payable within one year, and the good friends mentioned above signed a note with me at the bank for the remaining three thousand dollars.

Good town, good times, good people and good friends! Thus, on October 16, 1914, I became owner of the **Natrona County Tribune.**

The plant consisted of a quantity of type in wooden cases, several job presses and an old Scott press which printed an eight page, six column newspaper, four pages

at a time; besides, there was quite a generous stock of stationery supplies, as there was no book-store in the town.

Everything went along fine until we started on our Christmas number, when an argument between two of the employees resulted in a strike.

It seemed to me a trifling affair to carry to such extremes, and I hired new help out of Denver in the person of the late W. H. J. Bowey, one of the fastest printers I have ever seen. Within twenty-four hours after I had telephoned Mr. Bowey, he was on the job at the **Tribune,** and we put the edition out on time.

Bowey stayed with me until May of the next year, at which time he bought an idle plant at Lander, shipped it to Riverton and established a newspaper there,.

My order for a linotype machine had already been placed, and I was the luckiest man in the state, in securing the services of a first-class mechanic, David H. Griffith, from the Fort Collins (Colorado) **Courier,** to take Mr. Bowey's place as foreman. When Dave learned that a new linotype machine had been ordered, he assured me that he could set it up and that it would not be necessary for the factory to send a mechanic for that purpose. Dave made good his word.

There were four Griffith brothers, David, James B. (Jim), Lou and Richard, originally from Lexington, Kentucky, and all following the same trade as linotype operators and printers.

As Dave and I were walking home one evening after the new machine was set up and running, I remarked that I would have to employ an operator, as he could not be expected to continue as the machine operator and to serve as superintendent of the plant at the same time. To this, he replied, apologetically,

"Well, I don't want to seem to be making this a family

affair, but I have a brother Jim, in Lexington, Kentucky, who is a mighty good operator, and I know he would like to come out to Wyoming."

"Would it be necessary to send Jim a railroad ticket?" I asked, and Dave admitted that such, in all probability, would be the case. I then instructed Dave to send a transportation ticket to Jim and tell him to report in Casper as quickly as possible—and that is just what Jim did. He arrived in town, ready for duty the next Monday morning, and soon I had as fine a crew as could be found.

A few years later, Lou also came to Casper as an employe of the Tribune composing room, which gave us the services of three brothers, all first-class mechanics and operators. The fourth Griffith brother, Richard, at that time was traveling for the Mergenthaler Linotype Company, of Brooklyn, N. Y., where he has remained, but has now risen to the position of vice-president of the company.

Circulation increased so rapidly that we had to order another linotype machine and a Goss press.

This new equipment called for more space, and we rented the basement of the new Oil Exchange building (now the Consolidated Royalty) which had just been constructed next to the Tribune. We moved into our new quarters, which measured 50 feet by 110 feet, by the difficult process of tunneling through three feet of concrete foundation walls.

The business was operated in that location until 1920, when we moved into our own new building on East Second Street, where we have been operating to the present time.

We continued publication of the weekly edition of the **Natrona County Tribune** for two years, and then came public demand for daily news on the presidential election campaign. Therefore, on October 14, 1916, we put out

the first daily issue of the newspaper—intending to continue it until after the election.

Charles E. Hughes was the candidate of the Republican party and Woodrow Wilson had been re-nominated by the Democrats. The issues of the campaign were much confused, and while Wilson's handling of the sinking of the Lusitania had been criticized at the time, many people were now saying, "He kept us out of war," and seemed to believe that the war cloud had passed. The powers in Washington, D. C., knew that either Germany or America would have to give way or war would come, but Wilson was re-elected with a margin of twenty-three electoral votes.

After the election excitement was over, there was no reverting back to a weekly edition again—the public demanded its daily news, and during the past twenty-six years we have continued to serve the public with reports of the day's news, as well as with many of the best newspaper features made available to the press.*

Earl had come up from Cheyenne in the fall of 1914, and worked for a time on the **Tribune** as reporter and editor, but shortly he returned to Cheyenne to accept the post of news editor on the **Cheyenne State Leader.** However, I strongly suspected that the proximity of Cheyenne to Denver had more to do with his return to the Wyoming capital than any inducement which a new job may have held.

---

* " . . . When the Wyoming oil boom was at its height from 1917 to 1925, it was Hanway who had the foresight to think of the inevitable reaction. With others, he set about educating the public to the need of diversified industry. Oil still runs in Wyoming, but it has settled down somewhat from the boom days, and today there are found farms, vast mining developments, sugar factories, and other interests contributing to the welfare of the state. . . . In all this prosperity in Wyoming the *Casper Tribune-Herald* has played no small part . . . as it has kept hammering away at the necessity for diversification, calling attention to the rich opportunities that lay beneath Wyoming's land, beside oil, until the soundness of its argument has been realized."—From the *Romances of American Journalism,* reprinted by the *Topeka* (Kansas) *Journal.*

Before coming to Wyoming, and while living in Denver, he had met and become more than casually interested in one certain Miss Sunshine Perry, attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Perry of that city, and evidently he did not want her to lose any interest which she may have had in him. It is to be remembered that Denver is much more accessible from Cheyenne than from Casper, three hundred long miles away!

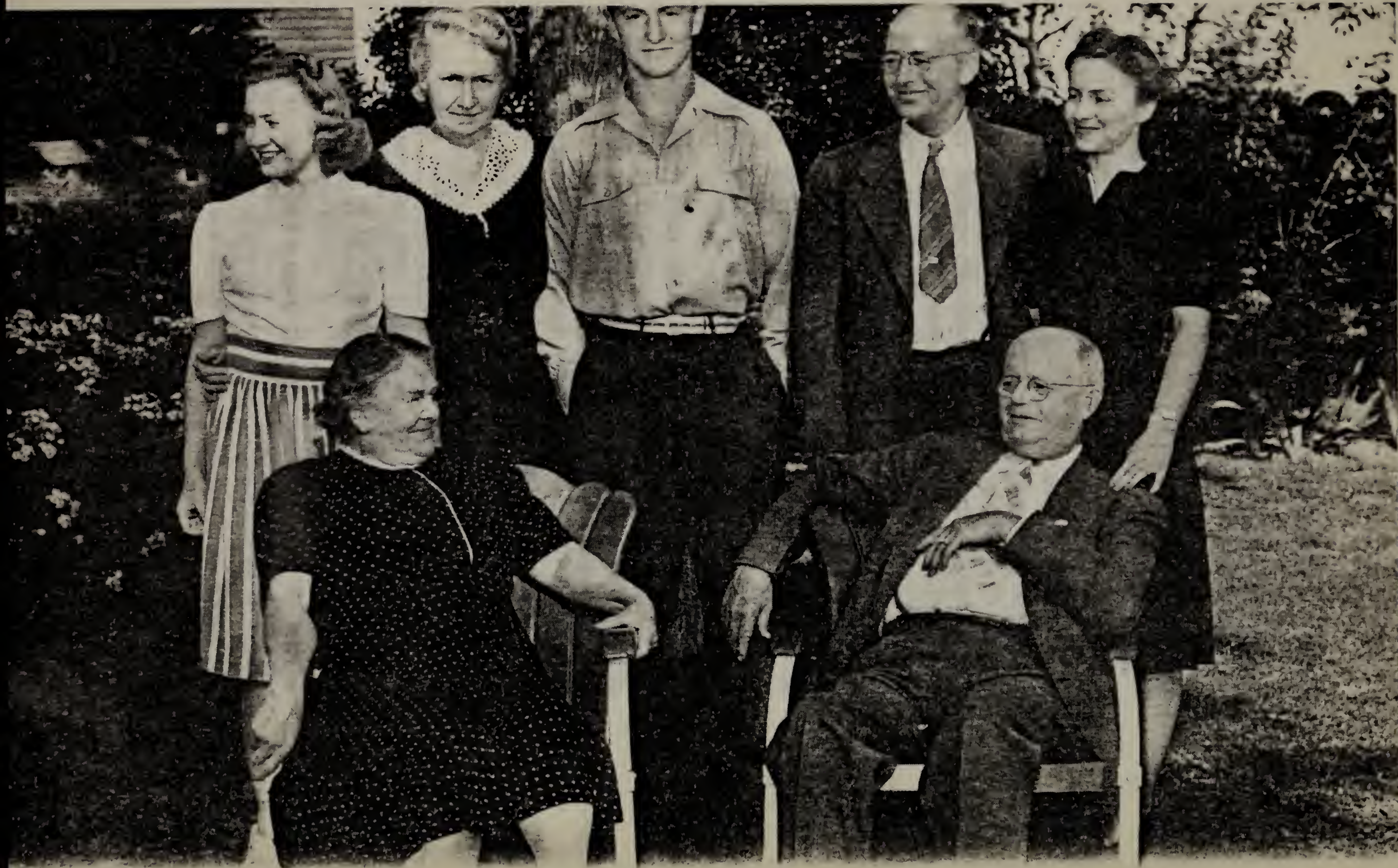
On June 20, 1915, Earl and his fiance were married in Denver, Colorado. As Sunshine had lost her mother, in December, 1912, and the Perry home was thus broken up, the wedding ceremony was performed at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Seaman, close friends of the bride and bridegroom.

On January 1, 1916, he and his bride of six months arrived in Casper to make their future home.

For me, it was certainly splendid to be working with Earl again, and "Sunny," as we have always called her, took an immediate interest in the business of the newspaper. She willingly served as a stenographer and clerk in the **Tribune** office, and generously assisted wherever she was needed. Many times we have called on her, in a pinch, even in later years, and she continues the same fast, capable worker. Sunshine served one term as assistant county treasurer of Natrona County, Wyoming, under Maurice Price.

While Sunny Hanway has devoted herself to her home and family throughout the years, she also has managed to find reasonable time for an active interest in the social, cultural and civic life of the community. She was a member of the board of trustees of the Casper Women's Club House, and assisted in acquiring the original lease on the handsome structure from the Standard Oil Company. Later, she helped to bring about the actual pur-

Three generations of the Hanways pose for a group picture in 1940 on the lawn of the Earl Hanways. Standing, left to right: Lois Hanway, Mrs. Earl E. Hanway, Earl Perry Hanway, Earl E. Hanway, and Charlene Hanway– now, Mrs. Harold L. Reed. Seated, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hanway.



chase of the building by the group of organizations affiliated in the project.*

She is a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the P. E. O. Sisterhood and Order of Eastern Star, as well as the Casper Woman's club, oldest federated women's club in Casper. In the latter group she served as the leading officer.

Our daughter-in-law, Sunshine Perry Hanway, was born on January 7, 1894, in Tyler, Texas. In 1897, she came to Wyoming with her parents to reside at Cheyenne, where her father, Benjamin F. Perry, a distant cousin of the late Wyoming Senator John B. Kendrick, was employed with the Union Pacific Railroad. Her paternal grandmother, the late Sarah Kendrick Perry, of Tyler, Texas, was a sister of the Senator's father.

To Earl E. and Sunshine Hanway have been born two daughters and one son, as follows: Charlene, born on August 25, 1917; Earl Perry, born on June 7, 1921; and Lois Marie, born on October 14, 1923, all at Casper, Wyoming.

This year, 1942, Earl Perry Hanway will commence his senior year at Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois, where he is in the Navy R. O. T. C., and is specializing in journalism and commerce. Lois Marie Hanway graduated from Natrona County high school, Casper, Wyoming, and enters the University of Wyoming as a freshman, and Charlene was married last September.*

---

* If I may make an admission at this time—both Earl and I took a keen personal interest in this entire clubhouse project of the women of Casper, and I am now impelled to declare my own particular pride in the fact that the Tribune-Herald was privileged to share in this splendid community enterprise. The entire story of the club-house is told in a feature article which appeared in the Casper Tribune-Herald at the time of the purchase transaction.

---

* On September 6, 1941, Charlene Hanway became the bride of Harold L Reed, details of which are given here, in part, from the columns of the Casper (Wyo.) Tribune-Herald of September 7, 1941:

"Solemn and beautiful simplicity marked the wedding rites

In addition to their own family, Earl and Sunshine received into their home, and reared, the latter's seven-year-old brother, Jack W. Perry. He was graduated from Natrona County high school at Casper, Wyoming, attended Principia College at St. Louis, Missouri. On December 29, 1936, he was married to Miss Nancy Taylor Yeatman, in Denver, Colorado. They have a daughter, Sharon, five

---

of Miss Charlene Hanway, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Edwin Hanway, 715 Grant Ave., to Harold Lucas Reed, son of Mr. and Mrs. Nevous Preston Reed of West Graham, Virginia, Saturday at St. Mark's Episcopal Church.

"More than four hundred friends answered invitations to attend the ceremony which was performed at the hour just before noon by the Rev. N. L. Chowenhill."

Further details in the article disclose that the "radiant bride wore a gown of ivory white satin, made on simple and formal lines, with a sweetheart neckline, long close-fitting sleeves and a bodice finished with bands crossing from the front to the back and ending in a banded waistline, from which fell a full, sweeping skirt and long train."

The matron of honor was Mrs. Jack W. Perry, of Denver, Colorado, and the maid-of-honor was Miss Lois Hanway, sister of the bride. One bride's maid was her cousin, Miss Shirley Fitzgerald, of Winnetka, Illinois, and the other was Miss Betty Grisinger, of Ottumwa, Iowa.

The bride was given in marriage by her father. The best man was C. R. McDowell, and the ushers were Stewart Wagner, Robert Lloyd, Jack W. Perry and Earl P. Hanway.

A wedding breakfast was given by the parents of the bride in the Empire room of the Henning hotel, for members of the bridal party, relatives, a few intimate friends and out-of-town guests. The latter group included Governor and Mrs. Nels H. Smith, State Treasurer and Mrs. Mart T. Christensen, of Cheyenne, Wyoming; Mr. and Mrs. George A. Flannigan, E. B. Erskine and Mrs. H. C. Wisner, all of Denver, Colorado, and Jerry O'Brien, of Pueblo, Colorado.

"Mrs. Reed has attended Casper schools, finishing high school at The Principia in St. Louis, Mo., Mills College at Oakland, Calif., and Woodbury Business college in Los Angeles, Calif."

Mr. Reed attended Bluefield college at Bluefield, Va., and is a graduate of Virginia Polytechnic Institute at Blacksburg, Va. After graduation he was employed in the research laboratory of the Texas Company at Beacon, N. Y., and at the time of his marriage Mr. Reed was assistant chief chemist at the Texas Company refinery in Casper, Wyoming. He is a member of the American Institute of Chemical Engineers.

Following a promotion received by Mr. Reed in December, 1941, he was transferred by his company to Lawrenceville, Illinois, and thence to Lockport, Illinois, where the couple are now living.

years old. Jack is manager of the Denver office of A. H. Hagg & Associates, special newspaper representatives.

As I now look back over Earl's life, I fully appreciate how greatly we have been blessed in our only son. His higher learning and education have been gained for the most part, in manner similar to my own, through the hard School of Experience, but from early boyhood he showed promise of unusual executive ability and sound business judgment. Each step of his career has intensified and increased these qualities, and the good people of Casper have recognized and honored him in various ways.

From 1922 to 1924, he served on the Wyoming State Board of Education; at one time he was a member of the Board of Directors of School District No. 2; also, he was on the Board of Trustees for the Natrona County high school, and was re-elected for the second term.

In 1930, he was made president of the Casper Advertising Club; in 1933, he was president of the Greater Wyoming Association, and in 1935 he served as president of the Wyoming Press Association.

For a number of years he was chairman of the Associated Press newspapers in Wyoming, and has served on several committees of the Casper Chamber of Commerce, one of which assisted in securing for Casper the State Home for Dependent Children.

In 1939, the Better Casper Association elected him president of its organization, and he served as president of the Casper Chamber of Commerce for the fiscal year, 1940-41.

Since 1921, he has been a member of the Casper Rotary Club and was elected its president in 1942. He is a member of Casper Lodge No. 15 of the Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, and the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, No. 1353, in Casper, Wyoming.

While this public record speaks for itself, many of the finer things Earl Edwin Hanway has done will, for

the most part, remain unknown to the world, though in justifiable pride I can say that in him Casper has had a true and worthy citizen, his friends, a loyal supporter, and his parents, a considerate and dependable son.

Though Earl had been acting manager of the **Casper Tribune-Herald** during my fifteen-months adventure in Laredo, Texas, after my return to Casper, I turned its actual management over to him in 1930—a decision and action I have never regretted.

Not unlike most retired business men, probably I sometimes experience a restless craving to slide back into the harness, and even feel the urge to search for newer and greener fields which Kipling understood so well when he wrote:

"One everlasting whisper, day and night repeated
—so;
Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look
behind the ranges—
Something lost behind the ranges. Lost and waiting
for you. Go!"

But on the whole, I am well content, knowing the business is in capable hands, and having an abiding faith in the Casper and Wyoming of the future.

I trust that the Tribune-Herald will be published under Hanway leadership for generations to come.

CHAPTER XXI

Oil! Liquid Gold
Out West Petroleum Company
Organized

IN 1917, Wyoming's great oil industrial era was well advanced into the pioneering stage, and Casper's oil boom was hitting a mighty stride.*

Forests of oil rigs were springing up like Jack's giant bean-stalk, of fairytale fame, in the Salt Creek field. Locations were proven, or disproven, almost wholly by validation development. Land could be located under the placer mining law, a company organized, and stock sold to finance the drilling operations. Many of the big, rich fields were brought into production in this manner, and many a dollar, too, was dropped in 'dusters'—but such was the way of pioneering a new industry in untried territory.

"Wild catting" was a popular and alluring out-door sport which few were able to resist. Being as daring as the rest, I was one of a trio with John B. Barnes, attorney for the Midwest Refining Company, and John Hancock, now secretary of the State Board of Equalization, who formed the Out West Petroleum Company.

Concerning our organization of the Out West, the Cas-

---

*That was before the states and federal government began their attempts to 'stabilize' the industry; before Coolidge appointed the Federal Oil Conservation Board; before national proration came into effect, and before Hoover said, at a general press conference on March 12, 1929: "There shall be no leases or disposal of government oil lands no matter what the emergency they may be in; in other words, there will be complete conservation of government oil in this administration!" before royalties were levied against the operators and before prices dropped out of sight . . .

per Daily Tribune of March 9, 1917, gives the following account:

> "The Tea Pot Dome section of the Salt Creek field comes to the front with the promise of active drilling just as soon as weather conditions will permit. And those familiar with the structure and general indications for oil naturally predict some large and satisfactory results.
>
> "At least two large companies have arranged for drilling there, one being a syndicate composed, it is stated, of individuals prominently identified with the Midwest interests. The other is the Out West Petroleum Company, a new enterprise now in process of formation, and to be incorporated in a short time. Already these promised operations have brought a demand for land in the Teapot Dome section, and it is reported that premiums are being offered for desirable leases in this most promisingly marked location.
>
> "Local people are to be associated with prominent Denver interests in the Out West Petroleum Company, including J. B. Barnes, Jr., local attorney of the Midwest interests and long a resident of Casper; also J. E. Hanway, who will act as local representative for the Out West Petroleum Company.
>
> "The Denver people associated with the new company are: A. B. Collins, formerly holding an important managerial position with the Rock Creek Conservation Company, and an engineer and experienced oil operator who will act as manager for the Out West Company and spend much of his time in the field. Wm. W. Seaman of Denver, known as a prominent mining operator in the Cripple Creek, Colorado, gold camp, will, it is understood, be one of the directors. Harry J. Newton, exceptionally successful Denver broker, has, it is stated, completed the arrangements for the financing of the company,

providing a fund of at least $100,000 for active and diversified exploration of the various Wyoming oil fields.

"The Teapot Dome land secured for the new company will constitute the nucleus of the assets and operations, and other important announcements will follow from time to time. It is learned that negotiations are pending for additional interests, in the Big Muddy and other sections, the field representatives of the new company reported various likely openings for productive and profitable exploitations."

So favorable were conditions for speculation that on the day after the above item appeared in the **Tribune,** there was a line of people extending from our office, in the Mokler building basement, to East Second Street waiting to invest their money in the likely neighborhood of Teapot Dome; and within ten days we had $50,000 in the bank, while Harry Newton's office in Denver had collected about the same amount. Harry had contracted to sell the stock, but appointed me as his representative in Casper.

On the third day of selling we acquired some more property which looked fully as favorable as the Teapot locations. This was the southeast quarter of section twenty-eight in the heart of the Salt Creek field, and we paid $8,000 to the Boston Wyoming Oil Company for the lease. The northeast quarter of this section, later, brought in several huge gushers, and it is estimated the investors made over a million dollars.

One hundred thousand dollars was spent economically. We drilled six wells (often, many times that amount was spent on one hole), three being under the Teapot Dome escarpment, which proved we were too far out; and three wells on Section twenty-eight, which were all small shale producers.

While the Out West Petroleum Company played its own part in the proving of locations, it was unable to

make any money for its stockholders, though the majority of the latter made a good profit on the stock exchange.

A Stock Exchange Company was organized in Casper, and fifty new companies began selling stock. Out West, which had sold at eight cents, jumped to twenty-eight cents, and many stockholders hurried to cash in at a two hundred fifty per cent profit on their investments.

At the beginning of the drilling operations, Harry Newton took over the management of the Out West and purchased most of the promotion stock. I sold mine to him and turned my attention to the problem of keeping the **Tribune** abreast of the times. The 'oil bug' continued to bother me occasionally, but I confined myself to the handling of a few leases.

During World War I, Casper went through the universal labor shortage, along with other attendant inconveniences, but the town continued to grow and to prosper, and it seemed certain that the **Tribune** would soon need larger quarters.

CHAPTER XXII

The Tribune's New Home Financial Troubles — And A Wonderful 'Demonstration'

IN 1918, preparatory to the eventual erection of our own building, we purchased two lots on the north side of East Second street in Casper, between Wolcott and Durbin streets, and by 1919 it was evident that the providing of a new and larger home for the **Tribune** should be postponed no longer.

(The lots were purchased from Miss Winnie Bucknum, now Mrs. Mark Davis, of Casper.)

Therefore, early in 1919, I undertook the plan of floating a $120,000 bond issue to finance construction of the proposed new building on our East Second street property, and for assistance with the sale of the bonds, I contacted my old friend, Charles Lindsay, mentioned in an earlier chapter. He was still with the advertising agency in Denver, but was granted a leave of absence from his duties with the agency, for this work at Casper.

In finding the right man for the right job, it seems to me that I have always been uncommonly lucky. Within thirty days, Charles and I had sold $119,000 worth of bonds, sixty per cent of which was cash sales. The remaining forty per cent was signed by the purchasers to pay later.

Plans for a building which then seemed adequate for our needs were drawn up by the firm of Garbutt and Weidner, Casper architects, but so fast was the town

I

growing and so great was the demand for apartments, that we decided to add another story to include nine apartments, and changed the floor plans to include two half-basement rooms, twenty-five by fifty feet, each. Thus, it seemed necessary to abandon the original idea of installing the press in a show window, facing the street. That idea was relinquished with sincere regret, but it is probably true that the revenue from the two business rooms and the nine apartments on the top floor has paid for the entire building, in the course of twenty-two years.

Except for the stone facing of the building, the structure is made of cement bricks which we manufactured ourselves, with a brick machine which we purchased for the purpose.

Walter Hawkins was in charge of the construction, and everything went along splendidly—until we ran out of money. None of the unpaid pledges had come in, and one fine Saturday morning, I faced a five thousand dollar pay-roll—with no funds to meet it.

The situation looked pretty grim. The building was more than half completed, and I was up against a tough proposition. I thought of one of my original standbys, Bill Henning, as a possible answer to my problem, and I located him at the east end of town—working along with his crew. Bill didn't have time for small talk, so I stated my case immediately, and as briefly as possible. Whereupon, he took a roll of paper money from his watch pocket, peeled off five one-thousand-dollar bills, handed them to me with the remark that he'd stop in later for a note—and turned again to his work!

(Bill has done a great deal for Casper, and for many of her citizens, which has never been revealed.)

The following week was anything but a pleasant one. None of the pledges came in, and on Saturday I needed another five thousand dollars. Then Jakie Schwartz, who had a branch jewelry store in Casper from his main establishment in Denver, offered to help raise some funds

in that city. But I found the Denver banks with a policy of, "Colorado money for Colorado." Every contact which we made brought the same results.

After nearly a week of struggling against these seemingly hopeless odds, I remembered that "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." Hence, I followed the procedure of the majority of humanity in such dilemmas—by turning to God—who actually does provide not only one channel, but many channels, through which our supply may come.

As the first step after this change of thought, I consulted with Mr. Stewart Booth, of Denver, who is now one of the board of directors of the Church of Christ, Scientist, Boston, Mass. While I related the whole problem-story, he listened attentively, and it was a great relief to my mind to present the case to a person of his depth of understanding and insight.

Mr. Booth discussed the matter with me for more than an hour, and, among other things, he declared his belief that our building project was surely a worthy cause, without selfish motive, and that it deserved to succeed. He then gave assurance that the amount of money necessary for our need was available in Casper, and for me to go home and stop worrying about it.

I realize fully how peculiar that statement may sound to those who do not understand, but I accepted the command gratefully, and obeyed, to the letter.

Upon arriving home, I went directly to bed—and slept once around the clock! I awoke refreshed in mind and body.

At the office the boys were surprised to find collections coming in which were not yet due. Within ten days time these payments amounted to more than five thousand dollars. This sum was from accounts alone, and did not include any unpaid pledges. Then Charles Lindsay appeared again, unexpectedly, on the scene. He was en route to Cat Creek, Montana, but planned to be

back within a week, and when I made report to him on the unredeemed pledges, he remarked,

"When I get back, we'll go out and re-sell them."

On the first day after Charles' return, we sold twelve thousand dollars worth of bonds, and within another ten days the bonds were all sold, the money was in the bank, and the building's future was assured.

This whole incident was one of the most remarkable demonstrations I have ever experienced.

In the meantime, Earl and the Griffith boys had kept things going at the office and were indispensable when the time came for us to move into the new building, in November, 1920.

I had sufficient money to make a large payment on the new machinery needed, and we shipped in a Duplex tubular press capable of printing 30,000 complete 16-page newspapers per hour. Also, we bought three linotype machines and considerable other equipment which, when consolidated with the old machinery, constituted the most complete and up-to-date newspaper plant in the state.

My brother, Gus Hanway, who had remained in Topeka (Kansas), where during the most of the time he was employed by the street car company, then came to Casper with his family. Gus was made custodian of the new building, and the family moved into one of the **Tribune** apartments, where they continued to live until June of 1941 when he and his wife and daughter, Helen, moved to Denver. Later they proceeded to Los Angeles, California, where the family is now located.

CHAPTER XXIII

A Caribbean Cruise
A Happy Holiday

AMONG pleasant recollections of past years are the intermittent holidays and trips to other sections and other scenes—and the memories of those occasions are increasingly precious as time marches on.

One such incident of taking time off from business duties to pursue a carefree pleasure period, was a Caribbean Cruise which I enjoyed with my wife and daughter, Isabel, in February of 1922.

The itinerary included the Virgin, Leeward and Windward Islands—those tiny portions of the West Indies which begin off the coast of Puerto Rico and form a semi-circle to Trinidad, just off the coast of Venezuela.

Much has been said and written on the fantastic beauty of these marvelous islands, but it is not possible to describe with words the color, the charm, and the exotic atmosphere of these lovely gems set in a brilliant sea.

From New York we sailed on the Royal Majesty Steamer, Fort St. George, and the first stop was at St. Thomas where the boat waited over until midnight in order that the passengers might attend a prize fight between the ship's storekeeper and a native combatant. (I bet five dollars on our boy, and won!) Next morning, we awoke off the coast of St. Croix and spent most of the day at Christiansted where the descendents of the early Irish settlers are occupied in the raising of sugar cane.

The boat paused at St. Kitts, Antigua, Guadeloupe, Martinque, St. Lucia, Barbados, and Trinidad—all of

which are under British rule, except Guadeloupe and Martinque, where Isabel found her limited French somewhat inadequate for general conversation.

Our guide in Martinque was an Egyptian boy who knew the Island well. One of the most interesting places was the ruins of St. Pierre, which had been the Island's largest city. The entire municipality was burned in 1902, including all the inhabitants, with the exception of one man who was in jail. The catastrophe was the result of eruptions of Mount Pelee from which an inflammable gas poured out, then settled down into the city and ignited.

During the intervening years a few native home-seekers had come and constructed tiny huts from bits of wreckage, in the ruins.

We observed a small restaurant, and decided to have our dinner there instead of dining on the sandwiches which the ship's chef had prepared and sent with us. However, Isabel immediately began to distribute the sandwiches to the scores of hungry children who had been following us. Within two minutes she was in the midst of a scrambling mob of youngsters, all clamoring for something to eat. For awhile, it looked as though we might lose Isabel, along with the lunch.

Martinque's largest city now is Fort de France, the birthplace of Josephine, wife of Napoleon, and in the park is a huge statue erected to her memory. Martinque was discovered by Columbus, but not until 1635 was it settled, by the French.

In St. Lucia we attended church services. A group of children, hoping for pennies or an opportunity to serve as guides, had been following in our wake, and as they did not come into the church, we thought we were rid of them. However, when services were over, we found they were all patiently waiting!

One of our guides possessed a beautiful voice and often sang for us. Another, who had been a good boy so far as we could observe, was accosted by a policeman. The

Upper left: Posed with Harry Prudden at Miami, Fla. Right, Picking cocoanuts with Mrs. Hanway in Miami, 1922 Lower, with our daughter, Isabel, we are snapped in the Virgin Islands on our Caribbean cruise.

"law" had come to take our guide away because he was a convict. I undertook to defend the boy and gave the policeman as convincing a lecture as I was able, on giving the boy a chance to earn a little honest money, so he would not be forced to steal. This seemed to be an entirely new idea to the policeman, but after mulling the suggestion over in his mind for a few minutes, he left the boy and went on his way. I then took the embarrassed chap into a store and outfitted him with new trousers, hat and shirt, which gave him the appearance of a different person. I am certain that he felt differently, too.

The Islands are British-owned, and we were surprised to find the natives so well educated. They probably write and speak the "King's English" more perfectly than their American neighbors. There was a high order of sanitation, too, and civic improvements.

The Governor's Mansion in Barbados has a beautiful setting, and we were shown over the grounds by a stuttering old caretaker. His favorite exhibit was the grave of a kangaroo which had belonged to the Prince of Wales, now Duke of Windsor. At one time when the Prince was visiting the colonies, he was presented with a young kangaroo in Australia, and at Barbados the little pet had died. In relating that the Prince himself had dug the grave, the caretaker was almost overcome with emotion, 'An' - an' - an' an' 'e dug the 'ole 'e did!'

We landed at the Port of Spain in Trinidad and saw most of the island during our stay. It is a colorful, delightful place. I remember that Isabel caught a seven-pound salt water catfish there.

The return voyage included a stop at Bermuda, where there are no automobiles—and nobody seems to care. We saw all the places of interest from either a horse-drawn carriage or on foot, and didn't mind a bit. We saw Tom Moore's house which is now a tavern, enjoyed the excellent sea food and enjoyed our first real scallops.

In Bermuda we were guests at the Hamilton hotel, and while there we received the sad news of the death of Frank Curtis, of New York Oil Company, Casper. At the hotel we met the Pat Sullivan family from Casper, who had just reached Bermuda from New York.

On the twenty-sixth day after leaving New York, we were back in New York, happy and refreshed, after one of the most delightful vacations we had ever enjoyed.

CHAPTER XXIV

The Tribune Is Sold — Almost Another Look 'Behind The Ranges'

IN AUGUST OF 1922, I received an offer of three hundred fifty-seven thousand dollars for the **Tribune.** We had been in Casper eight years, and had seen and chronicled the events of those exciting times, boosted for the town and state, and built up the Tribune from a small weekly to a daily newspaper of nearly ten thousand circulation.

In the meantime I had not been entirely forsaken by the buying-and-selling habit, and once more the 'everlasting whisper' to 'go and look behind the ranges' impelled me to accept the offer.

A substantial down payment was made by the purchaser, Mr. Charles W. Barton of New York City, a younger brother of the famed Bruce Barton, with the remainder to be paid off in installments over a period of years.

Shortly afterward, my wife and I set out to find what might be hidden behind the ranges. We had no certain itinerary to follow—no schedule to worry us. We intended to go where our inclination led us—stay as long as we liked, or leave as suddenly as we pleased—and to do only those things which struck our fancy.

On August 29, 1922, we left Casper in a Wills-St. Claire automobile, taking daughter Isabel as far as Chicago to enter Northwestern University.

Our first stop was at Denver, for a visit with our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Frantz and family.

At Topeka, Kansas, we drove out to see the old farm where Effie was born, and visited in the city with her sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. George Brown. In Lawrence (Kansas) we visited my sister, Nettie and Effie met Mellisy, of lemon-pie fame. While in that vicinity, I looked up my former boss, Oscar Wolfe, at Topeka, under whom I worked when with the **Topeka Journal,** just before taking over the newspaper at Horton.

In St. Joseph, Missouri, we found another friend, Carl Gist, formerly of Topeka. From there we continued to Centerville, Iowa, where we visited with the Ace Crawfords, oldtime friends. Their son, Jack, was a student at Yale University, and while there we planned that all of us should meet in Miami, Florida, for the Christmas holidays. We went on to Chicago, crossing the Mississippi River at Davenport, Iowa. In Chicago we were surprised to meet Earl and Sunny, who were en route to New York to purchase merchandise for a store of children's wear they were opening in Casper.

At Northwestern, we left Isabel nicely established in the Pi Beta Phi sorority house, found a good man to serve as driver for us, and proceeded northward. At Battle Creek, Michigan, we stopped at the big Duplex printing press plant, and in Detroit we bought ginger ale by the glass. From there we drove to Buffalo, New York. It was the first time we had traveled through the northern part of the eastern states, and we were astonished at the number and size of the vineyards, from which come the Concord grades for Welch's grape juice.

At Jamestown, New York, we paused to visit Mrs. Frank Curtis, in her beautiful home on the shore of Lake Chautauqua.

Of course, we viewed Niagara Falls, and continued into Canada from Rouse's Point, on October 5, 1922.

At Montreal, which has a charm all its own, we hired a guide who showed us around and pointed out the interesting places. At Three Rivers I took time to look over

a paper factory, and then proceeded to Quebec. Along the road, we observed many shrines testifying to the predominance of the Catholic religion. We were in Canada about two weeks and came back into the United States over the same route by which we had entered the Dominion.

At Plattsburg, New York, we ferried across Lake Champlain to Burlington, Vermont. From there we toured through the Green Mountains of Vermont, and through the White Mountains of New Hampshire—not forgetting to send home some real maple sugar—and on to Portland, Maine, famous as Wadsworth's home and the home of George W. Stinson, former publisher of the old **Family Story Paper,** of my early subscription selling! From Portland to Boston we followed the coast drive, passing many beautiful beaches, as well as numerous signs announcing "Antiques for Sale."

At Boston we located several old friends and also some Hanways who undoubtedly are relatives, but whom thus far we have not definitely connected with the family. We saw the old North Church, from whose tower Paul Revere watched for the "one if by land and two if by sea" signal. Viewed the Bunker Hill monument, old Ironsides (This was before it was restored), and the place where Longfellow wrote "The Village Blacksmith" and "The Children's Hour." Also, we visited the grave of Mary Baker Eddy, founder of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, and attended services at the Mother Church.

Another place of historical interest that offers many attractions is Providence, Rhode Island, and here we spent a day with George Crooker, whom we had met the year previously on our Caribbean cruise. We met Governor San Souci and saw the estate of Thomas Lawson, who became famous as the author of "Friday the Thirteenth." We viewed Plymouth Rock and indulged a whim to pick cranberries.

From Providence we drove to Narragansett Pier, and

on to New Haven, Connecticut, where we visited Jack Crawford. He escorted us around the Yale campus and we were impressed with this great institute of learning. Then we continued to Pittsfield, Massachusetts, over Jacob's ladder to Westfield and north to Pownal, Vermont, to see Mrs. Nan Howard. She was formerly Nan Atterbury, one of the youngsters who used to walk in to Johnnycake (now Linwood, Kansas) to the little white school house.

We continued on to Troy, Albany, West Point, Ossining, where Sing Sing prison is located; to Terrytown, John D. Rockefeller's home, and into New York where we were guests at the Waldorf Astoria hotel and amused ourselves generously with window shopping on Fifth Avenue.

New Jersey was found to be a beautiful state, with its green valleys and hills. We visited Newark, New Brunswick and Atlantic City, and drove over to Wilmington, Delaware.

At Washington, D. C., we called on the Frank W. Mondells, lunched with Senator Francis E. Warren, met Senators Smoot of Utah and Borah of Idaho, viewed most of the city and surrounding country and motored on to Richmond where stands the little stone church in which Patrick Henry made his famous declaration, "Give me liberty or give me death!"

When traveling through that fascinating country, rich in historical lore, and standing on the hallowed old sites and realizing their real significance as the beginnings of our great America—one is deepely moved and impressed with the wisdom, vision, courage and generosity of our forefathers, as history has recorded passing events.

From Richmond we drove to Durham, South Carolina, the home of Bull Durham tobacco. I had not realized it had a home. The next day we set a record in mileage for the trip—driving 202 miles! And the following day we were compelled to buy tires.

We then started for Miami, Florida, where we arrived

on November 28, and en route we visited in Atlanta, Georgia, with the family of my niece, Mrs. Thomas Tidwell, a daughter of my late brother, Will Hanway. Also, we did some sightseeing in St. Augustine, Florida, the oldest city in the United States, settled by the Spaniards in 1565.

During all this time our driver, Robert, had given splendid service, but at Miami he felt that he had come to Trail's End, and forthwith treated himself to a lone party. In his wavering meanderings about the city he came upon a new cement sidewalk, in the process of being laid. Here was a chance to leave his foot-prints permanently behind him, not on the sands of time, but in the soft concrete. (We've all probably wanted to do it —it's like the temptation to write one's name on a steamed window, or to draw spectacles and moustaches on portraits.) When the workmen objected to his tracking up their new sidewalk, he became incensed and ran them off the job. Of course, he landed in the hoosegow, but after I paid his fine and secured his release, we never saw him again.

On December 24th, while still at Miami, we were joined by our daughter, Isabel, and by Mr. and Mrs. Ace Crawford and their son, of Centerville, Iowa.

Our first sport in the Winter Playground was an alligator hunting party which we formed, with Jack, Isabel and myself as gunners. We bagged three 'gators, but were not just certain what to do with our catch. While here we participated in beach parties, theatre parties, pompano dinners, and took part in the varied other amusements of the Southland. Often we were joined by Harry Prudden, of New York City, a member of the firm of Prudden, King and Prudden, special newspaper representatives for the Casper Tribune, who was vacationing at Miami with his family. Mr. Prudden and I enjoyed some good deep-sea fishing, and one of his prize catches was

a seven-foot sailfish. I hooked a barricuda, an ornery looking specimen, but excellent seafood.

During our stay in Miami and its environs, we found opportunity for a boat excursion to Cuba. The trip was a rough one, and at dinner that night, the diners, one by one, left the table, until only Mr. Crawford and I were left—and we, too, lost out later.

By December 30th, the holiday vacation period was over for Isabel, and she departed for her school, but Mr. and Mrs. Crawford remained with Effie Em and me for another cruise. This took us to Panama, and was the highlight of our entire tour.

Cuba, at that time, was struggling under a feeble government reminiscent of feudal Spain. The country was full of poverty, political corruption and revolutionary agitation, which increased ten-fold the following year when Machado took control. During the nine years of his absolute tyranny, Cuba suffered the most cruel and corrupt rule ever witnessed on this side of the Atlantic.

However, the Havana of 1923 presented a pleasant face to the tourist and offered many attractions not found elsewhere. It seemed to us that almost everything we saw was of unusual interest. The Crawfords were congenial, pleasant traveling companions, and we enjoyed every minute of our stay. One grand time I remember well was a party at the Casino.

We then sailed for Jamaica, where Port Antonio is one of the most beautiful ports in the world, with its background of mountains and tropical trees, coming down to the very edge of coral reefs and the bluish green of the bay.

From there to Kingston we traveled across-country by automobile—a mountainous road of sixty miles of sheer beauty and loveliness. Often the sea was in full view. On the crest of the mountain range we visited a botanical garden where trees and plants from all over the world were being cultivated.

The boat picked us up at Kingston, and we continued on to Cristobal, Panama, where we went shopping in the East India stores and purchased a quantity of silk and other items.

We saw a German vessel pass through the Gatun Locks, went through the Locks ourselves, docked at Pedro Miguel and toured the surrounding country by automobile.

We visited the supposedly oldest known identified spot on the continent, where Balboa stood in 1513 and first sighted the Pacific Ocean, calling it the South Sea. In 1519, Magellan named the body of water the Pacific Ocean, after he had sailed around South America and through the rough waters of the strait named for him.

We returned to Cristobal by train and sailed for Port Limon, Costa Rica, and from there to San Jose, the capital, where we witnessed a bull fight in which a matador was killed after we had left the scene.

Costa Rica is largely an agricultural country with immense plantations of cocoa beans, bananas and coffee, with a bountiful supply of mahogany, rosewood, cedar and other fine woods. San Jose boasts a national theatre which cost two million dollars.

To begin the journey back to Havana, we then returned to Port Limon. There was a mask ball on shipboard that night, and Mrs. Crawford won first prize with her interpretation of a Greek Goddess.

After another day in Havana, we arrived again in Miami, safe and sound and in fine spirits. The Crawfords left for their home in Iowa, and Mrs. Hanway and I immediately began preparations to continue our tour toward the west coast.

We drove to Tampa, Florida, and sailed from there to New Orleans, shipping the car. We arrived in time for the Mardi Gras, an experience all by itself! Literally, Mardi Gras means "fat Tuesday," the climax of the social season, and the last feast day before Ash Wednesday, which ushers in the forty fasting days of Lent.

New Orleans does itself proud on these occasions, with every man, woman and child, apparently infected with the spirit of gay festivity. Even without the Mardi Gras, New Orleans is a city of charm and interest, especially to the student of history, and its French quarter is as well known as San Francisco's Chinatown.

On St. Valentine's Day we left New Orleans, and followed the Old Spanish Trail to El Paso. We were deluged with more rain than I had supposed could ever fall in the state of Texas. If we were not extricating ourselves or some other unfortunate traveler from a mud-hole, we were being pulled out.

In Texas we visited at Beaumont and Houston and stayed for awhile at El Paso with Nellie Ferry, a daughter of my brother, Will. While there we made plans for taking her little three-year-old daughter, Virginia, home with us to Wyoming as we returned from the coast. The car was left at El Paso, and we traveled by train to Los Angeles.

At the end of two weeks in the Los Angeles vicinity, we began to long to be back at 704 South Park Street, in Casper, Wyoming, and soon were on our way.

At El Paso we picked up little Virginia and proceeded in the direction of home. (After Virginia had been with us two years, we took her back to Texas, and by that time we had grown so fond of our little charge that we were reluctant to part with her.)

Upon our return to Casper, we found conditions at the **Tribune** in a sorry state, and it was very evident that the buyer would not be making his payment.

In August of 1923 I re-possessed the business, and while I regretted that the deal failed to turn out as anticipated, I was, nevertheless, glad to be back at work, with the Griffith boys still on the job, and with Earl coming in to help out.

Since that episode, the **Tribune** has not been for sale.

CHAPTER XXV

The Tribune Buys Competitive Herald And Another Newspaper Fling — In Laredo, Texas

AS EARLY as 1919 a competitive newspaper, called the **Casper Herald,** appeared in Casper. This was also a daily publication, and while the **Tribune** lead the field by a nice margin, the former likewise enjoyed a good business and gave the people of Casper a morning newspaper.

While newspapers the world over love to "put one over" on their competitors, and the **Herald** and **Tribune** were no exceptions in this form of rivalry, yet the friendliest of business relations were always maintained between the two.

In September of 1922 while my wife and I were on our long tour "looking behind the ranges," happy and carefree, under the pleasant illusion of freedom from business worries, the controlling interest in the **Herald** was purchased by Mr. M. M. Levand, who had been with Bonfils and Tammen of the **Denver Post.** We made several attempts to buy out Mr. Levand after I re-possessed the Tribune in 1923, and he also tried to buy us. This section of the state was a good, growing field, and we both wanted it.

Finally, on the first day of December, 1925, a deal was made, whereby we purchased the **Herald,** which we joined with the **Tribune,** calling the combination the **"Casper Tribune-Herald."** We also purchased all of Levand's equipment, for which we did not have the slightest use—but felt that it was worth what it cost.

Thus, the month of December 1925 was an important date in our business career as it witnessed the purchase of the **Herald** by us. It was continued as a morning newspaper until 1931 when it was found necessary to discontinue it as a measure of economy. The crash on the stock market in 1929, coupled with a sharp decline in Casper's population after 1925, seemed to make this step imperative.

Important as this month figured in our life, the same month the year previous, December 1924, was even more noteworthy to our family as on its last day we gave our daughter, Isabel to Clifford L. Fitzgerald in marriage.* The couple met while attending The Principia in St. Louis, Mo. He was president of the senior class and she was the vice president.

---

* The wedding took place on the last day of the year of 1924, December 31, and the *Casper Tribune-Herald* of that date recorded the affair, in part, as follows:

"In the presence of a large number of friends, Miss Isabel Martha Hanway, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hanway of South Park street, was married this afternoon at 4:30 o'clock to Clifford Llewellyn Fitzgerald, son of Mrs. Ralph McIntyre of St. Louis, Mo. The ceremony was performed at the St. Marks Episcopal church, the Rev. Philip K. Edwards, the rector, reading the wedding service."

Further details of the wedding disclose that "The bride's gown was of white duchess satin, the bodice of silver lace and the dress trimmed with satin flowers centered with pearls. She carried a corsage of bridal roses and lillies-of-the-valley."

Mrs. E. E. Hanway, sister-in-law of the bride, was the matron of honor, and Mr. E. E. Hanway attended the bridegroom. The Misses Dorothy and Honor Cone, of New Orleans, La., cousins of the bridegroom, were the bridesmaids, and the bride's small niece, little Charlene Hanway, daughter of the E. E. Hanways, served as flower girl.

The bride walked to the altar with her father, J. E. Hanway, and the ushers were two of her school friends, William Hagens and William Nicolaysen, of Casper.

After the ceremony, the bride's parents gave a reception for intimate friends, and later in the evening they presided at a wedding dinner for the bridal party. The newly wedded couple left that same evening on a honeymoon trip which was to include St. Louis, Mo., for a visit with the Fitzgerald family before continuing to New Orleans, La., where, after January 15, 1925, they were to be at home to friends, at 1215 Exposition Boulevard.

The newspaper article commented on the charm and popularity of the bride, referred to her as a graduate of Principia

Views of the Fitzgerald family. Upper left corner, Joan, Clifford and Shirley in Mardi Gras costumes in New Orleans. Center, Shirley, Clifford and Joan at grandparents home in Casper in 1941. Lower right, Clifford, Sr., Isabel and the family on a Sunday outing near their home in Winnetka, Ill.

During the following year, I did considerable traveling around, and the thought uppermost in my mind was to find the right location for the idle **Herald** equipment. Surely some good town somewhere needed another publication, I reasoned, or a better and more up-to-date one than it already possessed.

At Laredo, Texas, were found just the circumstances which I considered propitious to a successful newspaper deal, and even more than that.

Regardless of the material values offered to a perplexed business man from Wyoming by the thriving border town "down by the Rio Grande," one could almost wax eloquent and sentimental under the mystic spell of this semi-tropical clime, with its concurrently warm days and flower-scented nights.

A sparkling poem from my scrapbook, credited to Mrs. A. L. Kitselman, of Muncie, Indiana, whose pen name is "Leslie Curtis," appeared in the **Laredo Daily Times** under the title, "Border Nights," and the opening verse

---

school of St. Louis, and also as a student at Northwestern university at Evanston, Illinois, where she was a member of the Pi Beta Phi sorority.

Concerning the bridegroom, the article stated that Mr. Fitzgerald "is also a Principia college alumnus and later attended Dartmouth university at Hanover, N. H. . . . He is a member of Alpha Delta Phi fraternity." Also, that he was associated with the Reese Advertising agency of New Orleans.

The present (1942) home of the Clifford L. Fitzgeralds is 730 Sheridan Road, Winnetka, Illinois, and Mr. Fitzgerald is a vice-president of the Blackett, Sample, Hummert Advertising Agency in Chicago. Prior to his present position he was an executive of the Sherman K. Ellis Advertising Agency in Chicago. Mr. Fitzgerald sold his own agency in New Orleans, which he had established, and operated for ten years, to move to Chicago. He was born on October 10, 1903, at St. Louis, Mo.

Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald are the parents of three children, as follows:

Shirley Hanway Fitzgerald, born on January 1, 1926! Joan, born on July 27, 1928, and Clifford Llewellyn, Jr., born on November 29, 1930, all in New Orleans, La.

Shirley and Joan are students at the Roycemore School for Girls in Evanston, Illinois, and Clifford, Jr., is attending the public school in Winnetka.

well describes the romantic, languorous atmosphere of Laredo:

"It is night on the Mexican border
Where the great, cold moon hangs high,
A beacon of silver magic
In the dome of a star-lit sky.
Faint music from Old World gardens
Caresses the soft night air—
And the odor of jasmine lingers
Like the scent of a woman's hair."

The Laredo population of twelve thousand was mostly American-born Mexicans, who preferred to be called Spaniards, but it was a lively little community which I felt certain would be responsive to civic advancement.

The town's only newspaper was a four-page daily edition, printed on an antiquated cylinder press, and the owner, Mr. Justo Penn, was desiring to retire from the business.

This little newspaper plant had an interesting history of its own. It had come by wagon train all the way from Virginia when Mr. Penn's father emigrated westward to settle in Texas. Successfully, it had supported the Penn family ever since, and was still doing a nice business. The Penns were influential citizens in the community. They were well liked and respected and enjoyed a marked prestige in both social and financial circles of the town. We soon closed a deal satisfactory to both the seller and the buyer, and I hurried home to Casper to ship the **Herald** plant to Laredo. Also to draft some of the old Casper hands into the new enterprise.

The **Tribune's** mechanical superintendent was James B. Griffith, and I needed him for the Texas job. A better all-around printer and newspaper man would have been hard to find. But as he had been married only a few weeks before, I wasn't certain that he would go. However, the bride settled the question herself by agreeing to come right along, and good-naturedly called the adven-

ture their honeymoon. Mrs. Griffiths' two daughters by a former marriage, Elvira and Mary Lou Agnew, likewise went with us and added much gaiety and fun to our party.

(Jim is a fine fellow, but after he left me and bought the **Lusk** (Wyoming) **Herald,** he went completely out of control. Went into politics, was appointed Republican State Chairman and, subsequently, Commissioner of Public Lands!)

A little later several more of the Casper force joined us. Mike Grant came down to do the news reporting; Dave Griffith, to supervise the crew of linotype operators, only one of whom could speak English. Dave had his troubles all right and learned to swear effectively in Spanish, before it was over. Tom Daily came, too, to get the advertising department underway.

Mrs. Hanway wasn't to come until fall, so we set up bachelors' quarters in a residence facing the Rio Grande, and hired a Senora for housekeeper. She started a Spanish class for our benefit and did her best to teach us the rudiments of the language, but we didn't progress much beyond the primer stage.

Internationally divided by the Rio Grande River, the towns of Laredo, Texas and Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, are in reality but one town.

Old Mexico may lead a tempestuous political life, but anyway she knows it is impossible to legislate an entire nation into teetotalism. While our own enlightened country was surreptitiously serving questionable concoctions in 'speak easies' and 'joints' to alleviate the pains of an ill advised Prohibition, we Americans on the border could cross over to Nuevo Laredo and openly enjoy a bottle of genuine Budweiser in a clean, attractive resort set in the welcoming shade of magnificent palm trees. It helped.

The building that housed the newspaper plant faced Jarvis Plaza—which looked cool, even if it really were not —and we of the newspaper crew kept up a sort of continuous marathon race to the corner drug store for cold

drinks to refresh ourselves. The quantities of limeade I consumed during that period do not bear contemplating.

Setting up the printing plant with all Mexican labor was both comic and exasperating, seeming always to require more elucidation than any or all of us could offer.

Some of the brighter Mexican high school boys on the crew served as interpreters, but even at that, what we wanted done with the machinery remained a deep, dark mystery to those Mexican employes of ours. Many of them were refugees from late political regimes across the border. On our staff we had several former consul generals, who felt that they were wasting their talents in such a trifling occupation, but they were anxious to be on the payroll, just the same. The father of one of our Mexican boys had been an officer in President Carranza's cabinet, and our janitor had been a brigadier-general in Villa's army. In the crew were also some ex-bull fighters, reduced to common labor, by the vagaries of an unkind fate, but, were still clinging valiantly to the shreds of a once bright glory,—a little pathetic in their proud dignity.

Considering the 'no-speak-English' handicap and the frequent limeade intermissions, we had things organized and going within a fairly reasonable time.

Press Allen, from San Antonio, Texas, was put in charge of circulation, and for the first time in its history, Laredo could boast an up-to-date, ten-page daily newspaper.

We were so thrilled over this achievement that we could not let well enough alone. What about the people who were unable to read English?, we asked each other. We went into a huddle on the subject, from which we emerged full of ambition and good intentions, to declare that our Spanish-speaking friends would have a Spanish page in the **Laredo Times.** Forthwith, a reporter from Old Mexico, who could do the translating, was hired and put in charge of the new venture. The residents were delighted.

Upper, My wife and I have our pictures taken for passports in 1936. Below, Jim Griffith and I enjoy a siesta in park in front of newspaper office in Laredo, Texas.

We were showered with compliments on our progressiveness, and smiling approval beamed on us at every turn.

Nevertheless, after the plan was in full swing and the first flush of success had slightly waned, we became a bit apprehensive and wondered whether, after all, the venture was a wise one.

The editor of the new page had been given strict instructions, but was he abiding by them? That was the question we asked each other. None among us knew the answer. Not one of us could read, write, speak or even think in Spanish. Worriedly, each evening when the **Times** came off the press, we would scan that Spanish page and wonder what in the world our newspaper was telling our subscribers. It was like being expected to arrive safely somewhere with a basket of eggs, blindfolded.

And sure enough! Our fears were well founded. That little pseudo-Spaniard had not been able to resist taking sides in Mexico's current revolution, with the result that a bristling, indignant delegation from across the border stormed into our office one day and told us what was what, in half a dozen languages, duly emphasized with threatening gestures! But we got the gist of their complaint, and that Spanish page in the **Times** went into oblivion, then and there. We did not want a war—our country wasn't prepared.

After that stormy episode, things ran smoothly again at the **Laredo Times,** until I inadvertently offended the local political machine. Though its set-up and methods were not unique, its jurisdiction was far too absolute and complete for a so-called democracy. The machine ruled unhampered and unhindered by the proletariat who sold their votes for the payment of their poll taxes, and were kept in ignorance of, or misinformed on, events which might incite rebellion, through the machine's censorship of the news.

When an American rancher killed a Mexican for taking a wagon-load of thornless cactus from his pasture,

I stated that fact in the **Times.** Cactus may be good cow feed, but one stolen load hardly justified a murder, in my opinion. It happened that the rancher was a strong member of the ruling organization, and on the morning after the offending issue of the newspaper came out, the whole town was buzzing like a swarm of angry bees. The pressure group felt constrained to do something about it, and accordingly they started in on me. I then called on Mr. Penn, former **Times** owner, who recently had been elected District Judge.

Mr. Penn was thoroughly familiar with the conditions and the solidarity of the machine. He advised me to tactfully retract certain parts of the story, and to present the matter as the cattlemen chose to regard it, stressing the 'protection of property' angle. While this policy was in direct contradiction to my principles, and I never hated so badly to do a thing in my life, I realized that under the circumstances he had advised me wisely, and therefore I acceded to his judgment.

I did not believe such despotism could exist anywhere in Texas other than in little communities like Laredo where the population is largely foreign. Most surely the 'Peace at any price' movement never originated in the state of Texas, for a real Texan is notoriously ready to fight for anything, and if it happens to be his 'rights' which are in danger, he stops at nothing.

Texas fought her own War of Independence, and in no state of the Union, will one find a more intense local patriotism, or willingness to defend the whole Union of states. In 1940 she ranked first in number of volunteers to the U. S. Army, and outranks any other state in recruits for the Canadian Air Force.

While Texas and the Democratic ticket are practically synonymous, and benighted Republicans are kept in a state of seige during all the time they are within her borders, still and all, the true fundamentals and the Texan's humor are brought to light in their old saying: "If it rains in

Texas in June and July, it doesn't matter a dam who is President of the United States."

An incident of much lesser importance than political entanglements, but which 'got under my skin' just the same, took place on November 2nd. Ordinarily, the Griffith boys and I were at the office early and our Mexican printers came promptly at eight o'clock. But on this particular morning not one of the latter reported for work. What was the matter now? Had a strike been declared without our being notified? We had reached the point in our Laredo education where such a performance would not have surprised us greatly. By nine o'clock we were entirely out of patience, and proceeded to call on one of the offenders, Tabucia Munoz (the one Mexican printer who could speak English) to discover the cause of the community—or whatever it was. We found Tabucia sitting by the window in his little home calmly reading a Bible. Not to be fooled by a possible ruse, we accosted him rather brusquely and demanded to know the whereabouts of the other printers, his countrymen, who were supposed to be on duty at the **Times** plant. Whereupon he regarded us with such a puzzled expression that it was almost funny. We Americanos began to feel a bit uneasy.

"Why, do you not know what day this is?" he asked in shocked unbelief. Yes, yes, we knew—Wednesday, November second, in the year of our Lord, 1926. What kind of newspaper men did he think we were?

"But what **other** day is it?" he insisted, still bewildered and incredulous in the face of our profound ignorance.

We thought it over. It couldn't be the Fourth of July, or Christmas—or **could** it? He had us.

"Well, I will tell you," he finally offered, in a manner usually reserved for morons, "It is All Saints' Day, and if you do not know that Christians do not work on All Saints' Day, then everybody in Wyoming must be heathens!"

So that was that, and there was nothing for us to do but to leave him with his Bible—and lock up the newspaper plant for the day. It might be added that "the heathens" observed the Holy day in Nuevo Laredo, under the palms.

Socially, life in Laredo was all that one could ask for. Effie Em had joined us, and for diversion we made several excursions into the surrounding country. Quite often we attended the dances in Old Mexico. Elvira and Mary Lou, of the Griffith family, were in demand at all the parties, where the dashing caballeros vied for their favors and attention. (Confidentially, I think the little minxes made a game of their conquests.)

While the Griffiths were in Laredo, James B. Junior was born. All of us claimed an interest in him and celebrated his arrival in a fitting manner—"fitting to the males, that is," the women declared. Jimmie is in high school now, in Cheyenne, and shows promise of taking his dad's place, both as publisher and politician. He is a fine boy, and we are all proud of him.

We had a wedding, too, at Laredo. Mike Grant and the Associated Press operator were married, and Effie and I served as matron of honor and best man.

Now and then, for exciting diversion, we attended a bull fight across the border, but never learned to cheer at the proper times—our sympathies being usually with the bull, rather than the matador.

A party comprised of Mr. Penn, his son and son-in-law and I were the first travelers over the new highway then being built from Laredo to Mexico City. We drove through the village of Sabinas Hidalgo and on to Monterey, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles.

Since the completion of this highway, much of the isolated country of Mexico has been put in touch with the world for the first time in history, and is of untold benefit to the inhabitants. Monterey is a most picturesque and charming place, famous historically as the battlefield

on which Zachary Taylor did the hardest fighting in the War of 1846.

Then, one day the Casper office notified us at the **Laredo Times** that the Griffith boys were needed at the home plant. We gave a big party and saw them off in fitting style, but were certainly sorry to lose these brothers as their going made quite a gap in the **Times** family circle. However, Lou Griffith, another brother, soon came down to take Dave's place and to help make up for our loss.

In anticipation of a bear hunt into Old Mexico, Gerald Story, of Dallas, Texas, (a cousin of our daughter-in-law, Sunny) came down to see us, and incidentally to look over the **Laredo Times.** As bears are slightly out of my line, I stuck to quail, and bagged my share of the little mountain fellows with their pretty blue top-knots. Bob Whites were scarce. I saw only one covey during all the time of my stay in that region. I was reminded of Kansas where we always held the first quail hunt on Thanksgiving Day, and would come home loaded down with the game.

Something else we all enjoyed in Texas, was the wild flowers. I have seen acres and acres of blue bonnets, the Texas state flower, covering the ground like a rich, blue carpet. Today, on a wall in our home is a beautiful oil painting of such a scene, with an immense live oak in the right foreground. A niece of our old friend of Colorado days, Johnny Guerin, painted it for him, and I first viewed the picture in his home. The artist agreed to paint another of the same study, for me, but before she could do so, Johnny passed on. Afterward, Mrs. Guerin, knowing my fondness for the picture, sent it to me as a gift. It is doubly valued as a reminder of our friendship with the Guerins.

Probably my most noteworthy and outstanding experience in Laredo was the meeting of an honest promoter, Mr. Killam. A finer man I never knew. It was through his efforts, while we were there, that one of the largest

gas and oil fields in Texas was opened up and developed. I shall always appreciate having known him.

Among frequent and important visitors at the **Times** office in Laredo was John Nance Garner. Mr. Garner knew everybody by their first name—a talent every politician should cultivate who expects a life-time job in Senate and the ultimate privilege of refusing a third term vice-presidency of the United States.

After fifteen months of publishing a newspaper, with Mexicans for help and limeades for stimulant, I decided that Effie Em and I should return to our home for a visit and vacation, and to see how things were going in Casper. During my absence from Laredo, Press Allen was to be the business manager.

We had reached Topeka, Kansas, on our way to Wyoming, and everything was fine, when I received a telegram from Texas announcing that the cashier and bookkeeper at the **Times** had disappeared into Old Mexico with the contents of the cash drawer.

Previously, I had received several offers from eastern parties to buy the newspaper, so now, instead of returning to Laredo and racing down into old Mexico after the thief, I changed my plans and proceeded on to Chicago after a buyer—and sold him the whole works.

Thus and therefore, while the profits from the Texas adventure did not boost our income into the higher brackets, by any means, we did salvage some money from the old **Casper Morning Herald** plant, and had a great deal of fun while doing it.

CHAPTER XXVI

New Mexico Oil Field Beckons Another Newspaper Established — Ten Years Too Soon

WITH ONE LONE EXCEPTION, the Texas episode was my last fling in trading around with newspaper plants. However, for the purpose of "keeping the record clear," as my lawyer friends would say, I must make this final confession.

Oil had been struck in southeast New Mexico, in 1930, and boom towns were rapidly in the making.

One of my old friends, W. H. Patten, an attorney from Casper, who has since passed away, was one of the first Casper residents in the new field, with the exception of possibly some of the oil field laborers.

Being interested generally in what was going on "behind the ranges," and oil fields in particular, I headed for Lovington where Mr. Patten had opened up an office for the practice of law. He seemed to be transacting considerable legal business and was getting in on the oil game at the same time, buying royalties and dealing in leases.

It did not take Mr. Patten long to interest me in the locality, as that sort of environment was home to me, and was where my wagon could be hitched to the brightest star—a new oil field where prosperity was in the immediate offing, and where everybody was queer but "thee and me."

A branch of the Southern Pacific Railroad had been completed recently through the region, and while Mr.

Patten and I reasoned that either Hobbs or Lovington would be the big center town of the oil field, we chose the latter, and we were right in that conclusion—except the important fact that we were just about ten years too early in our predictions. (This year, 1942, Lovington is surrounded by oil fields extending over into west Texas, then north as far as Clovis, New Mexico, and west to the Pecos River—one of the most extensive oil fields in the southwest.

Having arrived at the decision to take a whirl at establishing a newspaper in Lovington, I returned to Casper to make the necessary arrangements. At about this time the **Salt Creek Gusher,** a weekly newspaper being published at Midwest in the Salt Creek oil field in Wyoming, folded up, and soon I was the purchaser of the plant. My plan was to transport it to the prospective new oil field at Lovington, which was accomplished.

The equipment included a linotype machine and the outfit was in good condition, requiring but few new parts or replacements. I bought a plot of ground in Lovington and constructed a brick building to house the plant which was to publish the new newspaper in the town, and employed Lou Griffith, of Casper, as superintendent, as well as a young man, Arthur Duncan, of San Francisco, as advertising solicitor.

The business progressed along very well for twelve months, when the pro-ration of oil production was put into effect. This slowed up the whole field, and it was nearly ten years before Lovington reached her stride.

We expected and predicted the big field which is there today, but we lost out before it was proven. The brick building was in the right location, and we had the right equipment for a small daily newspaper—if it had only been the year 1940, instead of 1930!

Therefore, not being a "fortune teller" nor an authority in forecasting the future of the place, under those restricted conditions, I decided to dispose of the newspaper

plant and shake the oil-impregnated dust of New Mexico from my shoes. Hence, the building was traded off and the linotype machine was sold to a purchaser in Carlsbad.

When the remnants of that venture were finally gathered up, I found myself the loser "by a wide margin."

However, I was not discouraged, but was in the mood to tackle another newspaper deal, if a likely looking prospect had come along.

222+223

CHAPTER XXVII

A Voyage To England, In 1936
Hanway Landmarks Viewed In London

IN THE FALL OF 1936, business was going along in fine fashion, and Mrs. Hanway and I decided to make a trip to England, as mentioned in Chapter II of this volume, to learn something first-hand, if possible, about some of my ancestors, and to see the places where they may have lived.

Accordingly, plans were made and we secured passage on the S. S. Berengaria, which left New York harbor on September 12, and arrived in South Hampton, England, six days later.

We boarded a train from South Hampton to London, which we left at Victoria Station, and secured lodging at the Goring hotel, in London.

Our steamer friend, referred to in Chapter II, Mr. Thomas Charlton, and Mrs. Charlton, escorted us over the city on a sightseeing tour, and gave us advice on how to spend our time to the best advantage.

Mrs. Charlton also took Mrs. Hanway shopping, and Mr. Charlton assisted me in locating some people whom I wished to see. My old friend, Johnny Guerin, whom I had seen just previous to sailing, had commissioned me to find a friend of his, A. J. Fairburne, a mining engineer. Though Mr. Charlton and I searched every possible place we could think of, we didn't find any trace of him until the day preceding our departure for America, when we located his name in the Book of Nobles, as A. J. Fairburne Wynne-Eton, of Leeswood Hall, Mold Flynt, North Wales, England. He had married a woman of title and his home

was a castle. In accordance with a custom in such instances, Mr. Fairburne had acquired an addition to his own name by his marriage.

Upon reaching home, I contacted the nobleman by correspondence, and later I also informed him of Johnny Guerin's death. In return he wrote me two nice letters.

We also looked up a Mr. Kingham, owner of the largest advertising agency in England, whom I had met in Miami, Florida, and had heard him deliver a brilliant address to the Advertising Club of that city. He had been knighted by King George, V, through the recommendations of Ramsey MacDonald, for outstanding work in propaganda during World War I, and is credited with the achievement of getting the United States into the first World War. He is a pleasant, interesting person, and I enjoyed our visit very much.

To me, I believe the most interesting place in the city of London is Westminster Abbey. Its earliest history is shrouded in myth and legend, one story being that it was a Temple of Apollo, and certainly, some kind of Roman building once stood there, for Roman bricks, flooring, roof tile, and even a Roman coffin have been unearthed. Edward the Confessor probably built the first Norman Church there in the eleventh century; its foundations were uncovered as late as 1930.

It is the resting place of kings, queens, saints, warriors, poets, scientists, statesmen, and many mediocre personalities less justified of commemoration, whose heirs were able and willing to pay the fee demanded for such interment.

One day I was wandering about in one of its many rooms and noticed a plaque dedicated to JONAS HANWAY. Already, we had seen Hanway Street and Hanway Place just off Tottenham Road, and realized now that this was the Hanway for whom they were named.

Warwick Castle interested us, too, with its fascinating history, pictures by old masters, tapestries, and statuary.

London street scenes. Above, a factory named Hanway Works. Below, Hanway Place.

Above, another view of Hanway Place; center, Hanway Street, and below, Hanway Cafe on winding street by same name.

The early history of the castle is almost wholly legendary. England lost much of early historical data during the dissolution of the monasteries in 1536, as most of the manuscripts and chronicles were kept in the abbeys and monasteries and were either ruthlessly destroyed or lost.

We visited many museums and galleries, saw London Tower and the crown jewels, London Bridge, Piccadilly Circus, Kensington Gardens, and Trafalgar Square where Nelson's statue testifies to Britain's supremacy of the seven seas. As we stood looking up at the great man some one asked, "I wonder why they put him up so high?" and a voice answered, "To keep him away from his creditors." Many of our contemporary heroes would like the same privilege.

We took a few bus tours of the city and a Cook's Tour which included Ireland and Scotland. The first day was spent in Shakespeare's country where we saw his home and Anne Hathaway's, and even the bench where they sat and did their courting. The following day we took the "Irish Mail" to Holyhead where we embarked for Dublin. We were there for several days, and I remember kindly a Mr. Grey who devoted his time to showing us his beloved Ireland. Especially I remember the little thatched cottages, and the large castle which had to block up one of its windows because it contained one more window than the King's Mansion.

At Belfast, which we reached by train, British rule was again in evidence. From there we sailed to Glasgow, going up the long estuary of the Clyde River where men have built ships since the world was young, and even then were laying the keel for the Queen Elizabeth, sister ship to the majestic Queen Mary, largest passenger ship afloat.

Before we left Wyoming, State Auditor William "Scotty" Jack, of Cheyenne, had given us the address of his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Gairn, in Edinburgh, Scotland, and asked us to see them and give

them a message. Accordingly, we called the Gairns on the telephone soon after arriving in Edinburgh. They immediately came down to our hotel in their automobile and took us for a delightful sight-seeing trip around that magnificent city, as well as to their pleasant home at 10 Queens Fairy Terrace, before driving back to our hotel. This enjoyable incident was a highlight of our stay in that city.

Edinburgh is rich in history. Its main thoroughfare is called the "Royal Mile" down which many famous men and women have gone to die, alike for their sins or their faith. Holyrood castle was the home of Mary, Queen of Scots, and we saw the spot in the little supper room where Rizzio was murdered before her eyes, and it was from Holyrood that she fled to her nineteen-year exile and death at the hands of her cousin, Queen Elizabeth of England. The tour included a day at Loch Katrina and Loch Lomond, and we came back to London on the "Flying Scotsman," one of Britain's fastest and best passenger trains.

We cancelled a tour we had made for Holland, Germany, France and Italy. There was a strike of hotel employes on in France, but we got off the boat at Cherbourg, for a few minutes, just so we could say we had been in France.

A rather alarming condition in my health developed, which turned out to be of no consequence, decided us to return home earlier than we had planned. We were lucky in booking passage on the Queen Mary, which is certainly a grand ship, but the Atlantic was cutting up and often the ship's screws were out of the water. When this happened the engines would race violently and the ship would vibrate from stem to stern, which was more contributive to sea-sickness than the roughness of the sea itself.

The greatest difference between the United States and England is not racial, religious, nor even political, but

social. However, to understand the British it is necessary to understand their traditions, their inflexible code of living—"rights and privileges pre-ordained" and all the rest of it.

Whether Basil Stewart is right or not in his conjecture that the English and the Americans are the descendants of the Ten Tribes of Israel and destined to fulfill the prophecies, we are inextricably bound to England. She is our Mother Country—even if we did have to whip the pants off her in '75 for taxing us without allowing us a voice in the government, and again in 1812 for shanghaing our seamen. George the Third should have remembered:

" * * * * * even Elizabeth never
Dared oppose the sullen might
Of the English, standing on a right"

And were we not English then? Alice Duer Miller expresses it nicely in the last verse of White Cliffs:

"And were they not English, our forefathers, never more
English than when they shook the dust of her sod
From their feet forever, angrily seeking a shore
Where in his own way a man might worship his God.
Never more English than when they dared to be
Rebels against her—that stern intractable sense
Of which no man can stomach and still be free,
Writing: 'When in the course of human events . . . "
Writing it out so all the world could see
Whence comes the powers of all just governments.

The tree of Liberty grew and changed and spread,
But the seed was English. I am American bred,
I have seen much to hate here, much to forgive,
But in a world where England is finished and dead
I do not wish to live.

Yes, the seed was indubitably English and we have proven our love for this great nation by twice coming to her aid when her liberty has been threatened. We, too, have the same deep conviction as they: "There will always be an England."

We are just as confident, too, that our own nation is awaiting a new destiny. We are coming out of the cruel crucibles of the old world hatreds and ignorance, a regenerated and composite people. We are the root of a new race who will pave the way to a universal brotherhood, spiritual enlightenment and mental advancement. All the world is looking to us for redemption—to bring a new order of education, politics, economics, and religion.

England's own Sir Francis Bacon saw and wrote of this in his book, "The House of Solomon" in 1693. Our forefathers recognized it when, in June of 1782, they adopted, for the reverse side of the Great American Seal, the symbol of the prophetic pyramid bearing the motto "anno coeptis" (He prospers our beginnings), and at the bottom, "novo ordo seclorum" (A new order of the ages.) It is significant of the urgency of fulfilling this mission that by order of the Secretary of the Treasury, in June, 1935, the impress of this seal was placed on the American paper dollar, a currency in daily use, and therefore a constant reminder.

CHAPTER XXVIII

From Another's Printed Page

SEVERAL YEARS AGO the **Editor & Publisher and The Fourth Estate,** weekly trade journal published in New York City, printed a series of articles on persons of the press, and the following story appeared in the issue of January 12, 1929:

ROMANCES OF AMERICAN JOURNALISM
Stories of Success Won by Leaders of the Press
By Philip Schuyler

When the Wyoming oil boom was at its height from 1917 to 1925 someone had to be sane enough to be thinking of the inevitable reaction. As usual the pioneer in the thought and the one who helped greatly in translating thought into action was a publisher of the state, J. E. Hanway, who owns, with his son, the **Casper** (Wyo.) **Tribune-Herald.**

"Some day the oil boom will settle down," Mr. Hanway reasoned. He projected himself into the future and realized a state dependent chiefly upon one source of income was in an unhealthy state. With others he set about educating the public to the needs of diversified industry.

Oil still runs high in Wyoming, but it has settled down somewhat from boom days, and the decline found the state prepared to retain its prosperity and multiply it because in addition to oil there are today fecund farm lands, vast mining developments, sugar factories, and other industries contributing to the welfare of the citizens.

Just what the diversification amounts to will be epitomized February 1 when the **Tribune-Herald** gets out its annual edition, a publication which runs to 110 or 120 pages. The edition will show how ranch land which

a few years ago sold at $10 an acre is now raising 30 bushels of wheat to the acre. Land no one thought could ever be used for anything but cattle grazing is now growing potatoes and alfalfa. An appropriation has been made and preliminary work started to irrigate more than 100,000 acres in the central part of the state, and when that is accomplished agriculture in Wyoming will be given even greater impetus.

In all this prosperity in Wyoming, the Casper Tribune-Herald has played no small part. Many large industries can trace their growth directly to newspaper columns and Wyoming is no exception. Mr. Hanway, first with his Tribune, later merged to the Tribune-Herald, hammered away at the necessity for diversification, calling attention to the rich opportunities that lay beneath Wyoming's land besides oil.

One campaign in which the Tribune-Herald participated has resulted in establishment of a department of commerce and industry for the state, which is organized to work for general upbuilding of state industries, and is empowered to place advertising. It is a clearing house for state improvements.

With other publishers of Wyoming, Mr. Hanway will talk up his state to newspaper men this summer, when the National Editorial Association meets at Cheyenne, Wyo., July 19 to 23. After the sessions delegates are to be taken on entertainment and instructive automobile tours arranged by the Wyoming N. E. A. members.

Although Mr. Hanway today seems like one of Wyoming's native sons, he has only lived in the state for the past 15 years. He came to Casper in 1914 and bought the then weekly Tribune. Casper at that time had a population of 3,200. In the 15 years the city has grown to 25,000.

Before 1914 Mr. Hanway had spent a number of years buying and selling papers. He was, he now recalls, in quest of that ideal "Valley of the Moon." When he first

arrived in Casper, he thought the Tribune would be just one of those papers he would revitalize and turn over to some other publisher content to settle down in one spot. He himself must answer the prod of discontent, always seeking that ideal city for his real publishing ventures. But Casper grew so fast he soon decided he didn't want to sell the Tribune. Casper, he determined, was the city he had long sought.

The present Wyoming booster is one of those gentlemen from Indiana Booth Tarkington immortalized. He was born in Greensburg, Ind., in 1866. From there his family moved to Kansas where his father farmed from 1869 to 1882. It was while on a farm near Lawrence that Mr. Hanway first got the idea that he would like to be a publisher some day. At 12, answering a classified advertisement, he sent to Portland, Me., for a sample outfit and started selling subscriptions for the **Family Story Paper.** He had to ride horseback. Farms were far apart. Ten miles were long and weary those days. And most of the money young Hanway collected went to the Publishers in Portland.

"I'm going to own my own paper some time," Hanway told his father.

A long road lay ahead of him after the decision was made. His first work was in the postoffice in Topeka. At 27, he was still a government employe, but then a change of administration forced him out of the postoffice and he moved a step nearer his ambition. Leon Marks of the **Kansas City Star,** wanted solicitors in the Topeka territory and gave Mr. Hanway his first regular newspaper job.

"Getting fired from the Topeka postoffice was the best thing that ever happened to me," Mr. Hanway commented the other day. "I was making $80 a month from the government, which was considered a big job then, and I went to work at $50 a month soliciting subscriptions to the Kansas City Star. It seemed like a disaster to me

at the time, but it set me on my way toward ownership of a paper."

Mr. Hanway spent two years with the Kansas City Star, and afterwards became a road man for the **Kansas City World,** receiving an increase in salary. He remained with the World about three years. He stayed a hired man in newspaper work until 1904, working until that year on the **Kansas City Times** and **Topeka Journal.**

In 1904 he leased the **Horton** (Kan.) **Commercial,** a weekly. In 13 months he cleared a net profit of $2,500 and had so improved the property that the owner bought the lease back. Mr. Hanway wanted to see more of the country than he could from the wide Kansas prairies and he went to Colorado Springs, where he got a job as circulation manager on the **Telegraph.** From there he went to Denver to take charge of circulation of the **Daily Mining Record.**

It wasn't until 1908 that he again became publisher of a paper. He was in Salt Lake City, and picking up a copy of the **Salt Lake Tribune** noticed an advertisement reading:

"Wanted an all-round newspaper man to buy interest in country town weekly. Good proposition."

He went to the address indicated and there found J. J. Woodring, now owner of the **Sterling** (Colo.) **Republican-Advocate.** Mr. Woodring wanted to sell a half interest in the **Richfield** (Utah) **Reaper,** owned by his brother-in-law. The consideration was $2,200. Mr. Hanway took him up immediately and moved with his family to Richfield, which lies in the Sevier Valley of central Utah. To bind the bargain he paid $300 down and gave notes for the balance.

The Reaper needed rejuvenation, and Mr. Hanway went right to work. It had 900 subscribers, a list which in a short time the new half-owner ran up to 1,500.

At the end of six months, the Richfield Reaper was an attractive proposition. One day a man representing

Members of the Wyoming Press Association during convention
in Yellowstone National Park in summer of 1928.

a local group came into Mr. Hanway's little shop and asked him if he wanted to sell out.

"We will sell for $10,000," said the man who a half year ago had bought a half-interest for $2,200. "And at that price, it will be a good investment for you. At the rate our revenue is running now you will make 15 per cent on your money." The man took a 30-day option paying $250.00 for it. Mr. Hanway finally closed the deal for $9,500.

With the money he and Woodring had made in the little valley town of Richfield they bought the Sterling (Col.) Republican-Advocate which was then in receiver's hands. A little later he sold out his half interest for $7,200. He bought his first automobile then, a second-hand Chalmers. In the car he started roving again. Papers he bought and sold in the subsequent few years included the **Merino** (Col.) **Breeze,** which his son, Earl, ran for one year, the **Haxton** (Col.) **Herald,** the **Sterling** (Neb.) **Sun** and the **Loveland** (Col.) **Herald.**

He bought the Casper Tribune in 1914, from A. J. Mokler, who had run it as a weekly for 18 years. Two years after he had purchased it, Mr. Hanway entered the daily field, and in 1925 he bought and consolidated the Casper Herald.

Mr. Hanway rarely meddles with politics and, in fact, the one time he ever figured in political news began in a casual way contrasted with the later significance attached to the occasion. The Wyoming Press Association was holding its summer outing in Yellowstone Park, when President Coolidge, Mrs. Coolidge and John Coolidge visited there. The publishers were introduced to the President, and Mrs. Coolidge and John joined the delegates at their dance in the evening.

President Coolidge had made his celebrated "I do not choose to run" statement and Mr. Hanway was one who interpreted this as final. While the others were dancing, he decided to take a poll of editors present on

who they preferred as candidate. The majority favored Hoover. There were but scattering votes for Lowden and Dawes.

Correspondents in the Coolidge party used the poll as the lead for their dispatches the next day, and newspapers all over the country heralded the information that Wyoming publishers stood behind Hoover to head the Republican party.

Mr. Hanway thought no more of it. But, before the convention he called on Mr. Hoover at his Washington headquarters and there was introducted to the now president-elect, as "the man who started that Wyoming boom."

Mr. Hoover said the story came out at the psychological moment and was felt immediately in the campaign.

Earl Hanway, Mr. Hanway's son, is now general manager of the Tribune-Herald, and Mr. Hanway finds he has more time than he ever had before for his favorite pastime, automobiling. Only recently he motored to California from Casper, where he covered the national field on the Coast, then back to Chicago and from Chicago to New Orleans. From New Orleans he took the boat to New York, where he called on advertisers and advertising agencies.

CHAPTER XXIX

Priceless Assets:

Loyalty and Faithfulness

MANY TIMES some unexpected incident makes the greatest impression upon us, and such was the occasion of my seventieth birthday anniversary, when my son and his wife, Earl and Sunshine, entertained the Tribune-Herald employees in my honor, at a lawn party in their garden, on Sunday, June 21, 1936, four days in advance of the actual natal day.

For me, it was a glorious happy day.

While surrounded by faithful employes and my loving family on that perfect Wyoming summer afternoon, there came to me an overwhelming realization that loyalty and faithfulness are priceless assets to a business—and that, indeed, there has been some sentiment in our business relationships while we have attempted to deal fairly with our employes, and as they have cooperated loyally in our efforts to publish a good newspaper in giving to the public the best possible news and advertising service.

Because this particular birthday observance was of such deep significance to me, the detailed story of the

festivity, which appeared in the **Casper Tribune-Herald** the following day, June 22, 1936, is presented here:

BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR J. E. HANWAY ALSO PAYS TRIBUTE TO NEWSPAPER PUBLISHING CAREER

Casper Tribune-Herald Employes Join In Celebrating Seventieth Anniversary

By Inez Babb Taylor
From the **Casper** (Wyo.) **Tribune-Herald,**
June 22, 1936

The allotted "three-score years and 10" as a span of life of man will be reached by J. E. Hanway, senior co-publisher of the Casper Tribune-Herald, on Thursday of this week, June 25. In celebration of the occasion, he was honored on Sunday at a late afternoon garden party reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Earl E. Hanway at the latters' home on South Grant street.

Nearly 50 guests were entertained, being the men of the Tribune-Herald personnel and their wives, and the women of the organization. The event was a complete surprise to the guest of honor, having appeared at the scene of the party as the result of a ruse.

Adding to the interest of the affair was the presence of two aged aunts of Mr. Hanway—Mrs. Julia Barnfield, of Sheridan, who, at 82, experienced her first airplane ride today in returning to her home, and Mrs. John Hanway, of Bridgeport, Nebr., who is remaining for a further visit here. Mrs. Barnfield, a resident of Sheridan for 45 years, looked forward to the trip through the clouds with eager anticipation.

SHADED LAWN PROVIDES SETTING

The shaded lawn was an ideal spot for such an occasion, and as the twilight hour deepened into night, a festoon

A partial view of our home and yard in Casper. Below, Mrs. Hanway is shown near the flowers she loves.

of vari-hued lights which outlined the garden space, cast a glow over the scene.

Refreshments served during the evening included a huge birthday cake, appropriately inscribed, and bearing seven burning candles—one for each decade of milestones of the honored guest.

A fitting incident of the event was the presentation of a handsome gift from the group, in the form of the latest model Gladstone traveling bag of black walrus skin, and presented in appropriate remarks of felicitation and congratulation. Also complimentary expressions of appreciation for the 20 years of careful and efficient guidance of a large business of such importance to the community which is not only a monument of achievement to himself and his own family, but which is also a mainstay and source of livelihood for 40 other families of the city. Mrs. R. E. Evans made the presentation.

Among the guests were a number of employes who have been associated with Mr. Hanway almost from the beginning of his career in Casper, R. E. Evans, Tom Daily, G. L. Frost and W. E. Kearns.

Associated with "J. E." as he is familiarly known, is his only son, Earl E., junior co-publisher of the Casper Tribune-Herald. His only daughter, Mrs. Clifford Fitzgerald, with her family, lives in New Orleans, La. He is proud of his six grandchildren, Miss Charlene Hanway being the first, and Earl, Jr., and Lois Hanway, of Casper, together with Shirley, Joan and Clifford Fitzgerald, Jr., New Orleans.

BORN IN INDIANA
TURNED TO THE WEST

Mr. Hanway was born in Greensburg, Ind., on June 25, 1866, and on Sept. 18, 1888, he and Miss Effie E. Grice, of Topeka, Kans., were married in that city. Mr. and Mrs.

Hanway will observe their 47th wedding anniversary this year.*

Imbued with a pioneering spirit inherited from his English forefathers who emigrated to this country and settled in Maryland, Mr. Hanway takes particular pride in having been associated with the western country practically all his life. Among the most popular reminiscences of his extensive repertoire of his life's early experiences are centered around the trailing of cattle herds across the plains of Kansas and Colorado. The new and unknown, as well as the untried and uncertain, have always lured him to outposts of the west, where his dauntless courage and limitless energy have always contributed to the progress and development of those communities and states where he has directed his efforts and contributed of the knowledge gained by his varied experiences.

Such is true of this community where for two decades he has made his home continuously. The prime years of his life and the cream of his broad experience have been poured into Wyoming. His vision and foresight have stood in good stead for the development and progress of the community, as well as the state as a whole.

NEWSPAPER WORK BEGAN IN KANSAS

The Senior Hanway's first newspaper experience was with the circulation department of the Kansas City Star when that publication was a small factor in its community. Several years with other newspapers in Kansas City, and finally accepting a position in the business and circulation department of the Topeka State Journal, one of the important newspapers of Kansas, are in the gamut of his experience. After five years there, a yen for his own business resulted in leasing a newspaper at Horton, Kans.

---

*This year, 1942, we will observe our 54th wedding anniversary. It finds us both in good health and active for which we are thankful.

Responding to the call of the still further west, he disposed of his interests at Horton in 1904 and started for Wyoming with the intention of purchasing a newspaper in that young state. Becoming sidetracked for a time from the realization of that particular ambition, he was identified with a number of newspapers in Colorado—at Sterling for a while, and later at Loveland. At the end of a two-year period, in 1907, he was sent to Utah and Nevada as a representative of the Daily Mining Record of Denver, in the midst of the Utah and Nevada gold boom.

Upon the subsiding of the boom, he purchased a half interest in a weekly newspaper at Richfield, Utah, disposing of it within six months to good financial advantage. Inspired by this accomplishment, he decided to follow the vocation of purchasing newspapers, which by his business acumen and talents for organization, he could place on a sound financial basis.

By this time, nine more years had slipped away, with their quota of valuable experience gained and lessons learned. It was then that Wyoming again beckoned—with Casper, growing young city of 4,000 citizens, on the verge of important happenings, as the lodestone of attraction. Thus a 10-year-old dream was realized.

Those years had not always been a rosy pathway, to be sure. They were fraught at times with discouragement and obstacles, temporarily barring progress. But realizing that there is no royal road to accomplishment in any line of worthwhile endeavor, and with the vision seeing beyond these momentary defeats—he never wavered from his objective of constructive building and organizing each successive newspaper of his ownership into greater efficiency for better service to its respective community.

Thus, it was with this valuable background of experience that he came to Casper the second week in October of 1914, at which time he purchased the "Natrona County Tribune," a weekly paper owned by A. J. Mokler. He was prepared, thoroughly, for the two decades ahead,

and Casper, standing on the verge of almost unprecedented experience, needed him tremendously, along with other men of vision and foresight—together with a will to do things, and a courage to stand by their convictions during a fast moving transition period of the world in general—and the flow and ebb of a city destined to blossom and develop almost over night, with the beginning of the Salt Creek oil industry of this section, and its subsequent very vital and important influence on the growth and building of the town and its civic life.

FINDS PLEASURE IN TRAVEL

Nor has this characteristic yearning to see new places and to know new things, receded with the passing of years. His hobby is traveling. The new and interesting places to see and new things to learn by travel, have enticed Mr. Hanway to practically every city in the Union. Mrs. Hanway is usually his traveling companion. However, this hobby has usually been used to special advantage. He is always looking for new and better methods of doing business, and particularly as applied to publishing a daily newspaper, where improved facilities for improved service of a public institution, in keeping step with the modern days of rapid advancement, are imperative.

In the wake of many of these inquisitive journeys, follows the installation of some new and improved article of equipment at the newspaper plant, or the revision of working facilities in the mechanical or some other department of the Tribune-Herald.

Not only does Mr. Hanway enjoy traveling to see things and places, but he also likes to meet new people, and numbered among his friends are many men of influence and importance all over the country. His memory for dates and events, and of facts and details in general always has been considered remarkable, and this faculty seems to be as alert at present as applied in earlier years.

A recent candid picture of the author in his office in the Tribune building which is also shown below.

RADIO SALE
REEDS

A student of western history, he enjoys particularly the reading of the romantic and colorful history of Wyoming.

In further catering to his beloved hobby of travel, Mr. Hanway is now planning a world tour with Mrs. Hanway a year or two hence—during which he is looking forward to a visit to London where he will delve into historic records of his ancestors for data needed to complete a family history and genealogy which he is now preparing.

INTERESTED IN OTHERS

In these pursuits of accomplishment, he has not been unmindful of the hopes and ambitions of others. Always interested in young people and their problems, he has furnished numerous opportunities for their progress. One phase of this philanthropy has been extended to Tribune-Herald newsboys—the carriers—dozens of whom have learned their very first lessons in business methods, in developing qualities of integrity, the desire to be of service, and all such characteristics which are the basis of a successful career in any line of endeavor. From various points over the country come reports from time to time where these boys are making good, and a name for themselves in the world of affairs.

These philanthropic tendencies are not ended with interest and sympathy for youth either, but the outcropping of this particular trait is evidenced with every issue of this newspaper, whose broad policies of service to the community allow its columns to be given generously to the advancement of every worthy cause having for its object the general better welfare of either large or small groups, or the community or state as a whole.

A motto for living which Mr. Hanway has so well put into practice, is expressed by the late Edward Bok, "Make you the world a bit more beautiful and better because you have been in it." And by no means has Mr. Hanway now ceased his activities, the vigor of a healthy body and an active mind sending him daily with methodical regularity to his desk, where he keeps in close touch with every detail of publishing Wyoming's finest daily newspaper.

CHAPTER XXX

Conclusion

MOST ENJOYABLE and interesting have been the twenty-eight years which I have devoted to newspaper publishing in Casper, a city of destiny whose history has touched closely the lives of all people associated with the city's development. Spanning the period of Casper's rapid rise from a small town to the metropolis of Wyoming and its subsequent stabilization, these years have been thrilling to the extent of providing a fine inspiration for newspaper service and enterprise.

Tribune-Herald policies were geared to this incentive at the outset. Municipalities are gauged in part by the character of their newspapers, and the opportunities created during the heydey of the oil boom gave life to my ambition to build a newspaper that would not only keep pace with development, but would reflect credit upon the city as well.

Such responsibilities cannot be undertaken lightly, and they called for the cooperation of loyal and competent employes, together with the provision of adequate publication facilities, as well as essential services for the best news coverage it was possible to extend. Thus equipped, collaboration with Casper enterprise was first centered on community progress, including social, cultural and educational advancement to match the economic development that held sway. As the city grew and prospered, and as Tribune-Herald circulation increased throughout an extensive trade territory, this policy was expanded to embrace state-wide interests.

From the application of these principles, marked by studied effort to avoid all prejudice and to build "the

newspaper that makes all Central Wyoming neighbors," has emerged the Tribune-Herald of today. Obvious limitations of a small city newspaper are the only restrictions placed on efforts to champion every worthwhile cause affecting the welfare of the state and its people, and whatever measure of success has been attained in realizing our objectives springs from a compelling desire to make the Tribune-Herald a service institution.

Much could be written regarding the thousands of columns of news and editorial space devoted to constructive purpose in the furtherance of major and minor projects and activities. That some success has been achieved is demonstrated by the fact that the Tribune-Herald is the only pioneer publication in Casper that has survived the trials and difficulties common to newspapers. I can point, also, to a wide circulation, including blanket coverage of the Casper area, and to the prestige enjoyed by the Annual Wyoming edition of the Tribune-Herald, which has twice been accorded second honors in national competition between special editions.

Subject for happy, as well as gratifying reflection also in connection with my publishing experience here, are the pleasant relations maintained between the newspaper and its employes. They have been free of any labor troubles, all mechanical work having been performed under satisfactory contracts with the Typographical union local.

The Tribune-Herald now has 40 full-time employes, several of whom have been with the newspaper organization more than a score of years. Eighty-five per cent of them own their own homes, and the payroll of nearly $100,000 a year is returned largely to local trade channels as a direct contribution to business.

I want to include as a permanent record in this book a list of a number of those faithful employes who have been with our organization for the longest period of time, others who have more recently come into our employ, and also